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Memoirs of the Rev. Walter
M. Lowrie, missionary to

W. Mahoney.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. WALTER M. LOWRIE,

MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

EDITED BY HIS FATHER.

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PREFACE.

The Editor of this Memoir has done little more than to select and arrange the papers of his beloved son. A few remarks have been made with the view of noticing his early years, and connecting the different periods of his short but active and not unvaried life. The plan adopted was to let him speak for himself in his letters and journals; though some letters from his missionary brethren, and others in the ministry at home, who knew him, have been given at the end of the volume. From these every reader will form his own estimate of his character and acquirements. A few of the many letters from Christian friends, as the sad intelligence of his death reached them, have also been inserted.

His letters for the most part were hastily written, many of them in the confidence of Christian and endeared friendship. His journals also were written at the dates mentioned, and his other engagements gave him no time to correct or copy them.

Two volumes of private journals were found after his death among his papers; but they were destroyed, in accordance with his special written request to his friend Rev. M. J. Culbertson, or either of his surviving colleagues.

The work has been stereotyped, and the entire expense of this edition has been defrayed by Christian friends, to whom his memory is very dear. Whatever profit may arise from the sale will be applied to the enlargement of the Ningpo mission, under the care of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

1819—1837.

EARLY LIFE—LETTERS WHILE IN COLLEGE.

Walter Macon Lowrie, the third son of Walter and Amelia Lowrie, was born in Butler, Penn., on the 18th of February, 1819. Until his eighth year, his father was absent from home during the winter months. This left the principal part of his early training and education to his excellent mother, and well and faithfully did she perform this responsible and sacred trust. From his infancy he possessed a mild and cheerful temper. He was a general favorite with his playmates, and always ready to engage in the usual sports of the play-ground. It was often the subject of remark, that he was never known to get into a quarrel, or even an angry dispute with his associates. To his parents he was always obedient and kind, open and ingenuous; he was never known to use deception or falsehood. His brothers and sisters shared his warmest affection and love, and his time with them seemed to be made up of pure enjoyment.

At an early period he was sent to school, where he learned the usual branches of a common English education. It was soon perceived by his teachers, that it required but little effort on his part to get the lessons assigned to him; and the place he usually occupied was at the head of the class. In his tenth year his parents removed to Washington city, and for a part of the year he was taught by his father in the higher rules of arithmetic, in geography, and ancient and modern history. In his eleventh and twelfth years, he spent two terms under an able teacher in a classical grammar school.

At this period the health of his beloved mother was gradually declining, and her physicians advised that she should spend the

summers in Pennsylvania, and the winters in Washington. In these circumstances it was deemed best that Walter, although not fourteen years of age, should be sent to Jefferson College. Two of his brothers had already graduated at that college, and his father was well acquainted with the president and the professors. A home was found for him in the family of the Rev. Professor Kennedy, who watched over him with a parent's care. The same month in which he reached the college, in November, 1832, he received the sad intelligence of his dear mother's death. Most deeply did he feel this severe bereavement, and bitterly did he mourn over the loss of one so very dear to him. The account of her calm and peaceful departure, full of faith and trust in her Saviour, which he soon afterwards received, whilst it made a deep impression on his mind, tended much to relieve the bitterness of his grief. After spending a year in the preparatory department, he entered the freshman class in October, 1833, and continued in the college, with some interruptions for relaxation, till he graduated in September, 1837.

In the summer of 1834, he was at home from the first of August till the last of October. His father was somewhat apprehensive in regard to his health, and believed that some relaxation from his studies would be of service, even if it should require him to spend another year in the college. He retained his place in the class, however, and kept up with the usual studies without difficulty. The family were then spending the summer in Butler. Here he first met with his second mother, and he seemed almost at once to transfer to her the affection he had entertained for his own mother. Nor was this a transient feeling. His affection and deep respect and esteem for her continued till his lamented death, as the letters and journals addressed to her will abundantly show.

During this visit he accompanied his parents and one of his brothers, and a sister in declining health, to the falls of Niagara. He greatly enjoyed the company of his friends on this journey, and was filled with wonder and awe at the stupendous displays of God's power in this mighty cataract. He accompanied the family to Washington, and was present at the calm and peaceful death of his beloved sister, in the last of September, 1834. In November he returned to the college, his health much improved by his temporary absence.

Soon after his return, that seminary and the neighborhood were blessed with a precious and powerful revival of religion. Many

of the students in the college, and large numbers in the congregations of that region, were added to the church. Most of these students afterwards entered the ministry. The history of this revival and its subsequent results, if they were written, would show how important a period of life is the college course of every student. Probably the attention and the prayers of the church have been too little turned towards her young men in the different colleges. The remark will be generally found true, that "as is the piety of the student in college, so will it be in the theological seminary, and in the ministry."

In this revival, after a time of deep conviction of sin, he obtained a hope of peace with God in the Saviour. He was then in his sixteenth year, and his letters from this period show the state of his mind, as he became more and more instructed in Christian experience and warfare. With a number of the students who were admitted to full communion in the church at the same time, he formed a most endeared and lasting friendship, and with many of these he kept up a correspondence till his death.

Canonsburg, December 31st, 1834.

My Dear Father—

I would have written to you yesterday to tell you my state of mind, but I thought I had best wait a while, to see whether what I wanted to tell you was really true. I can now, however, as I humbly trust, say that I have experienced the love of Christ shed abroad in my soul, and the renewing and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. I have not, it is true, those high exciting joys that many others speak of, nor have I had those deep and pungent convictions of sin that others have. But I can say, that though I as yet see but little of Christ, and of his exceeding love to me in my lost and ruined condition, yet what little I do see, fills me with love and peace, and an earnest desire to see more and more of Him, and to lay myself down and give up my soul at the foot of his cross.

How this feeling originated I can scarcely tell. On Monday, I was deeply impressed with the necessity of being assured of salvation that day, but I had not found any reason to believe I had obtained it. After sermon there was an inquiry meeting, and Mr. Deruelle conversed very kindly with me; patiently set himself to remove any doubts and difficulties, and told me that all I had to do was to give up all hopes in anything that I could do, in the way of prayers or resolutions, and just trust in Christ. He spoke so confidently and cheerfully, that I thought perhaps I might be saved. After he was gone, a young acquaintance, also under serious impressions, and much distressed, came and entered into con-

versation with me. During the course of this conversation, which was entirely about Christ and his promises to all who come to him, I felt my heart warming, and full of love and zeal for Christ. Shortly after a hymn was given out, and I attempted to sing it, but my heart seemed to rush up to my mouth, and I could scarce refrain from laughing out, so much joy did I feel. This feeling continued till the next morning, and I felt inexpressibly happy; but about eight or nine, A. M., I felt that I was again becoming insensible, and I was greatly perplexed, and knew not what to do. This feeling increased until about two P. M. There was to be a meeting of those who had a hope of salvation that evening, and I felt great doubt as to the propriety of attending. I mentioned this to my room-mate, who is, I believe, the most pious student about the college, and he made a few remarks and prayed with me. This relieved me somewhat, and I attended the meeting.

While there the hymn "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed," was sung, and I felt every doubt removed and very joyful. However, trusting to myself, after a few hours I felt unhappy. I had still the hope, but had no joy at all, and seemed to myself to be travelling in a path I knew was right, with just sufficient light to show that it was not the wrong path. I could not see anything at all before me. In this condition I remained. This morning I had a little more light, and now I can see a little. I hope and trust that the light will increase "more and more unto the perfect day." I feel peaceful, and willing to commit myself to my Saviour, to do with me just as he pleases. I desire to have no will of my own, but to depend entirely upon him, for everything. Still, however, I have great need of humility. Pride is my besetting sin, and I fear that my course will be marked with many rebellions, and much distress on account of this sin. It has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, and will no doubt be employed by Satan to bring about my ruin. May God keep and preserve me from it! I have also much need of faith. In this I am wofully defective, and when the hour of trial comes, I fear much. It is my earnest prayer that I may have more faith and more humility.

I may be deceived in the whole matter, and if I should, I know not what shall become of me; but it is my earnest prayer, that if so, I may be undeceived, and led in the way everlasting. I now, my dear father, need your prayers and counsels more than ever; for I feel greatly my need of some experienced Christian, who knows me as well as you do, to direct me.

There have been a considerable number here, who hope they have experienced a change of heart: how many I cannot say. As yet, we cannot speak certainly as to any of them; and there is great need of prudence in speaking and writing about such things, so as to avoid bringing disgrace upon the holy religion of Jesus. That the Spirit of God is here, every one will admit; but the result is known only to the searcher of the hearts, and trier of

the reins of the children of men. We would hope and pray that these "mercy drops" may be succeeded by a great shower, and that the influence of this may extend to all parts, not only of the Synod of Pittsburg, but of our country; and that its influence may be felt to the remotest corners of the earth. There is nothing too hard for the Lord, and we may reasonably expect that, by prayer and faith, every student of this college may become a servant of Christ. We are told to ask and it shall be given, seek and we shall find, and that if we "open our mouths wide," the Lord will "fill them." O father, pray for this college.

It is, of course, too soon for me to think as yet of my future profession; but this will, if it be true, make a great difference in my choice. There is a great deal in deciding quickly and soon, and then making everything tend to that one object.

I remain your affectionate son in the Lord,

W. M. Lowrie.

Canonsburg, January 6th, 1835.

My Dear Father—

I received your kind letter of Dec. 31st, yesterday, and can truly say that I never perused a letter with greater pleasure than that one, both on account of its intrinsic excellence, and also because it afforded me the strongest proof that you cared as much and more for my soul than for my body. You will have heard before now that I have been enabled to give myself to the blessed Jesus. Nor have I repented of the choice. I can truly say that during the past week, I have felt a greater amount of real, calm peace and joy, than I ever felt in all my life. It is true, I am not without doubts and fears, and I have several times been inclined to doubt, whether I ever did experience a saving change of heart. But, having carefully, and I trust prayerfully, applied every test in my power to examine the sincerity of my heart, I am enabled to say, though still with "fear and trembling," that "Jesus is mine and I am his." My particular views of Christ, though very incomplete, are that He is one "altogether lovely;" a "Lamb without spot or blemish;" that he is holy, just, and good, beyond all ideas which mortals can form of those attributes. My views of God, the Father, are, that he is one who dwells in "light inaccessible, and full of glory;" who while he looks with hatred upon sin, is nevertheless, by the intercession of the blessed Saviour and his death on the cross, perfectly willing to love and protect all who come to him by his son. Of God, the Holy Ghost, I have so indefinite an idea that I cannot express it; it is like "the wind that bloweth, and we hear the sound thereof, and cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

As you may, perhaps, wish to hear some accounts of the rise and progress of this revival, I give this short account of it. On last Thursday, two weeks ago, which was a fast day for the Synod

of Pittsburg, there was preaching, and one or two were awakened. There was preaching also on Saturday, but still it was not known to many that anything was going on. Sabbath was sacrament day. On Sabbath night, Mr. Deruelle delivered a most eloquent and powerful sermon. I paid very little attention to it at the time, and do not now remember the text; but he described in a very forcible manner, the joys of heaven and the terrors of hell. This awakened some; and I believe that it was a remark made to me the next day, that it was a sermon calculated to excite thought at least, that made me think about it. On Monday there was preaching, and those who were anxious were requested to stay for conversation. I was anxious to do so, but was ashamed and did not; there were, however, some who did. Encouraged by this and by the number who attended, Dr. Brown determined to have a protracted meeting. The number of anxious inquirers increased at every meeting, but for two or three or more days, there were but one or two hopeful conversions. This was mentioned, and Christians were invited to pray for converting grace. In about four days there were one or two of the students who were awakened, and had yielded themselves to Christ. Of the citizens there are yet, I believe, but a small proportion, about one third, who have obtained a hope. Some have gone back to the world, others are wavering, and until lately the work seemed to decline. Now it is a little on the increase, but not as much as could be wished. There are, I suppose, at least thirty of the students who have obtained a hope in Christ, probably twelve or fifteen who have gone back, and about ten who are yet lingering. Of the citizens, probably twenty have obtained a hope, and there are as many as thirty or forty who are yet in suspense. This night will probably be the last of these meetings. Mr. Deruelle, who has labored faithfully, and under God with much success here, is going away. There have been no other methods of proceeding adopted than preaching and conversation; but these have been blessed by the Holy Spirit.

None can make objections of any force, because there were no improper means used, and the old version of the Psalms was used at the meetings. Every one confesses that the work is of God and not of man; and if not wofully deceived, many souls will to all eternity bless God for this revival. I shall finish this letter after the meeting this evening.

January 7th. I was prevented from finishing this last night, by the lateness of the hour when meeting was over. It is not the intention now of Dr. Brown to discontinue these meetings; there will be preaching to-night as usual, and for some time yet.

I am your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Canonsburg, March 9th, 1835.

My Dear Father—

As Congress has now adjourned, I suppose you will have more time for writing than you have heretofore had. Since I wrote last, I have enjoyed my usual health. Yesterday the Lord's Supper was celebrated here. There were fifty-eight who joined the church here; thirty-seven students and twenty-one citizens. It was a pleasant day to me, though I had not as pleasant a time as I sometimes have, owing I suppose to my ignorance of the nature of the ordinance, or rather to my too selfish feelings.—When I look back ten weeks, and contrast my present condition with what it was then, I feel a strange sensation of wonder. To think that a change so great, (for I feel it to be a great change, and I hope it is genuine,) should be effected in so comparatively short a time, is strange. One of those who joined at the same time, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. ——, was only ten years old. Her religious experience, however, was very satisfactory to the Session. Whether there will be any more outpouring of the Holy Spirit here, I cannot tell. I hope and endeavor to pray that there may be, but it seems as if we were all like rocks: at least, I feel myself to be so. A hard heart, I think, is one of the most unpleasant things that a Christian has to deal with on earth. The 150th hymn in the Assembly's Collection, exactly describes the feelings which I frequently have on this subject.

I remain your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Canonsburg, August 5th, 1835.

My Dear Mother—

You may remember the first letter you wrote to me after the 29th December; I have not got it by me, but I can remember the substance of it. You warned me in it to beware of falling away from my "first love." At that time I wondered why you should send me such a warning. I thought there was no danger, and that it would be impossible for me ever to leave that Saviour, who had so kindly opened my eyes. Yet even in this short time, has that case been my own. I have fallen away, and acted very much indeed as if I had never experienced a hope of Christ's love to me. I left my first love, and for about two months preceding and after my visit home, I had no enjoyment in religion. I had not fallen so far as to silence the voice of conscience, or as not to know that I had in some measure fallen. Such was my case when at home. True, there were times, even then, when I had as much freedom in prayer as ever; and the day of the sacrament I had as much pleasure in religion as I have had this session.

I have now the hope that I am restored. I now feel, in some respects, as I did when first the light of truth shone in upon my

soul, and I have a more heart-affecting view of myself. Rejoice with me, my mother, that God has not cast me off from him forever, as I justly deserved, and as would have been perfectly consistent with his glory, mercy, and justice. How I was restored I can hardly tell. For two weeks past, I have felt very differently from what I did all session, and yesterday and to-day I feel some, though, alas! very little, of the joy of him whose sin is pardoned by his God. O for a tongue to speak my Redeemer's praise, and to proclaim to the world what he has done for my soul! Surely, O surely, such love was never manifested as the love of Christ! Why is it that we cannot love him more, and love him always? And yet I am very much afraid I shall not long continue in this state. I am afraid I shall fall, and yet bring open disgrace upon my profession. Pray for me, my dear parents, and give your counsels.

Yours affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

Jefferson College, August 10th, 1835.

My Dear Father—

I wrote to mother and brother Matthew, a short time ago, yet as I have something in regard to which I would wish to ask your advice, and as, probably, you are now as much at leisure as you will be before next summer, I have concluded to write to you. I do not know whether I have ever before mentioned this subject to you, but it is one which has often employed my thoughts, and of late particularly—it is this: Whether it is my duty to be a minister of the gospel? My principal reason for now writing to you is, to ask your advice in regard to this one point, viz., whether I should enter on the examination of this subject, with the view of coming to a definite conclusion this session, or, at farthest, before the close of the year; or whether I should put off the immediate examination of the point till a future period.

Each of these may have its advantages. The principal reasons why I should now come to a determination are these: 1st. Whatever profession I may choose, if I now decide concerning it, I may lay my mind more ardently to being prepared for it and for usefulness: I may the more readily make all my other pursuits subservient to this. This I consider a principal reason. 2nd. A reason, flowing from the first, why I now should determine, is, that if I should decide to be a minister, it may conduce to personal piety and a closer walk with God. These are two of the principal reasons why I should now determine.

On the other hand, it may be objected—1st. My youth: my judgment is not capable of deciding so important a question. 2nd. My inexperience of my own self and of others, and of the duties required of me in that high station to which I aspire. 3rd. The fickleness of my temper; and 4th. Circumstances may occur

which will render it obligatory on me to change my views. I do not consider the last much of an objection, and I can, I think, get over the others; but I should like your advice on this all-important subject. I may here mention a couple of plans which have principally occupied my thoughts on this subject. The first was —to study for the ministry, and, after being licensed, to go and spend my life in the Western States; neither in the character of a settled pastor, nor yet in that of an itinerant preacher, but somewhere between them. The other, and one which has almost entirely taken up my mind, is this: after I graduate, to go and study medicine; then go to the Theological Seminary and prepare myself for the ministry; and then, if in the Providence of God it may appear my duty, "Go and preach the Gospel to the heathen." Both of these may be mere romantic creations of the fancy, but, at present, my inclination is rather in favor of the latter. I may, in a future letter, state more as to my views on this subject, but, at present, I would like your advice as to the first point mentioned.

I regard myself just in this light: I profess to be, and hope I am, a servant of Christ. The command is, "Go work in my vineyard." After having decided, how I shall work?—whether as a minister or otherwise—the next question will be, where?

I do not consider, that in answering this question, I have a right to consult my own convenience. May you, my dear father, be abundantly blessed with the influence of the Holy Spirit, and find all your children walking in your footsteps, and may we all at last meet around the throne of God, on his right hand.

Affectionately yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Jefferson College, August 31st, 1835.

Dear Father—

I have delayed answering your last somewhat longer than usual, but I suppose you know the reason. I have been engaged in the examination of the subject of the gospel ministry, and have at length been enabled to decide, at least from present views and feelings, and with prayer, that it is my duty to devote myself to the service of God in that manner. I cannot say that I have had many or great difficulties, nor indeed have I that assurance I could wish to have; but I hope, as my experience increases, that my confidence as to my duty will increase in proportion. I may be deceived, but, as far as I know myself, I am not actuated by unworthy motives. I wish I could as certainly say, that I am influenced by a desire for the glory of God; for it is on that point that I have, and do yet experience, the greatest difficulty. In other respects, I hope I can with some confidence say, that, as far as I know myself, I am not influenced by wrong motives. May God grant me to know and *do* my duty.

Your affectionate son, W. M. Lowrie.

Jefferson College, September 8th, 1835.

My Dear Father,—

I am very sorry you cannot make it convenient to remain in Butler a few weeks longer, as I should very much wish your company. It may be all fancy, but something seems to be constantly telling me, when I think of you all, "that I must endeavor to spend as much time with you as I can now, for after I am settled in life, I shall have very few opportunities of being with you." And this idea has taken almost complete possession of my mind. I do not, when I look forward, anticipate much temporal pleasure, or ease; and perhaps it is as well that I should learn to deny myself now as at any time; but still I find an unwillingness to separate from my thoughts the idea of totally denying myself your company. However, I hope, that if it ever should be incumbent on me, I shall never hesitate to leave even father and mother, and all to whom I am bound by the ties of nature. I hope you are all in good health of body—would that I had the same hope in regard to matters of more importance! But when I think that some of our dear family are still in the "gall of bitterness and the strong chains of iniquity," I cannot hope so. I can do nothing but pray, and in my condition, I am more fit to have prayers offered for myself, than to offer them for others. Next Sabbath is the day of the communion: how I should like, were it possible, to sit down and commemorate our Saviour's love with my dear parents, —but I suppose it may not be.

I remain your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Jefferson College, September 14th.

My Dear Father—

Yesterday was our communion here; and though it was so near to the end of the session, that we could not have much time for preparation, and no fast day was appointed, yet it was about as profitable a day as I ever spent. True, at the table, and whilst partaking of the elements, I was not happy; nay, before I rose from the table, I was almost as miserable as I ever was. Yet it was profitable. A temptation came across my mind to this effect: "I am not now enjoying communion with Jesus Christ; and therefore I am not a Christian. I may as well now give up all pretensions to religion, and quit acting the hypocrite any longer." And although not willingly, I felt as if I ought to do so; but the thought rushed into my mind, "If I am so miserable under the hidings of God's face only, how shall I bear his eternal wrath?" It was the first time I had ever been influenced more by fear than by other motives. I was miserable, however. But see the goodness of God and of Jesus Christ. After church, I was thinking of my conduct during the session, and meditating on the

two verses, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God;" and all my anxious cares vanished. I had been impressed deeply with a sense of my sinfulness, and was wishing to make some resolutions hereafter to live more to the glory of God, but felt almost afraid to do it. I knew I should fall away; and I felt that it would but aggravate my guilt, were I to sin against such renewed obligation. But the sentence, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," calmed my heart. I felt that it was my duty to follow present duty, and leave the future to God, without any anxious cares; and I was enabled to do so, and to roll all my cares upon the Lord. Oh, the peace I at that moment possessed! I could scarce refrain from laughing, I was so joyful.

I determined then to live every day as if it were to be the last I should have to live, and to do my duty accordingly;—in reality, "to live by the day." At secret prayer I was more full of God's presence, and comprehended more of that view of Christ's character, which is so great, grand, and incomprehensible, that I could scarcely proceed for joy; and from my own experience during the day, I could tell something of the difference between God's presence and his absence. To-day, I cannot say I feel, or have felt, as I could wish—not so much life and animation; but I have been enabled to mourn for it. During the sermon (Mark xvi. 15), I was enabled to see more of the greatness of the Christian religion than I ever did before, and to feel, too, that man could not be the author of such grand ideas as I saw there held out.

This evening I was walking out into the country for exercise, and on my return I passed the cottage of a negro woman, commonly called "Old Katy." She was out in the road, when I passed her. I shook hands with her, and spoke a few words to her. Before we had spoken three sentences, she was talking about religion. She is a most eminent Christian, and we stood about ten or fifteen minutes there talking. She soon got to speaking about the missionary cause. Her heart was in the matter, and she said, "I am very poor, but as long as I live I will be something to it. I have often given a little to it, and I never laid out any money better. I could not do it. I never lost a cent by it."

I wish I could give you some idea of the emphasis she used, but pen and ink cannot express her manner and the feeling she manifested. She very cordially asked me to call in and see her; "for it is food to me when any of God's children come to see me; *it is food.*" She went on thus for some time, talking about various matters, but all of them religious. Oh! how *little* I felt when I heard her talk thus, and compared my attainments in the Christian course with hers.

18th. I received your kind letter yesterday, for which I am very much obliged to you. I would go to Pittsburg to see you, but they are not done examining our class, and I do not wish to be absent from here on Sunday. The examination commenced yesterday, and they got over one half of the class, myself among

them. The Greek still remains to try our metal, but I cannot say I am afraid of that; and if such things as these were to be my only difficulties, I should not think life very burdensome.

I remain your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Jefferson College, November 22d, 1835.

My Dear Mother—

You may recollect in reading the life of Payson, a sentence like this: "Whenever I write to you, more than forty ideas jump at once, all equally eager to get out, and jostle and incommode each other at such a rate, that not the most proper, but the strongest, escapes first." I find something like this at present in my head, for I hardly know where to begin. However, on last Saturday night there were four of us students, who met in our room, to have a little prayer-meeting: we had all, I think, a great deal of freedom in prayer for a revival, and after our meeting was over, we sung two or three hymns together. It was as pleasant a meeting as I have attended in a long time. One of the hymns was that most expressive one, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed," and I am sure there was a good deal of feeling manifested among us.

Yesterday Mr. E., an agent of the American Board of Missions, preached a sermon in the forenoon with which I was highly pleased, on the text "It is more blessed to give than to receive." At night he preached again; subject, the debt we owe the heathen. He proved in it, that we owe a debt to the heathen that we are able to pay; that the time had come; and concluded with a number of most thrilling, interesting facts. The sermon was an hour and a half long; the longest I have ever heard, but it seemed the shortest. He spoke of the providences of God with regard to Missions, and said, that had Lyman and Munson lived to fill up their threescore years and ten, and toiled and labored, wrote and translated, and been as successful as any of our present missionaries, they would not, in all human probability, have been as useful by one half, as they have been just by their *death*. They have excited more interest, more prayers, more contributions, and brought forward more young men to fill their places, than they could have done, had their life been prolonged. The Board have already several missionaries who are going to take their places, and the interest in that mission is ten times as great as it ever was. Is not that gratifying? About the close he related an anecdote, which I hardly dare attempt to repeat, but I will try. "Some years ago I was out on a tour for collecting money for the Society, and I stopped over Sunday at a town, and preached there. I gave notice that on the morrow, I would go around and receive their contributions. Accordingly, in company with the minister, I did so. We came to a house, or cabin rather, and he said, 'We must go in here; we shall receive no donation, but there is a 'Mother in Israel'

here.' We went in and found an old woman over seventy, bent nearly double by age, and troubled with all its infirmities, and her daughter, who was helpless. The old woman supported her daughter and herself by spinning flax. As soon as she saw us, she said, 'I am glad you have come. I was afraid you would not, and last night I lay awake and prayed that God would send you, and now you are here. I got up early this morning and went to a neighbor who has a gentle horse, which he lends me whenever I want it; and then I went to another man who owed me six shillings for spinning flax, which he paid me: now I want to give it to the Missionary Society, here it is,' handing it to me. I told her we did not expect any money from her; we had not come to her house for that purpose. She insisted. I took the subscription paper, wrote her name, and opposite to it six shillings, and showing it to her said, See, here is your name, we will pay this money, and no one shall ever know you did not give it yourself, and you can keep your money. I thought she needed it too much to give it. She looked at me, the big tears rolling down her cheeks, and said, 'What have I done, that you won't let me give this money; I have prayed for forty years for the heathen, and yesterday you told us the time had come, when we might *give* as well as pray, and I was *glad* of it; now you won't let me give this money—it is very hard.' Great grief was visible in her countenance"—and Mr. E., heartily ashamed of himself, took the money. Was not that most beautiful? I was near bursting into tears. Shortly after I spoke to one who had been at our prayer-meeting, and he was in extacies. "Oh Lowrie, is not that delightful? What a blessed Sabbath! Our little prayer-meeting!" If I ever desired to be a minister and a missionary, I did last night. Such a glorious object! so worthy all the talents, feelings, and affections of every reasonable creature, that it seems impossible, almost, not to desire it. However, though it may be the duty of others to decide this matter while at college, I hardly think it can be mine, at least for a year to come.

We have between seventy and eighty new students, the largest number received in one session since 1831, when the new college was built, and perhaps, excepting that time, the largest number ever received. Altogether we have near two hundred and fifty students. Were the Spirit of God poured out here, what would be the consequences! We have a great deal of studying to do. I am trying to "Parlez vous" some, and hope to be able to speak with some fluency before the winter is over. * *

Yours affectionately, W. M. Lowrie.

Canonsburg, December 26th, 1835.

My Dear Mother—

In looking over the various relations which others sustain to me, or which I sustain to them, I see very little which does not

call for sincere, hearty gratitude. To have so many friends, myself to enjoy so many privileges and mercies, of which others stand in so much need, while I am but too insensible to their value, and to have so many opportunities of improving myself and of preparing for future usefulness,—these things, combined with others, which are so many I cannot number them, give me abundant cause for gratitude and praise.

Dec. 29. This is my *birth-day*. It is just one year since first I experienced the hope of salvation, and now I see before me the whole scene, and the fulness of my heart rises within me. I have just been thinking of my conduct the past year. Whilst I see many things to be thankful for, and to encourage me, I also see much to grieve and humble me. The hasty flight of time only brings us nearer an eternal home, where "sorrow and sighing flee away." I am more and more anxious to pay you a visit in the spring, and expect to enjoy a great deal of pleasure from it. If we anticipate so much pleasure from joys that are but finite, what will the joys of heaven be? An infinity of everything that is good!

Jan. 2d, 1836. Taking a walk this afternoon, I came near a grave-yard, and went into it. Some of the tenants were dead more than eighty years, some under one year. Some of the tombstones bore marks of many years' exposure; others were as fresh as if yesterday they had been placed there. All was calm and silent. The world flees from such scenes. Many of the tombstones spoke of the joys of heaven, of the resurrection, and of Christ, and their rude poetry only made them the more striking. I love a grave-yard. I love to walk among these signs of death, and muse on death itself. I may be deceived, but to me death has few terrors, and though nature may shrink from the last fatal struggle, yet I think I am not afraid to die. "I know that my Redeemer liveth ... and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

> "The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
> The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm—
> These are the terrors of the living, not the dead."

Jan. 4. I have just seen a letter from my dear brother John. His health has failed, and he is obliged to leave India. How sad that he has to leave his station, and all his prospects of usefulness in that region. Although I long to see him, I could wish he may be able to remain. But God has good reasons for what appears to us to be so dark. May he who holds the winds in his power, and the waves in the hollow of his hand, preserve and bring him safe to his native land. Well do I recollect when I bade him farewell. Never till the last moment, and when I felt that he must go—never till then did I know how much I loved him. Then I knew what the bitterness of parting was. Yet what are friends and kindred, father and mother, brothers and sisters, com

pared with Jesus Christ? He that loveth them more than him, is not worthy of him.

Jan. 5. Did you ever study geometry? I am working at it now, and I do think it is about as dry a thing as I ever studied. It is not hard, on the contrary, it is very easy—but it is so regular. Now I like order, but I like variety too, and we have but little of that in Legendre. A square is a square, be it big or little, and it has just four angles, and these four angles are all equal—moreover, they are all right angles. I like algebra: there is some variety there—something to turn and rest the attention upon at every step. Most of our class are rejoicing that we are through algebra; but I would rather study it than geometry, Latin, or Greek.

I have been lately reading the life of James B. Taylor. I have not met with anything like it. He makes me feel quite ashamed of myself. Pray for me, that I may be fitted for the holy ministry.

I remain yours affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

Jefferson College, January 28th, 1837.

My Dear Father—

...We are still driving away at the conic sections, which are very solid, and to me very interesting. I do not think them hard, by any means, although some do complain piteously about long lessons. I do not like Greek so well as the mathematics, and I find it much harder. Nothing but the conviction that it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of it, to fit me for my future calling, could induce me to study it. I do not mean to say, however, that I find it difficult.

I have lately been reading Swan's Letters on Missions. The question of personal devotion to the missionary work is rising before me, and I can scarce help thinking I am called upon to decide this question soon. I have tried to put it off, under various excuses—not, I hope, with any wish to avoid the question, but principally owing to my inexperience; but I don't know how I can much longer postpone it. I intend reading a great deal on the subject, and hereafter making it the subject of special prayer. I should like to have your views, as soon as you have time.

Give my best love to all.

W. M. Lowrie.

Jefferson College, February 7th, 1837.

My Dear Father—

We had the communion here about four weeks ago, and since that time three of our students have joined the church. One of my Bible-class has experienced a hope, and several others are somewhat affected. There has been an extensive revival at Cross

Roads, and Florence Academy. One most profane young man was one of the first and clearest cases of conversion.

The question of personal devotion to the missionary cause, has, as you are aware, long been before my mind. When I first experienced a hope of salvation, this subject presented itself to my mind. This feeling has continued in almost every time and place. This session I felt it to be important to know what I should do, and what time I could spare was devoted to the examination of the question. I never found any particular difficulties, except as to my piety. At our last communion I was enabled to decide to be, by the grace of God, a missionary. It was like throwing a heavy burden off from my mind, and I have not since experienced one moment of regret at the decision. Sometimes, indeed, it seems hard—O, very hard—to think of parting with near and dear friends; but what are all these, or life itself, to the advancement of the Saviour's cause, to which, two years ago, I consecrated myself?

Your affectionate son,
W. M. Lowrie.

Jefferson College, March 10th, 1837.

My Dear Father—

Brother John has been here for several days, and intends leaving in the morning. His health has improved very little since leaving New York. He has been engaged preaching so much, that it has materially prevented his recruiting; he is, however, no worse.

In my last letter I mentioned that as far as I could see, if nothing providential occurred, I had made up my mind on the question "Should I become a missionary?" It never seemed to present any great difficulty to my mind, and I don't know that I could give any particular account of the reasons, which led me to believe that it was duty on my part to spend my life among the heathen. The question always seemed, though a very important one, to be—Can I do more abroad than at home? There were no providential hinderances to prevent me from going. Indeed Providence seemed rather to point to the heathen as the proper place. My own inclinations and feelings pointed the same way. If I have piety to fit me for being a minister at home, I might hope to have it for being a missionary abroad. Of my talents and qualifications for the work, others must judge. Almost the only difficulty was in regard to my health. My constitution being weak, it seemed almost unable to bear much fatigue; for even the labor of study is preying on it in some degree. But though the case seemed so clear, do not think, dear father, that it was on account of my vanity that it appeared so. For almost always when the duty of being a missionary appeared strongest, I felt my own strength or my own fitness to be least. And even now, when the troubles and deprivations and duties of missionary life come up to view, the question

involuntarily occurs, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Yet if I know my own heart, I am willing to live or die for the heathen. It is now nearly two months since I came to the determination expressed above, and never yet has a single emotion of regret crossed my mind on account of it. Nay, a load has been thrown off, and I feel a deeper interest in everything that concerns the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Pray for me, dear father; unless I have more piety than I now have, I am not fit for the missionary work, nor for the ministry at home.

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Pittsburg, September 13th, 1837.

My Dear Father—

We finished our examination eight days ago, but I have been so busy, I have not had time to write to you. At the close of our examination, I expected to be told that I might have my Diploma, but further or higher I had not directed my thoughts. Judge of my surprise then, when on the next morning, Dr. Brown gave me the enclosed as my standing.* I had never thought of standing more than respectably, but this grade is equivalent to what was once called the first honor. There were two others in the class who were marked equally high. I have been appointed Valedictarian, which is considered here the most important post at the Commencement. I hope, however, you will not consider me to be a very excellent scholar, on account of the high standing I have with the Faculty. In languages especially, I do not consider myself to be much above mediocrity.

As soon as Commencement is over, I shall set out for home. Though I should like very much to enter on the study of theology immediately, yet I do feel almost afraid to commence without a longer recess than common. During my collegiate course, I have not, on an average, studied three hours a day; but at the Seminary, I would wish—indeed, it seems essential—that at least four hours daily be spent in study. Still, with an opportunity of daily systematic exercise, I should not feel much hesitation about the Seminary studies. Others with far worse health than mine, have gone through as severe a course; and as I may probably never have very strong health, it may not be worth while to delay on that account, especially if my youth be not considered too strong an objection.

I remain your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

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* Walter M. Lowrie,

Grade.		Grade.
Languages,	1.	Natural Science, 1.
Moral Science, 1.		Mathematics, 1.

M. Brown.

CHAPTER II.

October 1837—January 1842.

RETURNS HOME FROM COLLEGE—COURSE IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT PRINCETON—ACCEPTED AS A FOREIGN MISSIONARY—SAILS FOR CHINA.

On leaving College, the subject of this memoir returned home, his father's family then residing in the city of New York. His expectation was to enter the Theological Seminary at Princeton soon after his return. The Seminary year, however, commenced in September, when the regular classes were formed; and his father, still somewhat solicitous respecting his health, deemed it best that he should have a recess from study; and he spent the winter at home. Having few acquaintances in the city, his winter's residence at home was a season of retirement and quiet, and his time was profitably employed in reviewing his previous studies, and in miscellaneous reading. He had also a good opportunity of improvement in vocal music, under the able instructions of Mr. Thomas Hastings. During the winter he took charge of a class of young men in the Sabbath school, who became greatly attached to him, and were much benefitted by the care he bestowed on their instruction.

In May, 1838, he entered the Seminary, and afterwards joined the regular class formed in September following. In his whole course in the Seminary he pursued his studies very closely. He was never absent from a single recitation; and with his studies, and other necessary duties, his time was fully employed. By persevering industry, he was able to superintend a Sabbath school at Queenston, a few miles from the Seminary, and also to make a Catalogue of the books in the Library, and arrange them anew.

Before leaving College, as is seen by his letters, he had fully decided to go as a missionary to the heathen, and during his last year in the Seminary, his mind was settled on Western Africa as his chosen field of labor. In December, 1840, he was received as a missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian

Church. No objections to his preference for Africa were made by his friends, and for several months the question of his field of labor was considered as fully settled. In the spring and summer of 1841, however, the exigencies of the China mission induced the Executive Committee to review the question of his field of labor. The mission to China was then but commencing, and was encompassed with many difficulties. That great empire was at that time closed against the Christian missionary; and Singapore had been selected as the most suitable place where the language of China could be learned, translations made into it, schools established, and other missionary work carried on. The Rev. John A. Mitchell, and the Rev. Robert W. Orr and his wife, had arrived at Singapore in April, 1838. In the following October, Mr. Mitchell was removed by death. The next year Mr. Orr's health failed; a visit to the Nilgerry Hills, in India, did not restore it; and in 1840, he set out on his return home. The same year, the Rev. Thomas L. McBryde and his wife reached Singapore; and in 1841, he was joined by J. C. Hepburn, M. D., and his wife. In one year, Mr. McBryde's health had declined so much, that it was evident he also must soon withdraw from that sphere of labor, and thus leave Dr. Hepburn alone in the China mission. In these circumstances, and having at that time no other suitable man to send, the question in the view of the Executive Committee was clear, that China, and not Western Africa, was the proper field of labor for the new missionary. It was believed, also, that from the tone of his piety, his cheerful temper, his thorough education, his natural talents and untiring industry, he was peculiarly fitted for the China mission. It was, however, with many misgivings, and much reluctance at first, that he contemplated this change in his field of labor; but as there was a perfect unanimity of sentiment in the Executive Committee, the professors in the Seminary at Princeton, and other ministerial brethren, all of whom he greatly respected, he yielded cheerfully to their judgment—viewing these things as a call from God to labor in that great and destitute part of the Saviour's vineyard.

On the 5th of April, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Second Presbytery of New York. After leaving the Seminary in May, he spent a few weeks at home, preaching on the Sabbath in different churches. In July and August he was sent by the Executive Committee to the most distant land office in Michigan, to secure the pre-emption right to the mission station among the

Chippewa Indians, as the government had advertised the Indian reservation for public sale. The sale, however, was postponed before he reached the land office, and on his return he spent some time among the churches in Western New York. Late in the fall he visited his friends in Western Pennsylvania for the last time, and by these various journeys his health was much improved.

He was ordained on the 9th of November, 1841, and on the evening of the last Sabbath of the same month, a deeply interesting farewell missionary meeting was held in the Brick church, New York. Addresses were made by the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., pastor of the church, by the missionary, and by his father. These addresses would possess much interest now, but no copy of them was preserved. It was expected that the vessel would sail early in December, but she was delayed till in January, and in the interval his time was chiefly spent at home.

New York, November 21st, 1837.

Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear Brother:—Though this method of communication is but a poor substitute for that "sweet counsel" we have so often enjoyed, yet as it is the best that now remains for us, I gladly embrace the first good opportunity that has yet occurred, to renew our friendship. For it does seem as though it had to be renewed, when I think that, though you and myself have often "held sweetest converse about what God had done for our souls," and that though our eyes have brightened and our hearts warmed, as we "talked by the way," yet now we are separated by a distance of more than four hundred miles, and are without the prospect of seeing each other for months, and perhaps years. Yet though separated in body, I trust we are often present in spirit, and especially that, at the throne of "our Father," we can still enjoy communion, and be the means of profit to each other, perhaps even greater than that which our mutual conversations could have afforded. It is surely consoling to know that there is One who watches over us, and over our dearest friends, far better than we could possibly do, and that at all times He will do all things well. Yet, were it consistent with duty, I should like again to spend a few hours with you, and again partake in those social joys that kindred spirits like yours and mine so much delight in. My situation here, though fully as pleasant as I expected it to be, is very different from what it was in Canonsburg. I have as yet very few acquaintances here, and do not expect to have many. Those that I have, I know not what they are, for the rules of fashion are so trammelling, that one cannot at once make those friendly advances which are common among you. Consequently when I would enjoy the holier

joys of friendship, I must draw off my attention from things around me, and return to past days and scenes, in many of which you and one or two others held a conspicuous part. Do you mind that day after our missionary meeting of the Society of Inquiry, last March, when you and I took that long walk "over the hills and far away," and in our conversation seemed to have some foretastes of "glory begun below?" Many and many a time has it risen to my mind, and if it has not drawn tears from my eyes, it has done what is better—encouraged me to go forward, and caused me to gird up the loins of my mind anew for the heavenly race, and made me sometimes to remember a friend, a fellow-expectant of what "eve hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Yet from what I have said, do not suppose that I am at all unhappy or discontented, or even disappointed. So far, at least, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content;" whether it will always be so or not, time will show. The contrast between my present way of living and that at Canonsburg, is very striking. I see very little company; attend very few evening meetings; don't make three or four speeches every week, (you know I was famous for that;) on the contrary, hardly open my mouth from one week's end to the other; read a good deal; study as much as I did at College; and am on the whole becoming quite a domestic animal. I am very glad to find that comparative solitude agrees so well with me; for I was really afraid that after being so used to meetings of one kind or another every night, it would be difficult to get along without them. In fact, it does require some effort to keep alive the spirit of piety, when one has nothing like the Society of Inquiry or the Brainerd Society to excite to action; nothing but the stated ordinances of God's house to nourish the soul. Yet on that very account I prize my present situation the more, because I am thereby enabled, or perhaps I should say required, to live more by faith and less by sight, or frames and feelings. And to a missionary nothing can be more important, than to be able to live without anything to keep the soul in constant excitement; for, as it has been well remarked, "when he gets to his field of labor, he can attend no crowded meetings to hear some eloquent orator descant upon the magnanimity of the missionary enterprise." All the "romance of missions" must then be laid aside, and in its reality, he may almost be tempted to forget for whom and for what he is laboring, and becoming discouraged, lay down his weapons, and retire vanquished from the field to which his Master called him.

It seems to me, on looking back on the last two or three years of my collegiate course, that we all lived too much by excitement, not enough by simple faith. Our religious societies were precious and profitable, and I should be sorry to give them up, but perhaps we depended too much on them, without remembering that "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase;" and this dependence on these means, (at least in my own case,)

was productive of a spirit of action more resembling the "crackling of thorns," than the steady, intense flame that consumed the Jewish sacrifices. Oh, my brother! guard against this spirit of trusting to anything in preference to the revealed will of God, and his ordinances, for animation in the divine life.

What is the state of missionary feeling now among you? Do you yet hear the voice, "Come over and help us," and the wailing cry, "And what then?" as it rises from the death-bed of the Hindoo, and, borne across the waste of waters, reaches our ears both from the east and the west, swelled as it is, and heightened and prolonged by the addition of innumerable others? Oh, does the "cry of the nations," echoed and re-echoed from the distant mountains, still sound among you? Or does it die away among the crumbling ruins of heathen temples, unheard and unheeded, save by the infidel and the deist? Oh, who is there to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty? There is nothing in all my course for which I reproach myself so much, as that I did so little to excite a missionary spirit at College. I do not mean among those who were already determined as to the path of duty, but among those who had not decided the question; for very rarely did I press upon any of them as I should, the importance of the work, the necessity, absolute, increasing, and alas! almost irremediable necessity now existing for laborers, and their own duty in this great matter. Dear brother, can you not do something? You have the confidence of most of the pious students, and could you but muster courage enough to determine to do something in this matter, unborn millions would bless you for it. Let me transcribe for you a few lines from an appeal of some missionaries in India; you have perhaps seen them before, but they will bear reading and praying over again:

"The soil is ready for the seed, and the seed ready to be sown, but where are the husbandmen? In some places it has been scattered abroad and the fields are white for the harvest, but where are the reapers? Congregations large and attentive might be procured every day, *but we have no men.* Schools might be established on Christian principles, but *we have no men.* Humanly speaking, souls might be saved, but *'how can they hear without a preacher?'* You can increase the number of these queries to an almost indefinite extent, but the answer will almost always be, we have no men! We have gone to the colleges and seminaries of learning, but we found few to answer our demands. We went to the haunts of society, but one was busied about his farm, and another about his merchandise, and another with the sweets of domestic society. We went to the schools of the prophets, and asked if on any of them rested the spirit of Elijah? but there were few to answer the call. Despairing, we looked to the heathen, and as we saw them go down by crowds to the darkness of the second death, we felt as if yet another effort should be made. Oh, who will go for us?"

Wishing you all temporal and all spiritual blessings, and sym-

pathizing most sincerely with you in your late afflicting bereavement, (of which I have only just heard,)

I remain your *brother*,

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, November 29th, 1837.

Mr. Roger Owen—

Dear Brother,—I had intended to have a long conversation with you, about the management of *our* Sabbath school next summer; and though it may seem like officiousness in me to volunteer my advice, yet my brother, with whom I have been so long associated in that beloved place, will not take it hard, if I stir up his mind by way of remembrance. In the first place, it will be best for you to use your own judgment; and at all times, while you do not appear to assume any power, you must let the scholars know that you are the superintendent. Govern them, however, by love. Try to enter into all their feelings, and make your instructions of such a character, that every one can understand you. If the children can understand you, there is no danger but that the older scholars will; but the reverse is not so certain. Let your speeches, however, be always short. I erred sometimes in this, though not often conscious of it. Go about the room often; walk up and down the aisles, and look at the classes as you pass: this will have a great effect, though I neglected it almost entirely. I am sure I did wrong in not doing it more than I did. Go to the several classes, and talk to each class at least once in the session. Here again I failed. The teachers always seemed to have enough to do, and I did not like to interrupt them. But I think it would be better to go sometimes, even if you do interrupt the regular lesson, and say a few words, even if you do not talk more than half a minute. But if you do go, don't talk more than three or four minutes. One of my class said, towards the close of the session, "Mr. Lowrie seems to have forgotten us entirely, for he never comes near us any more." Keep up the missionary talks by all means. Be sure, while you are speaking, always to seem, and I hope you will feel, as if there were none but children present, and no person else in the world knew what you were doing. And probably, when you are talking, and trying to lead their young minds heavenward, you will find it best not to say a great deal directly to induce them to be Christians. For example, don't say, "You ought to be Christians now, because you may die soon —because you will be the happier for it," &c.; but preach "Christ and him crucified" to them. This way of telling children that it is their duty to be pious, and how great a benefit it will be to themselves, has generally but little permanent effect; at least, it never had much on me, and I never found it to have much on others. These are some of the principal things that occurred to me, as being worth while to write to you about. I do not know

that it was necessary that I should have written about them at all; but if it was not, you know the motives which penned them.

There is one thing which you cannot keep too distinctly before you—earnest, importunate prayer. You would probably find it an advantage to have a list of all your teachers, on a small slip of paper. Place this in your Bible, and make it a point to remember at least one of them every day in your prayers. You should also have a list of all the scholars, and, if possible, know them all by their first names. Maintain, also, the utmost possible affection among your teachers, and between them and yourself; be a brother to them in heart, and your conduct will be all that is necessary. If you can, even at the expense of a good deal of inconvenience, make a circuit of the congregation on behalf of the Sabbath school, about the time you commence, you will find it of immense benefit.

Such are some of the points on which I would like to have talked with you particularly, and one of my objects in writing them to you, is to show you, that the interest I feel in Miller's Run Sabbath school, its teachers, and its present superintendent, is still unimpaired; and long may it continue so! It is my earnest prayer, that you may all increase in love, and be far more useful and active than ever I was, and that the blessing of "Our Father" may rest upon you. Farewell, my brother. There is a place where, though separated in body, we can still meet, and hold communication with each other.

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, January 1st, 1838.

Mr. John Lloyd—

A happy new year to you, friend John! and may you see many more such, if the Lord will! What are you doing now, whilst I am writing to you? Cousin John tells me you have holidays (old times are in that word,) at present; so I will just let my imagination try if she can find where you are, or what you are doing. But as you are pretty much of a home-loving creature, I suppose I need not go far to find you. Probably you are going about, paying some fifteen minute visits, for you were never famous for long ones; or very probably you are standing by the side of the old mill-dam, and watching the fellows skating. I hardly think you would adventure yourself on the ice, for you are most too grave for that. But no—I forget; this is the first Monday of the month, and of the year, and therefore you are probably stuck up in a corner of your room, reading all the missionary pamphlets you can lay hands on. By the way, have you read the life of Swartz? If you have not, let me "lay my commands" on you to read it immediately. You know how much our experience resembles each other's—now rejoicing, and now, again, discouraged and without heart. Swartz was always on the proper pitch;

constantly in the exercise of strong, unwavering, childlike confidence in God, and therefore he was always ready to employ himself in his Master's business. He was always busy, always cheerful, and always useful. Dear brother, may we strive to be like him, and may we have the same success in our labors that he had in his! I can ask for few blessings greater, either for you or for myself, than is contained in that wish. I read Bedell's memoirs some time ago, and have just now finished those of Hannah More. They are both of them most excellent. The former I was delighted with. The memoirs of the latter are also very interesting, indeed. They are compiled from her letters almost entirely, including a great many from various celebrated characters who were cotemporary with herself; and are, I think, excellent models of epistolary correspondence. The style of almost all is very good, and, what is far more important, through most of them there is a strong vein of deep-toned sensibility and piety. I really began to entertain a considerable degree of reverence for her before I got quite through the memoir. She was an extraordinary woman, possessed of more than common talents, and able to do almost what she pleased; yet, so far from indulging herself in this liberty, her whole life was spent in a most quiet manner, without any flashes, or romantic adventures or pursuits, or anything inconsistent with the character of a plain, common-sense woman.

Mitchell and Orr, missionaries to China, sailed nearly a month ago. How soon will you be ready? Do you still think of China in preference to India?

It seems strange that this is the beginning of another year. How the time rolls round! Yet to me the thought that time is rapidly passing away is pleasant. It is solemn, and yet most delightful, to think that my "salvation is nearer than when I believed;" that, if I am a Christian, I am three years nearer to my heavenly home than when first the light of truth beamed on my darkened and distressed mind. True, of many misimprovements and much waste of precious time, I have to accuse myself; yet still the Lord is full of compassion, and the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; and through him I can look death in the face, and exclaim, when Satan, and doubts, and fears assail me, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." By the way, I heard a sermon on that text yesterday, from an Episcopal minister. He said that the word translated Redeemer in this passage, was the same as that used in Ruth iii. 9, "A near kinsman," or, as the margin has it, "One that has a right to redeem." The mention that such was the meaning of the word, led me into a train of very pleasing and profitable thought. If we had been taken captive by enemies, and knew that our father, or mother, or brother, were aware of it, we should be sure that they would use every exertion to ransom us. But there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother: this friend is our Redeemer, and this Redeemer is the omnipotent God. Can there, then, be any doubt of our final salvation?

The last two or three months have been very pleasant ones. I seem to have had more nearness of access to God, greater confidence in the Saviour, and more of the influences of the Spirit, than I have usually had. Among other reasons for these great blessings, I have no doubt but the prayers of my many friends in Canonsburg and its vicinity have had much effect. I still need your prayers very much, for I am prone every moment to fall.

And now, brother, my paper tells me I must close; and commending you to the grace of God, which is able to keep you through faith unto salvation, I remain,

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, January 27th, 1838.

Mr. Roger Owen—

Dear Brother:—It would be in vain to attempt to tell you how much pleasure your letter gave me. Although all the letters I have received this winter awakened delightful associations, and opened up fountains of fond reminiscences, yet none did so more than yours. I could almost think we were again sitting on the logs, or under the old shady trees at Miller's Run, and holding sweet converse as in days past. It seemed as if we were again walking out together to "Pleasant Valley," "Rural Retreat," or "Linden Hill," or some other such place, and from behind every tree some old friend would step out to welcome me, and every fence-corner and hollow tree told a tale of other times. It may be fancy, but I always think I can see the face of a friend, and hear his voice, and recall all his peculiar modes of speaking and pronunciation, when I see his handwriting.

I was indeed sorry to hear that none of our dear Sabbath School scholars had joined the church, and more than once while thinking of it, tears would have been a relief; yet I could not say that it was surprising. It was but just, for so many imperfections and so much unfaithfulness marked my conduct and prayers and labors there during the last summer, that I could hardly expect anything else. Dear brother, profit by my experience, and avoid the keen self-reproaches which I often feel on account of my negligence. How much more prayerful I might have been! How much more earnest and faithful in my labors and appeals to the consciences of those who met in our school. You cannot pray too much for the school; you cannot labor too much for their conversion. Slack not, then, your diligence; oh, be faithful! Labor, if need be night and day with tears, if by any means you may save some; and assuredly you will not repent of your exertions on a dying bed, or at the judgment day. I speak this to stir you up, knowing from my own feelings how unpleasant is the recollection of unfaithfulness. You all, I believe, thought me active, and in some degree faithful; but none of you knew as I did and do now,

how much more I might have done had I imitated our blessed Saviour, "who pleased not himself." Yet though I was unfaithful, there were others who were not so, and therefore I do not despair, but hope and believe that the labors of last summer will not all be lost.

I have not much to add to what was said in my last, about your duties, though there are two things which you have probably thought of before now.

1st. When any children or young persons come into the church in the morning, to go and ask them to join some class, unless you know they will not; this should always be done. Last summer, I observed three or four little girls and boys who came in one morning, and sat in one of the vacant seats. The first morning I went and asked them to join some class, but could not persuade them to do so. The next day several came, and as they appeared to be the same, I did not ask them to join a class. So it was the next day, and on the fourth Sabbath, finding they were still there, I determined to ask them again, though hardly expecting they would. To my great surprise they consented at once. I felt a pang in my conscience for leaving them thus for two or three Sabbaths without pressing the matter, and even yet, the recollection of it is very painful.

2d. It is hardly worth while to tell you the second, though it would have been well for me if I had known it: don't do everything yourself, and yet be the soul of all that is done. That is, there are many things the teachers can do, and if you would just direct them or ask them to do it, while you employ yourself about other matters, it would make them feel more responsibility, and extend your influence, and give you time for other things. For instance, the teachers ought to feel that it is their duty to increase the number of scholars, not only in their own classes but in others, and not leave this entirely to the superintendent.

When one of your teachers is absent, and procures another to supply his or her place, be sure that you yourself take the person who is to supply, and introduce him to the class. This is your business, and not the business of the teacher who may accompany him to the house.

I was at Princeton last week, "spying out the land," and brought back a favorable report. If life and health be spared, I shall probably go there next summer. Your brother was well, and all of our Jeffersonians, of whom there were a dozen.

May I recommend you a plan of studying the Bible which I have found exceedingly profitable? i. e., to study three or four verses every morning carefully, with all Scott's marginal references. Take up faith, repentance, the love of Christ, humility, &c., or some particular subject.

I am your affectionate brother,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, July 4th, 1838.

My Dear Mother—

. . . I get up every morning at half past four, often sooner, but rarely later, and take a walk of one or two miles. It is most invigorating to the whole system, while the fresh air, singing birds, pleasant fragrance of the fields, and the thousand and one nameless pleasures of a morning walk, concur to make it a most delightful custom. When I get back it is near breakfast time. The appropriate duties of the morning over, I commence study at seven, and continue till half past ten, or perhaps eleven, at Latin, Greek and Hebrew, singing a little at intervals by way of relaxation. Dinner is ready at half past twelve, and miscellaneous employments occupy me till two; then some regular reading connected with the course here, till half past four. Prayers and supper at five, and company, talking, walking, singing, meetings, bathing, reading, writing, thinking, and not thinking, &c., till nine. Generally I manage to be asleep soon after ten. My next door neighbor has an alarm clock, which usually awakens me in the morning, and if it did not the *old bell* would at five. Though not pursuing the regular studies of my class, I find abundance to do, and my time generally passes in the way above described.

There is here, as may be supposed, every variety of character. The variety is fully as great, if not greater, than it was at College, excluding of course those who were not professors of religion. There is a good deal of reserve among the students towards new comers, though perhaps not greater than one would expect. As yet I have not made many intimate acquaintances, and do not wish to, for a short time. There are, however, some lovely spirits among these brethren.

Yours affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, July 21st, 1838.

Mr. Roger Owen—

Dear Brother,—Another week has passed—your session is more than half, and ours more than one third over; and yet to me, as probably to you, it seems but a few days since it commenced. It seems almost strange sometimes, that we can be indolent or weary in well-doing, when we think how short our time is. Were it not that we have almost daily experience to the contrary, we should think there was no danger of our becoming cold in the service of our Master. But "ere one fleeting hour is past," we often feel our hearts grow cold. But though we are fickle and changing as the morning cloud, or the smoke of the chimney, or the chaff from the threshing-floor, yet God remaineth ever the same, unchangeably glorious and good to all his creatures. The thought, that we shall one day be admitted to dwell

with him, to be ever with the Lord, is glorious indeed, and may well induce us to bear trials, and temptations, and sorrows, and labors, for his sake. This was much impressed upon my mind the other day, when thinking on the verse, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." How emphatic! every word almost has its meaning. "Little flock"—an expression of tenderness. What must have been our Saviour's feelings, as he looked on his disciples and uttered these words! (Luke xii. 32.) An innumerable multitude were around him—Pharisees and Sadducees, his enemies, and those who said they belonged to no party. But his all-seeing eye, and all-knowing mind, as it glanced over that vast multitude, saw but a few of his own real followers. The vast majority were his enemies. His own were few, like sheep in the world's wide desert, surrounded with those who would rejoice to drink their blood, and extirpate them from the earth. But the voice of Jesus falls like soft music on their ears, "Fear not, little flock," though the world oppose you, though men rise up against you, though this is not your rest—yet still "it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "Our Father"—the most endearing, trust-inspiring name that could be given him. "Good pleasure"—not pleasure merely, but his good pleasure, his delight. "To give"—for we do not deserve, and cannot purchase it, unworthy, weak, and sinful as we are. "The kingdom"—not a kingdom, but the kingdom,—the only one worth having, the only one whose possession does not give its owner more sorrow than joy, more thorns than roses. A kingdom includes all our ideas of worldly happiness—wealth, honor, fame, ease, pleasure, and the power of doing good—all this; yet every earthly kingdom is but a faint shadow of better things to come, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. Pardon me, my brother, if I have unreasonably trespassed on your patience by the above, but the train of thought pleased me, and perhaps it may cheer you, sometimes, in difficulty or distress.

The other morning, when taking a walk before breakfast, I found a little bird, just fledged, on the road; it could fly only a few steps. The innocent little thing let me catch it, and hold it, without appearing at all alarmed; but the parent birds were in great distress. I set it down, and it ran off into some long grass. The old birds immediately flew down, and began to *limp* along before me in several curious figures; and after going ten or twelve yards, one of them very slyly turned back, while the other led me on some forty or fifty yards further, and then, taking wing, *thought*, though she did not *say*, "Good morning to you, sir;" and flew back to the place where we commenced our acquaintance, and I saw her no more. You may draw your own moral from this; it pleased me very much.

I have just received a letter from Mrs. G——, which revived many old recollections. The continued prosperity of your school

rejoices my heart, though I am sometimes tempted almost to envy you the privilege you have in attending there. May the Lord be with and bless you abundantly. I was surprised and delighted, as well as humbled, to hear of the effect produced by the letter I sent some time ago. If it produces any good effects, it cannot be owing to any goodness of the author, but only to the grace of God. You still keep up the missionary talks. What subject do you attend to this summer? and how much interest appears to be felt in this great, great subject? It seems, to me at least, more and more important, that a missionary spirit be excited in the minds of children—of young children. While we must not, by any means, neglect the Catechism and the Bible, or rather the Bible and the Catechism, yet now is the best time to make them feel on the subject of saving a world. If they be instructed in the principles of missions now, they will need no argument to convince them of the importance and duty of sending the gospel to the heathen.

There are some lovely spirits here. The standard of piety is by no means as high as it should be; but still there are some who seem to walk with God. The missionary brethren, of whom there are some fourteen or fifteen, include some of the best men in the Seminary. It has been very profitable to me to be here, but still I find it requires watching and prayer; and often, O very often, does this cold heart become weary in well-doing. Often does it become very formal, and search for truth more with a critical than a practical view. This is one of the great dangers here. Dear brother, pray for me. Be courageous, and strong in the service of God. Did you ever observe the blessed promises and encouragements of the first chapter of Joshua? They apply to us, as well as to Joshua of old.

May the Lord of love and peace be with, and bless you abundantly.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, September 8th, 1838.

Dear Mother—

. . . . With one exception this country is very pleasant, but that exception is a great drawback; we have none of the grand hills and valleys that are found about the Alleghany river, and consequently but little variety of scenery. The sunset scenes here surpass in beauty all that I have ever seen, for such a country is just the kind for them; wide plains "bathed in light," and gradually becoming less and less visible as the sun sinks in the west, conspire to shed a peaceful impression over the mind. But for that very reason our morning prospects are dull. The animating scene of the sun gilding first the tops of the hills, then penetrating to the deep valleys, is not witnessed here. . . . .

I have never, it seems to me, felt such a true affection for all my relations and friends, as during this summer, and never such a willingness to leave them all, and go wherever duty might call, even, if necessary, to the "grave of the white man," Western Africa—where few are laboring, and none seem ready to go and help them. Dr. Miller made some excellent remarks at our last Monthly Concert, on the necessity of more entire dependence on the Spirit of God in the work of missions. Some statements had been made in regard to the great want of laborers in some fields, and he took occasion thence to observe that we are too apt to rely on mere human strength, and if a person has filled any particular station well for a length of time, we imagine it would be left entirely unsupplied on his removal, as though man and not God was the cause of any success or prosperity. It was a consoling truth, and especially so for those who, as watchmen, know best the wants of the world, and the difficulty of supplying them. . . .

Our session closes in a short time, and if spared, I hope to be home this day three weeks. I had intended going on foot to Easton, and through the northern parts of New Jersey, but have now decided to wait till near the close of vacation. Besides, I have some thought of studying Hebrew with Dr. Nordheimer, in New York, during the vacation. He is undoubtedly the best Hebrew scholar in the United States, though yet a very young man. He told me I might acquire a good knowledge of it in that time, and if so, the course here would not only be less laborious, but in some things far more profitable.

My health is better now, and appears more firm than it has ever been; and though I have studied harder than ever before, yet the pain in my breast has almost entirely left me, and I have not had an hour's sickness of any kind since leaving New York. Truly "my cup runneth over." Yet probably a week of sickness would prostrate me far more than many others, but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Thus far I have had strength given me for the performance of duty, and here I raise my Ebenezer:

> "Hither by thy grace I'm come,
> And I hope by thy good pleasure,
> Safely to arrive at home."

There is a beautiful hymn and tune in the Manhattan collection, page 200. We have a good deal of singing and music here, but not much good music. The style of singing does not please one very well, who has imbibed Mr. Hastings' love of distinct articulation and expression.

With much affection,

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, October 6th, 1838.

Mr. John M. Lowrie—

Dear Cousin:—The news of our dear Sarah's death was entirely unexpected. I had heard she was unwell, and apparently declining, but had no expectation at all that she would so soon be called hence.

I can sympathize with you, dear cousin, for your case is much like my own. In my first session at College I lost my mother, and in my third my sister; a sister too, whose sweet and engaging disposition had made her to be loved by all who knew her. It is my prayer and my hope that this affliction may be sanctified to us all, and that, while our ties to earth are being severed one by one, we may be the closer drawn to our God, and may place our affections more and more in heaven, where there is no more sickness nor sorrow, nor pain nor death. My return to New York this fall was rendered solemn by several circumstances. About a month ago, one of our Sunday School teachers, an amiable and pious young lady, died; and last Monday, a sister of another. These circumstances seem to have cast a gloom over the circle of our friends here, which is increased by the dangerous illness of two or three others. Truly we live in a world of death, and it seems strange that we should ever seek for happiness in such a world.

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

Messrs. Scott, Freeman, and Warren, with their wives, expect to sail from Philadelphia for India next Monday. Father is at Philadelphia now, and will not return until they go. I became very much attached to Brother Scott this summer. He was formerly my Bible class teacher at College, and it was very pleasant to renew our mutual acquaintance again. His wife is spoken of as a most superior woman; I have been much disappointed in not seeing her. Mr. and Mrs. Warren spent a day or two with us, in the fore-part of this week.

Your affectionate cousin,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, February 22d, 1839.

Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear Brother:—I have not laughed as heartily this session, as I did when reading that "called in the vernacular tongue" letter you sent me some time ago. My good landlady, by whom I was sitting, said there must be something very funny in it, for she never knew me to laugh so before. I have just been reading it over, and feel my spirits quite elevated.

This has been a great day here among the College students. They had some twenty or twenty-five speeches, (Senior,) all delivered in our Seminary Chapel, as their own is not large enough.

They have one very amusing custom here on such occasions: some of the wittier chaps get together and form a list containing the names of all who speak, to each of which they add a subject, and the name of some tune. In all these subjects, tunes, &c., there is some allusion to some peculiarity in the speakers. . . . . I attended but for a few minutes, being busy with my Hebrew and a Report for Society of Inquiry. We find it difficult even here to keep up the interest in our Society of Inquiry, though the organization is very perfect. The Committee meetings here are almost as profitable as those of the Society of Inquiry, as we usually discuss some question, or have an essay on some subject connected with the object of the Committee.

On the subject of personal religious feeling, I suppose I can sympathize with you as formerly. It is distressing to feel that we ought to be more engaged in the service of God, and yet feel a deadness, a numbness of all the moral feelings, when we contemplate divine things. In such a condition, the word of God, while we see that it has force, makes no impression on us; prayer seems more like a task than a pleasure; meditation is a tedious, tasteless thing. And yet we cannot feel happy in the world; that does not satisfy us; that cannot fill the aching void. But it is profitable to be left thus, at times; for then we feel more and more our own weakness, and perhaps it would not do for persons constituted as you and I are, to enjoy too much of mere comfort: we would place our hearts too much on the pleasure, and be in danger of forgetting Him from whom it came. On this subject there is great danger, too, of our making mistakes, and, because we do not enjoy religion as much as formerly, of thinking we are not as engaged as we were then. The truth, I suppose, is, that we are not to measure our standard of piety by our enjoyment, so much as by the steadiness of our purpose of self-consecration to God. The more willing we feel to renounce all for him, to submit to him, to be anything or nothing as he chooses—indeed, to have our will entirely swallowed up in his, just so far, and no farther, do we grow in grace. Like John the Baptist we shall say of our Saviour, "He must increase, but I must decrease." And there is a pleasure in lying down at the feet of Jesus, and yielding ourselves to him, which may not be accompanied with tumultuous joy, but it brings a calm and holy peace which the world never knew. At such times we look on death and the grave without fear, nay, almost with desire; for, though we are willing to labor our three score years and ten, yet we feel that "to be with Christ is far better." Dear brother, when you feel your heart so cold, does it not rejoice you to think that in heaven it will not be so?—that there you shall know and love as much as you wish, and that these vexing cares and trying experiences will be no more?

"There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;

There is a joy for souls distressed—
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above—in heaven."

Wherefore, my brother, comfort your heart with these words. The Psalmist, in his affliction, remembered God "from the land of the Hermonites, and the hill Mizar." There is a land and a hill to which you can refer with feelings of joy—I need not say where nor when. I commenced the preceding page with my own heart in the dust; but these thoughts have gladdened it and refreshed me.

I think you will be highly delighted with the Seminary course, especially the study of Hebrew; nothing ever delighted me so much, in the way of study, as that venerable language; and the facilities of studying it are now so great that any one may acquire it. Get Nordheimer's Grammar by all means, and don't think of any other; it is a real treat to read that Grammar.

I must close, but only for want of time to write more. The Jefferson students here are all well, and, if they knew I was writing, would doubtless ask to be remembered to you.

Farewell.—Pray for me.

In Christian love, yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, April 19th, 1839.

Mr. Roger Owen—

Dear Brother:—You are now probably returned, and are about to commence your pastoral visitation. I could wish to be along with you, to go from house to house, and step in and chat a few moments, and say something about the weather, and something about the school, and, on a good occasion, something for our Master,—and then pass on. May our Father bless you in your visits, and in all you do about that beloved school. I hope and pray you may find your highest expectations more than realized, and that the Lord will come down, and make bare his arm in your midst this summer. Remember me very kindly to Prof. Smith. As to advice about conducting the school, &c., I am not competent to give any that would be of much use to you. I hope sincerely you will still continue the missionary talks; and, if you have opportunity, it might be well for you to get as many of the people as possible to take the Chronicle.

Permit me to congratulate you on your success at the last Contest. I can do so, without anything of the *spirit of Society* which I felt when at College; and I may also add my earnest hope, that my dear brother will not be injured, as too many others have been, by the honors of this world, which, though glittering, are unsatisfying; though apparently full, are empty; though promising much, are deceitful.

We shall look for you here next fall, and I hope to have work

ready for you, when you do come. You will find some warm hearts ready to receive you; and, however you may be disappointed as to the degree of piety here, you will still find many and great, and exceeding precious privileges, and means of preparing for future usefulness, which you would not probably find elsewhere. But bring with you the pure and glowing flame of piety, or you will find it difficult to kindle it here. As is the standard of piety in Colleges, so, very nearly, will it be in the Seminary. They who are faithful or unfaithful in the lower sphere, will be much the same in the higher. I hope, especially, you will make your influence felt in the Brainerd Evangelical Society. It is your last summer, and I am sure you will find no greater privileges here than you enjoy there. That Society ought to do much, and you should not confine your efforts merely to attempt to kindle the flame in your own breast, though even this you will find hard work. It is best roused by active exertion in endeavoring to go out of one's self. You know our two resolutions, to "converse with the impenitent," and "to converse with Christians;" whatever you may do about the former of these, the latter is worth a serious trial again. Both had an excellent effect on us that summer. But I am lecturing to you with as much authority as if I were your master, and not merely your fellow-servant. Did you ever observe that all the seven epistles in Rev. ii. and iii. commence, "I know thy *works?*" There is something curious and worthy of thought about that.

Monday, April 22nd. Dr. Brown came to my room on Friday night, and the Jefferson students assembled, and we had an hour's talk, and sung and prayed twice. It was as much as I could do to keep from weeping, when the venerable old Doctor raised the first tune. It seemed like former times, when we met in the Senior Hall, and lifted up our hearts to God.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, June 24th, 1839.

Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear Brother:— . . . . I am very sorry you cannot come here in the fall. To me nothing would afford greater pleasure; for one of kindred spirit with myself, to enter fully into all my feelings and sympathize with me, I have not found since we parted —at least, none like yourself. It pains me now at times, when I think how much more profitable we might have been to each other in the Christian life. But it also rejoices me, to think of our seasons of Christian intercourse, and of the long walks we had over the hills, when we talked of heaven, and our hearts burned as our Saviour met with us by the way. Do you ever now enjoy such seasons? Yesterday Dr. Alexander preached on 2 Cor. iii. 18; "We all, with open face," &c. While preaching, a few thoughts

of the astonishing condescension and love of Jesus, the great God, taking our nature upon him, and living "manifest in the flesh," seemed to fill my mind. I could readily conceive of a Christian's soul being swallowed up in contemplation of God's character and the Saviour's love. Oh! the riches of boundless, endless grace! Yet it is not often this icy heart is thus melted, and oh, it is much easier for the flame once kindled to die away, than to mount up and reach towards heaven. Dear brother, pray for me. The Christian's life is a warfare, and more and more do I feel that every day must witness conflicts and battles sore and long. Why should the soldiers slumber when the enemy is upon them? Especially why should the leaders be remiss when the danger is so urgent?

The subject of missions receives some attention here, but not what it deserves. Last term the interest was considerable, and there were twelve or fifteen who looked forward to the foreign field as their future destination. How flourishes the spirit of missions at College? You have never mentioned this in any of your letters. I hope the Brainerd Society prospers. That band of brothers might do wonders; they ought to do much. So we all should. But oh! how cold our love, how weak our faith is found. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Most truly yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, July 10th, 1839.

Mr. Roger Owen—

Dear Brother:—Your last letter contained good and bad news. I almost envied you the privilege of going round among those dear people, and of superintending that beloved school; but I rejoiced that you accomplished so much, and that the Lord seemed so to smile on your efforts. May his blessing crown them with greater and yet greater success! I wish you would write to me soon, and draw off a little diagram of the school, and mark down the position of every class, number of scholars in it, and teacher's name. You have been making such additions to the school that I don't know how you look; and then just give me the order of exercises.

The bad news in your letter was the illness of Mrs. S. and Mrs. G. By a letter to Griffith, I hear they are both called away. The stroke fell heavily upon me, and I was forced to feel the truth of the sentiments of a piece in my Album, written by Mary Ann. "Oh what a changeful world is this," &c. The news of their death, though feared for some time, came unexpectedly; I did hope to see at least one of them in the fall. I shall never forget an expression used by Mrs. S., when I was sitting by the window in their house one Sabbath morning. She suddenly spoke to me; "Mr. Lowrie, don't you expect to go to India?" I told her yes.

"Well, I just thought so;" and soon after she said with deep emotion, "Well, Mr. Lowrie, we will think of you when you go there." My heart was full, and I could only say, "I hope so." If the spirits of the blest may look down and see their friends on earth, perhaps she and her daughter will think of me, but they will never on earth again see me or hear of me.

> "Yet why should we a drop bemoan,
> Who have the fountain near."

And while Jesus thinks of us, and he will never forget us, why should we sorrow too much for the encouragements of our friends? Tell me a good deal in your next about their last days; and if you could secure me some little memento of either or both of them, I would prize it highly.

Now a little about myself. I was at home in May and half of June, but did very little; came back here about the middle of June, and found my hands full of business at once, besides the regular studies of the Seminary. I have charge of the Seminary Library, of a prayer-meeting weekly in Queenston, about one mile from the Seminary, and about two weeks ago, when the superintendent of our Sunday School in Queenston resigned, I was unanimously elected to fill his place. The school is small, but much out of order just now, consequently I have much to do. Come on in the fall, and we will have a class ready for you. Last Sabbath morning, I got to thinking how we used to walk about, and go up and down those long steep hills, and all around there. "The memory of joys that are past is like the music of Caryl, pleasant and mournful to the soul."

We have a couple of brethren in the seminary going out to Africa in two weeks, Canfield and Alward; the former is licensed to preach, the latter is not yet. They go to explore, and will probably return and spend the first unhealthy season here. I feel a deep interest in that mission. Three others go to India in the fall. There are, besides these, ten or eleven others here who look forward to the work of missions, besides several who are examining the subject. Remember us in your prayers. Please write soon.

My time is up and I must bid you good-by. The blessing of our Father in heaven be with you.

Your brother in Christian affection,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, August 21st, 1839.

To Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear Friend:—Your letter did me good like a cordial. It convinced me, though I did not need that, that there was one person in the world who cared for so useless and insignificant a crea-

ture as myself; that I was sometimes affectionately remembered when the lowering clouds without were but an emblem of the deeper gloom within; and when despondency seemed to paralyze the energies of the soul, that still there were those who would pray for me, and sympathize with me. It was good news from a far country; and, if you will pardon the comparison, as Jonathan stripped off his own robe and gave it to David, so did the disposition and frame you seemed to be in steal over my mind.

There is not much missionary spirit in the Seminary at present, and few, if any, have lately decided to go abroad. Still there appears to be an under-current of feeling on the subject, which, we hope, will soon manifest itself openly. I have not yet decided where to go, and do not expect to, for some time. But let me whisper in your ear, for I don't want it known, that I look to a field nearer home than China, or even North India. Don't hold up your hands in astonishment at this—I mean Western Africa, the white man's grave. There has been a great change of feeling in the Seminary, in regard to this field, since I came here. Last summer, at the first part of the session, there was not one student who even thought of Western Africa as a missionary field. But during the course of the last winter, one, and then another, of the brethren determined to go to Western Africa, and they have now gone. May our Father go with them! I look on this experiment with deep interest;—it is yet an experiment, but I hope it will be successful.

My religious feelings are exceedingly cold at present. It is difficult to be always engaged in the critical study of the Bible, and collateral objects of inquiry, and not have the mind at times drawn away from the spirit to the mere letter of the commands. Yet I do at times, even in recitation, obtain a glimpse of Him whom my soul loveth; and O, how sweet is his countenance! The doctrine of justification by faith has appeared to me in a clearer light this summer than ever before; and though sometimes the "old man" seems to revolt against it, yet it always seems the most glorious to God, and worthy of acceptance. It gives an immovable ground of confidence, and removes every reason for despair. O that we may both heartily embrace it, and be saved for Christ's sake only!

Write to me soon.

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, December 5th, 1839.

My Dear Mother—

I am afraid you will think I am forgetting you entirely; but I am kept so busy by various matters, that there seems to be no time for correspondence, or writing, or any of the social duties.

We have received forty-seven new students this session, and

probably will receive a few more. Much to my gratification, two of my most intimate College friends are among the number. This, with other mercies, makes my cup overflow. My health has continued very good. I felt rather lonely in leaving home to come here, and it did seem but too short a time to spend but two weeks with you.....

Yours affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, December 11th, 1839.

Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear Brother:—Your very welcome epistle was taken up principally in proposing objections to Western Africa as a missionary field; and I was glad to read them; not that they have altered the current of my desires, but they brought the subject fully before me again.

Your objections were—1st. The unhealthiness of Western Africa, and 2nd. The prospects of usefulness in North India or China. The first is a strong one, and even stronger, perhaps, than you suppose; in one point of view, and to one ignorant of the facts, it is so. Of one hundred and ten missionaries sent by the Church Missionary Society, in the course of thirty years, a very large proportion died in two or three months, and vastly the majority before they did anything: yet the very first one who went out lived twenty-three years, and several others shorter periods. But the question is, why so many died so soon? Answer: 1st. Because of the unhealthiness of the climate. 2nd. Because far less was known of the climate of Western Africa by medical men than of almost any other tropical country; and therefore their remedies were not so skilfully applied, nor preventives so effectually used in the first instance. 3d. Because many of the missionaries acted exceedingly rashly when they first commenced operations. They came from England and Germany, and, in some cases, with insufficient accommodations on their voyage. They commenced their labors immediately. During the hot summer they preached two or three times every Sabbath, superintended schools during the week, worked at hard work often. Others, particularly females, died of complaints not peculiar to any climate. As to the first reason, it is with me a question whether the climate of Africa is at all more unhealthy than that of India.

Now for the second.—The prospect of doing a great deal of good is very flattering in India. But is Africa to be left until India is evangelized? Perhaps, also, we do not at all know what the prospects are in Africa. I am inclined to think them very extensive. Certainly our missionaries have their hands full, and much more. What else can they say in India? Again, the human heart is the same everywhere; yet I apprehend that there are not so many obstacles in Africa to the conversion of the natives as

there are in India. They are a ruder people; they have less to pride themselves upon in the way of sciences, arts, and wealth, than the Hindus; and we know that not many noble, not many mighty, are called. True, the Lord is able to convert the learned and proud, just as well as the ignorant and degraded; blessed be his name for it: yet still, do we not commonly find, that among the latter there are more cases of hopeful conversion than among the former? But I have not time now to continue the subject. These are some of the reasons, barely mentioned, and thrown together without any order, that combine to make me prefer Western Africa. China, I fear, is to me out of the question. My life will probably be short at best, and I certainly expect the greater part of it would be gone before I could master that language. Siam I might like on some accounts. I have talked of India often, and while my brother was there, I thought of that country; but it has never appeared to me in so inviting an aspect as it has to some others. My sympathies are awakened for Africa. My judgment, perhaps influenced somewhat by my sympathies, speaks for her; the prospects of usefulness call loudly; objections do not seem so strong to me as to some others; and "Here am I, Lord," is all I have to say about this subject. My mind is not made up, and will not be, till I have more carefully examined the subject. The Lord direct my inquiries, and yours also, my dear brother.

We are now engaged in studying theology—an interesting, delightful, and infinite subject.

Yours in the most cordial Christian love,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, January 2d, 1840.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . I sometimes find it very difficult to refrain from quoting the words of Scripture, to point a joke or to adorn a tale. The words are suggested to the mind so appropriately, that it seems as if we could hardly help using them. Yet this certainly is a temptation either of Satan or our own deceitful hearts, and therefore should be avoided. It is a hard thing so to keep our lips that they offend not, and one is reminded sometimes of that Scripture, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." How inconceivable to us poor creatures it seems, that our Saviour, in all his stay upon earth, never spoke an idle word; yet such was the fact.

Last Sabbath I was reading Psalm xci. in the Sabbath School. The last verse is, "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." The word "satisfy," has great force and expressiveness here. Men generally are not satisfied with life; they wish it were longer, and when about to die, they shrink back from the approaching conflict. The life too of the child of God

may end here; but the promise is, that hereafter he shall be satisfied with life; and as nothing less than eternal life will satisfy the souls in heaven, there they shall be satisfied. . . .

Very affectionately yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, January 7th, 1840.

Mr. Thomas W. Kerr—

Dear Cousin:— . . . Our class is on the whole quite a pleasant one; we have some men in it of superior talents, and I trust we have some of deep, devoted piety. At present there is quite an interesting state of feeling in the class, on the subject of personal duty to the heathen; and several of the class are inquiring very seriously as to their own duty. There are twelve or fifteen in the Seminary who expect to be missionaries, and from present appearances we hope there will be eight or ten more soon; yet this is not a sufficient proportion! It does seem as if many of our theological students were unwilling to examine this subject. I would hope that such is not the case with the brethren in your Seminary, but dare hardly believe it. Oh that we could all feel more deeply on this subject, one that concerns so nearly our present and future happiness, the welfare of immortal souls, and the glory of God. Among those in the Seminary who have decided to be missionaries, quite a pleasant, even a delightful feeling exists, and it is good to be with them.

I should like dearly to have a good social chat with you, like some of those we used to have in Canonsburg. I look back on my intercourse with you and Elizabeth, as among my most pleasant times in Canonsburg; and Miller's Run, and the old log school-house—church I mean—and the shady trees, and the acorns falling down instead of gourds. But I am at the end of my sheet. Farewell—*pray for me.* May the richest blessings of our Father in heaven rest on you both.

Your affectionate cousin and Christian brother,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, February 21st, 1840.

Mr. John M. Lowrie—

Dear Cousin:— . . . . I was reading Turrettin's Theology this morning, about the tree of life, and the comparison he instituted between the tree of life and Christ was really most delightful. I could almost believe I was in heaven partaking of its fruits, numerous and varied and rich as they are; sitting under its shade, and quaffing of the river of the water of life, that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb. Oh for that happy time when faith shall be turned to sight, and expectation to the full fruition of the holy joys of heaven. But alas, the language of mourning

and sorrow suits me best. I know but in part, and I am sanctified but in part. I see but through a glass darkly, and eternal things fade away in the distance, while earthly trifles fill the mind. But it will not always be so. The Lord prepare us, both living and dying, to glorify his name!

. . . . With my present views of the holy ministry, I would rather spend four years than three in preparing directly for it, and certainly I think there will be no reason to regret having spent a session extra in reference to it.

I find that in every place I have still the same evil heart, the same proneness to depart from God; and I fear very much, lest after a while, the exercises of this place, admirably calculated as they appear to be for the cultivation of piety, should degenerate with me into a mere round of formal duties. Nothing but constant dependence on God, and constant renunciation of ourselves, can possibly secure us from danger.

I am more and more convinced that the Bible, the word of God, should be the great study of the minister of God, and that all other studies should be subservient to this. Even theology is only valuable so far as it gives us clearer views of what the Bible teaches, and connected views of its great doctrines. With a comprehensive and extended knowledge of the Bible as a whole, and in detached portions, we shall be workmen that need not be ashamed.

Your affectionate cousin, W. M. Lowrie.

Sabbath Evening, March 8th, 1840.

Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear Brother:—I never think of writing a letter on the Sabbath, except to some intimate Christian friend, or other person, with whom I wish to hold *religious* intercourse; and it seems to me that it is as lawful to do this as to hold Christian conversation with a Christian brother for consolation, or with an impenitent person for his conviction. Do you remember the day of the month when we joined the church together? I have forgotten the precise date, but it must have been about this time five years ago. Five years! How little could we, or did we, then know of what should happen in the time that has already past! How little did we know of the trials, and difficulties, and temptations we should have to encounter in our Christian course. I verily fear that, could I have foreseen these difficulties I should have greatly doubted, or but for the grace of God should have even despaired of ever struggling on for five years amidst them. Now I do not regret what is past. When one is once fairly through with any difficulty, he cannot find it in his heart to regret that he has encountered it. But to look forward, for five, or it may be fifty years, and to think of maintaining a constant contest with in-dwelling sin! Surely it may well appal the stoutest heart. Yet, we may answer this

fear in two ways. He that has led us, and fed us in the wilderness so long, will not now desert us; and it argues great want of faith, and much ingratitude, to suspect that God's feelings toward us vary and change with the transient emotions of our own variable minds. And second, we go entirely beyond our sphere when we think of calculating how long we have to live, and how long we have to contend with Satan. "There is but a step between me and death." We know not that we shall see either fifty or five years; nay, before this letter reaches its destination, one or other of us may have gone where there is no need of watchfulness and fightings. How foolish, then, to harass our minds with vain doubts and fears of what we cannot tell shall ever happen to us. Our duty is concerned only with the present time. "Secret things," except as revealed by prophecy, "belong unto the Lord our God," and he will direct them best.

You have probably had these thoughts often in your mind, yet the knowledge that they have sometimes had a good effect on the mind of your Christian brother, may not be ungrateful to you.

I have to mourn my exceeding coldness and deadness in religion; while I have hardly ever had clearer views of religious things than for some time past, yet it has seemed to me that my affections have never been less vigorous than during the same period. I see so much with the intellectual eye, which the heart does not appear to be at all aware of, that I must lie very low before God. I often wonder why I am yet spared, and fear very greatly that I shall never be of any use in the ministry, so that often "my soul chooses death rather than life." True, this feeling of despondency is not right, and doubtless it often arises more from disappointed pride than from true humility. Oh, who can understand his ways!—"Lord, cleanse thou me from secret faults, and keep thy servant back from presumptuous sins."

Did you ever meditate on Psalm xcii. 13? "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." Does that mean that those who commence to live in God's service here, though it be but a commencement, a *planting*, shall live forever, and flourish in the upper sanctuary above? This is certainly true, but does this verse teach it? We are but nursery plants here, soon to be taken to the Paradise of God, there to flourish evermore. How consoling is this to our weakness, and doubts and fears!

In the Sabbath School of which I have charge, there are some hopeful prospects, but alas! few and faint.—The longer I live the more I see of my own deficiencies, and of my unfitness for the great work,—and my faith does not appear to grow in proportion to the difficulties that meet me. How hard it is to conquer self-righteousness, and trust fully and securely on Jesus Christ alone. Pray for me.

Your truly affectionate brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, April 30th, 1840.

Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear Brother:— . . . . Our session is very near its end, and I am heartily glad of it, for I am nearly worn down. I felt more completely sick yesterday than I have done for nearly five years; and, though better to-day, I am still weak. This earthly house will be dissolved, certainly before many years, it may be, in a short time; and then, what awaits me? I can look forward to death without apprehension, sure that Christ can and will save me, and feeling that there is none other who can; yet I feel often afraid that so unprofitable a servant will not be received. Surely it would not be on account of my own exertions, were I ever so useful; yet I fear lest I have been so unprofitable as to have given no proofs of being really a servant. But though often depressed on account of a prevailing sense of unworthiness and sin, and scarcely ever experiencing much joy, yet I do have peace, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I have been often of late at the bed-side of an aged Christian, who is gradually sinking away, like

> "The western evening light,
> Which melts in deepening gloom."

I asked him yesterday morning, if he still enjoyed the peace of God? "Oh, yes, constantly; not a cloud is on my mind: I seem to have no will of my own, but am waiting the Lord's time." He seems, truly, ready to depart; and though his death will be a severe trial to his family, and to myself, yet it will be to him but going home. Were it not that, perhaps, there is something for me yet to do in this world, I could wish to be in his place. Yet not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.

Mr. Canfield, who has been to Western Africa, on an exploring mission, returned a few weeks since. He has been here for three or four days, most of the time in my room; and I have had much conversation with him on that field. He is so well pleased that he intends returning as soon as the Board will send him, and is very anxious I should go as soon as I leave the Seminary. I certainly feel very greatly inclined that way, though not disposed to do anything rashly in the matter. I must know before long what is my duty. What say you? I wish we could have a full and free conversation on the subject, for a letter will not contain the tenth part of what I could say. I think the result of this mission has made it pretty certain that the way is open, and the prospects for life and usefulness fair; and it is certainly one of the most interesting missionary fields in the world. At present I stand in this position: if I were to offer myself to the Board to-day, I would say, "Send me to any part of the world, and I will go. I do not, however, wish to go to our Western Indians, and would prefer Western Africa." The matter is coming home to me now, for it

may be my duty to offer myself to the Board during this year; and I rejoice to be able to say, that I never felt more willing to do so. It is a wonderful thing that such poor creatures as we should be allowed to do anything for the honor of our God, and that he should condescend to accept our weak endeavors.

. . . This is a lovely country in the evening. I am never weary of gazing on the vast plain from my window, and watching the variegated appearance it presents. The trees have now become quite green, and about sunset it presents a scene of surpassing beauty. I do not know whether other persons enjoy scenery as much as I do, but it has a most soothing effect on my mind; and yet, gaze on it as I may, there is still a longing after something more—something higher, something holier, a longing after heaven, where we shall have no desires that cannot be satisfied. Such a view as is now spread out before my window always reminds me of heaven; and very often, of *our walk* over the hills, when the glory of heaven appeared to us both.

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, July 27th, 1840.

To a Sabbath School Scholar—

My Dear William:—I am persuaded that the accompanying little book will not be an unacceptable memento of a former friend—of one who not only formerly was your friend, but who still feels in you an interest not easily to be expressed. The book has a quaint title, but it is written by somebody who knows much of the world, much of the heart, and much of his Bible. In this case, as in many others, you will find, that a plain title is like the old sign over the door of a rich merchant. It may not be very inviting on the outside, but when you enter you are charmed by the variety, the order, and the value of the merchandise; and at every step your admiration for the occupant is increased. I need not ask you to read the book, for its own merits would soon induce you to do that; and I feel sure that your friendship for me would incline you to do so. But I do ask you to ponder well the contents of some of its chapters, such as "The Warning," p. 150, and others. You will find them full of weighty matters, and, with the blessing of God, they may often direct you in your course through life, and make you wise unto salvation.

It seems but a little while since we used to meet together in the Session-room, and enjoy our mutual interviews; and yet two years have passed. It would be in vain for me to attempt to tell you how often my thoughts run back to that time, and the pleasure that the recollection of my intercourse with my beloved class affords me. It is a green spot in a journey, the most of which has been a pleasant one; it is a flower of a brighter hue, and sweeter smell, in a garden where many "plants of desire" have grown;

and though at times a deep depression of spirits does come over me, yet even then the remembrance of my former acquaintance with you, is "the memory of joys that are past—pleasant and mournful to the soul." But the probability is, that we shall not often meet together again. Our lots are likely to be widely apart, our occupations to be very different. When we do meet, we shall probably meet but for a short time, soon to part. Let not our parting be forever. We must meet yet once again, and after that there will either be no more parting, or an eternal separation. My dear William, what would I not give to see you a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus?—to see you acknowledging him as your Master; adorning his cause by the talents you possess; seeking not your own glory, but his who made you; pleasing not yourself, but him who has done so much for you. Let me entreat you to make your peace with God, through Jesus Christ.

I am sorry for your present indisposition, but perhaps it is sent in mercy, to remind you that you are here but for a season, and to excite you to come to Him now, and find salvation. Such is God's usual object in sending affliction of any kind, and though for the present it may seem "not joyous but grievous, yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." I need hardly tell you why it is so important that you should seek religion now. You know that this is the best time; that delays are dangerous; that mercy, which is now waiting, may not always wait; that the longer you continue impenitent, the more sinful you become, and the less disposed to turn to religion. You know that religion is not a gloomy thing, for what can there be in religion to make a man sad? Surely not that God is reconciled to him, not that his sins are pardoned, and that he has the hope of heaven. Religion has its sorrows, but the sorrows of the world are far greater, and far more lasting. Religion has its joys, which the world knows not—joys more lasting than time, more precious than earth's jewels. Peace with God, peace in the heart, the joy of holiness and conformity to God, the expectation of perfect holiness hereafter,—these are joys that will remain with their possessor in sickness as well as in health, in poverty as well as in riches, in death as well as in life, in the convulsions of nature, when the heavens are dissolved, and the elements melt with fervent heat, as well as in the quiet moments of retirement, and the calm solitudes of holy meditation.

I have written to you freely, because I wished to do you good, and because I hope your friendship for me will induce you to receive with kindness a few words of affectionate counsel. When I have gone far hence to the Gentiles, may I not hope still to live in your memory,—and may I not trust that my intercourse with you has been both pleasant and profitable? Farewell—may the God of all grace bless you, for Christ's sake.

Yours most truly, W. M. Lowrie.

New York, July 27th, 1840.

To a Sabbath School Scholar—

My Dear Charles :—Accompanying this, I send you a small book, as a memento of myself,—not that I fear you will soon, if ever, forget the pleasant times of other years, when as teacher and scholar we met together;—but because the sight of anything that once belonged to an absent friend, will easily recall him to mind, and often awaken associations that would otherwise have slept in the bosom. And what associations will the sight of anything that recalls me to your recollection, awaken? Our intercourse has been principally in the Sabbath School. It was short, but it was pleasant. I believe our affection and friendship for each other was mutual, and, at the present time, few things afford me more pleasure than to remember the hours spent in the corner of the Session-room, where, with my class around me, we conversed on the revelation made by a gracious God to his sinful and lost creatures. And now, in my occasional visits to this place, few occurrences afford me more gratification than to meet with any of my former class, and converse with them of other days. In the moments of gloom and despondency, which at times cloud my mind, and occasion sorrow such as those who have never felt what melancholy is can scarcely conceive, there are few things that can more speedily cheer my mind, and reassure me that there are some who care for me, than to dwell on the seasons spent in the Christopher street Sabbath School. The pleasure I myself feel, in recollecting these things, and in meeting with you, assures me that you feel, to some extent at least, the same pleasure; for it is commonly true that where affection exists at all, it is mutual. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Such being the interest, then, that I feel in you, you will not wonder that I ask, "what associations will anything that recalls me to your recollection awaken?" nor to hear that often, when others around me are slumbering, my thoughts revert to each one of my class individually, and by name; and I think—what will become of this one, and of that one? Shall I ever meet with them in this world? What influence do the instructions they received from me, exert upon their hearts? What deep impressions have they produced? And when we meet at the last great day, shall we stand at the right hand of our glorious Judge? Nor will it surprise you to hear that often I lift up the silent, and the uttered prayer, for my "beloved scholars" in general, and for each one by name, that they may be led by a gracious hand, that they may be kept from the world's temptations, that the instructions they formerly received, and are now receiving, may be as the good seed sown in good ground, and producing fruit unto eternal life.

I have been writing of myself, and of my own feelings, but it was to show you the place you hold in my heart, and to assure you that no changes of place, no length of time, can alter the in-

terest I feel in your welfare, temporal and spiritual. Now, my dear Charles, shall my fondest anticipations concerning you be realized, or have I been cherishing only the deceitful phantoms of a mistaken fancy? Shall my prayers, poor and imperfect, but sincere, be answered? Shall my efforts for your good be ever crowned with success? But I forget myself. It is not on this ground that I would urge on you the necessity of seeking religion, and that now. No, the reasons are stronger, the motives are higher. It is because you are an immortal creature; because by nature you are a child of wrath; because, if your existence is to be a blessing to you, you must be born again, otherwise it had been better for you never to have been born; because, though in yourself lost, guilty and helpless, there is yet hope, for the Son of God became man to seek and save them that are lost; because he is ready and able to save to the uttermost, if you will believe on him; because he has a right to you; because he calls you; because the Spirit strives with you; and because if you come now, you may find that yet there is room, that salvation is yours; but if you delay, the Spirit may be grieved, and take his departure, and then farewell hope, farewell happiness, farewell God and heaven, Christ, and his love; and then—but I cannot suffer myself to conceive the dreadful alternative when these are lost. Oh, flee from the wrath to come. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," and you may be in him if you will. "Ye would not come unto me that ye might have life," is the dreadful charge against those in Christian lands who receive not eternal life. Oh, that you would lay these things to heart. If you are laboring and heavy-laden, Christ will give you rest. He is an all-sufficient, ever-present Saviour; and amidst gloom and sickness, sorrow and fear, he can deliver and protect you,—can bless and save you. You need just such a Saviour, and he can fill all the desires of your heart.

I know that at times you must feel an aching void within you, a desire after something you have never yet attained, a longing after something that will fill the mind. You can find it nowhere but in Christ. He is altogether lovely, and the more you know of him the more you will admire him.

Let me recommend to you one thing. I feel persuaded that if you attempt it, and persevere in it—with prayer for his blessing—you will experience great benefit, and will ever rejoice that you attempted it. It is—at least once every week, I wish you would do it daily—that you take some action of our Saviour, and consider it carefully; see what traits of character it exhibits, why it was performed, and what it teaches; or, take any one of his sayings, and think on it for some time. I would not say how long, judge of that for yourself; but do not stop thinking upon it too soon. Take, for instance, the birth of Christ, Luke ii. 7; his weeping over Jerusalem, Luke xix. 41; any of his miracles: or his sayings, such as John iii. 36; iv. 14; Mark iv. 22, &c. I can

tell you, from my own experience, that few things are more profitable.

But it is time for me to stop. Let me entreat again your serious consideration of these things. If you ever feel disposed to write to me, it will afford me great pleasure to hear from you, and to answer your letters. I hope to see you yet exerting such an influence, and commanding such respect as your talents entitle you to expect. But seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness —and all these things shall be added unto you,

Yours most truly,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, August 22d, 1840.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . The time runs too rapidly for me, and in five weeks more the session will close. We are but strangers and sojourners here, soon to go hence. I have been very much struck in reading the book of Genesis lately, to find how very often Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with all their wealth and dependents, still speak of themselves as strangers, sojourners and pilgrims. Could we only realize that "here we have no abiding city," the trials and vexations and disappointments that continually befall us would exert but little influence, and would only induce us, like the traveller, to hasten forward on our journey. And though it be often a painful journey, it is one in which we have continual cause to make mention of the loving-kindness of the Lord, who accompanies us, who guides us, who leads us often by the still waters, and causes us to lie down in the green pastures. He will be our guide unto death, and then will not forsake us, "for this God is our God forever and ever." So may it prove to us all.

Have you ever read Mrs. Hawkes' memoirs? I find them very instructive, opening up fountains of deep Christian experience, and displaying many of the deep things of religion. She was a woman of strong mind, sincere piety, great kindness of heart, and though often in the former part of her life troubled with melancholy, yet afterwards uncommonly cheerful in the midst of severe sufferings. The best books of human composition require you to read many pages to obtain any complete view of a person's character; but in the Bible, you will find characters drawn most completely in a single sentence. You will learn more of their disposition, &c., from an apparently trivial action or expression there recorded, than from the most labored description in other books. Why is this? Truly the law of the Lord is perfect. . . . .

Yours very truly,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, September 3d, 1840.

Mr. John Lloyd—

My Dear Brother:— . . . . At the time I received your letter I was not very well, and shortly afterwards went home and spent a week there. I was at that time received under the care of the Second Presbytery of New York, and had my pieces assigned me. My Latin piece is, "An Christus pro electis solum mortuus sit?" on which I have written an essay, and translated it into something that professes to be Latin, and is so long that it covers five foolscap pages. This, with many and various other duties, has kept me very busy for several weeks past. My health is now very good, and I hope, Deo volente, to be licensed next April, and ordained soon after.

. . . . I have just been examining a little insect on my window, and comparing its body with those of other insects and with my own. It is wonderfully different from them in shape, size, materials, uses, and objects. It has some members I do not possess, and wants others granted to me. It has life, though not an inch in length, and it appears to enjoy its existence. It is but one of an infinitely numerous class of beings, each species of which is so different from every other, that we can hardly conceive of them as possessing any qualities in common. Yet they have some, for they all live, they all enjoy life, and they were all made by one great and glorious Being. How condescending must He be, who has so curiously wrought their little frames. How wise, thus to fashion their bodies. How kind, thus to grant them life and happiness. How infinite in knowledge to know all their actions, to direct and govern all their motions, to foresee and provide for all their wants. Will He look with indifference on men? Will He neglect to attend to them when they lift their eyes to Him, and cry Abba, Father? Surely not.

But how humbling is the thought, that with all our boasted wisdom and vaunted power, we cannot understand the hidden mysteries of these little insects, nor frame another like them. But then it is a glorious truth, that hereafter we shall know all we wish to know; and our knowledge, instead of puffing us up, will humble us, and cause us to love our God and Saviour more. And even now, we may look on these little living things, and say, "My Father made them all." I thank thee, little fly; the sight of thee has filled my soul with pleasant thoughts; and I write them here that my friend may share them with me. . . . .

Farewell.—The Lord be with you and bless you.

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, November 16th, 1840.

My Dear Mother—

Your letter from the distant south, came to me like good news from a far country. You left New York September 30th, I left it

the next day, and had a pleasant journey to Philadelphia, Canonsburg, Pittsburg, and Butler, going and returning, a thousand miles of travel. I spent a most pleasant Sabbath with the church at Miller's Run, where my old Sunday School is. At Pittsburg the Synod was in session, and, both in that city and in Butler, I saw and spoke to many dear friends. For particulars, I refer you to the inclosed. On the 5th of November I arrived at my old room in Princeton, prepared to say with gratitude, Hitherto the Lord has helped and blessed me.

I have now got pretty fairly settled down to study. This is my last session; I can scarcely realize that so short a time as six months will finish my theological course. It would not take much to induce me to begin it again. At present, other duties seem to call me hence; but who is sufficient for these things?

I shall probably offer myself to the Board as a missionary soon, unless something of which I know nothing, should occur to prevent. Don't stay so long in the south, that you cannot be back in time to see me off.

Yours most truly,
W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, December 10th, 1840.

To the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church—

It has been my wish and intention for several years to spend my life as a missionary to the heathen. Believing that it is the duty of the Church in her organized capacity to prosecute the work of missions, I offer myself to you as a candidate for that work; and if accepted, shall hold myself in readiness to enter on it shortly after the close of the present session of the Theological Seminary.

I am now in my twenty-second year, and have been a professor of religion for nearly six years. The work of missions has always appeared to me to be identical with that of the ministry, requiring the same talents and preparation, and demanding that those who engage in it should be actuated by the same motives which influence those who enter on the ministry at home. The considerations which have influenced me to believe I ought to enter some foreign field, are, a desire for some such field, considered as a means of being more useful, and the fact, that while comparatively a large number are willing to enter the ministry at home, few will go abroad. The call from heathen lands is loud. It must be answered, and knowing no particular reason why I should settle in this country, I feel prepared, with humility, and yet with cheerfulness, to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me." In addition to this, the leadings of Providence, ever since I first joined the church, and particularly since I entered this Seminary, have seemed to direct my course far hence to the Gentiles.

In making you this offer of my services, I shall leave it to the Committee to decide on my field of labor. My own preferences however are strongly towards Western Africa, and I am perfectly willing to take on myself the responsibility of going to that field. It has been before my mind distinctly for two years and a half, and before either of your present missionaries to that field had decided to go there. Still, if it be probable that my usefulness would be greater elsewhere, I shall willingly go to any other field. My health is not robust, yet commonly it is good. I believe myself to be more in danger of pulmonary diseases than of any other, but should probably be less liable to them in a more southern climate than this.

Praying that the Lord would bless and prosper the cause of missions, and all those engaged either at home or abroad in furthering it,

I remain with Christian respect and esteem, Yours, &c.,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, January 2d, 1841.

Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear John:—Your letter of Dec. 6th, arrived here fifteen days after date, but though long on the road was a very welcome guest, and has been interrogated more than once as to the news and state of matters and things with an old and dearly-beloved friend. I cannot tell you how much I prize your friendship, nor how I value your letters; but I often wonder how you can speak of me in such glowing terms, when conscious to myself that such language is so poorly deserved. I can attribute it only to the uniting power of our common faith, and the grace of our common Lord, who seems to have fitted us so well for each other, to be helpers of each other's joy, and sympathizers in each other's sorrows. After having been so intimately united in College, is it possible that we shall never meet again? You will perhaps wonder at me if I tell you that within the last three months I have been within one mile of you without seeing you—yet it was so. c spent about three weeks in Pittsburg, Butler, and Canonsburg in October, passing through Greensburgh. To my very great disappointment, however, you had, just before I got in, gone to your academy, and there was not time to send for you while the stage stopped. I had a great wish to remain a day, but could not, and with a heavy heart I left without seeing you. I hoped to have found you here, but the Lord has seen fit to order it otherwise. When shall we meet again?

My present plans are, to be licensed in April,—spend the summer preaching, either in New York or Pennsylvania,—probably, though not yet decided, to spend another year in the Seminary, and go out to Africa in 1842. I am now under the care of the Missionary Board, but there is very little probability of my being

sent off under a year, or a year and a half. Nor am I, considering my age and qualifications, very anxious to go sooner, though perfectly willing to go this next summer, if necessary.

I offered myself to the Board some three weeks since, and expressed a decided preference for Africa as my field. I may be in error, but it seems to me that the danger from the climate is very greatly overrated, and if an entrance into the interior could be effected, which some English Baptist missionaries are now trying to do, the probability is that we could live very well. The country is populous. We owe them a deep debt. Their superstitions are old, foolish, and feeble. They have a reverence for white men, and would probably be willing to receive instruction. There is a glorious promise that "Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God." Is not the field white to the harvest—where are the reapers? . . .

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, my brother.

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, January 2d, 1841.

Mr. John O. Proctor—

Dear Brother:—. . . It is very humiliating to our pride, to find how little knowledge we can acquire, after our utmost and persevering efforts. It seems but like a drop in the bucket compared with the vast amount of knowledge still unexplored, and of whose very existence oftentimes we are wholly ignorant. What a vast collection of authors on every subject! How much deep learning, profound with eloquence and piety, is treasured up in the works of other days, and yet how little of it all can we possibly know! I feel at times disposed to give up in despair. Life seems too short to learn even all that a minister needs to know, leaving entirely untouched what he would wish to understand, but is not compelled to attend to. Looking at the ministry only so far as mere intellectual qualifications are concerned, who is sufficient for it? And yet this is a minor topic. To understand and feel the truths of the Bible; to experience deeply the work of the Spirit; to humble ourselves before God, and submit our proud hearts implicitly to his teaching; to become fools for Christ's sake, that we may be wise; to confide ourselves in Christ's hands, and take him for our all-in-all, and to live daily near unto him, and growing in conformity to him—*Hoc opus, hic labor est.* It seems to me, that the nearer I get to the office of the ministry, the less am I prepared for it, either physically, mentally, or spiritually. Blessed be God for his promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." When we are weak, then we are strong. Pray for me. I shall look for a letter from you soon.

Yours, in the bonds of Christian affection,

W. M. Lowrie.

Princeton, January 26th, 1841.

My Dear Mother—

. . . How checkered and changing is the condition of our family, —some here, some there; we meet together for a short time, and then we part. We are drawn up, as it were, from the sea of life, and, like scattered drops of rain, we fall, some nearer, and some further off; sometimes so close that we run together, at other times scattered over wide lands. O that, like the rain, we may refresh and fertilize every spot we touch, and be the means of making even "the wilderness to bud and blossom like the rose." Like the drops of rain too, we are but for a moment; we are changed into vapor that soon vanisheth away. Even such is our life— "like the foam on the water," we are cut off. So be it,—the number of our months is with God, and our days are determined. He knoweth what is best for us. . . .

Yours affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

Bedford, N. Y., May 26th, 1841.

My Dear Mother—

I have spent the week here very pleasantly. On the Sabbath I preached twice, and attended a funeral, five miles off. These exercises wearied me very much.

I have just had one of the longest jaunts among the rocks I have had for some time. After ascending a number of small hillocks, each higher than the preceding, and each crowned with several large rocks, I reached the top of the highest hill. The prospect was beautiful, and on several sides extensive. Whilst resting, I began to observe more minutely the top of the hill. Several large rocks shot up obliquely from beneath the ground; a few moderate-sized trees were growing among them; and I found several little delicate flowers—a violet, a little white flower, and various kinds of grasses. What a contrast between the everlasting rocks and the fading flowers, and yet both were found side by side. I could not help thinking of the way in which the Bible sometimes groups together the grandest, and at the same time the most lovely of God's attributes; for example—

"Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations. The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all that be bowed down."—Psalm cxlv. 13, 14.

So admirably do the book of nature and the book of revelation agree, when they speak of our heavenly Father. Pursuing my observations farther, I found several busy ants tugging away at their several loads, a little wood spider, and several delicately formed little flies, all busy, and all apparently happy. Yet though so small, God—the same God that founded the hills, and hardened the rocks—was watching over them, and supplying their wants.

I admired the wisdom and goodness displayed in everything there, and with, I trust, a good deal of the spirit of a true worshipper, I knelt down on the hill-top to offer praises and prayers to him, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, and who yet dwells in the humble and the contrite heart. Such seasons are like foretastes of heaven. I may never revisit that solitary place, yet I hope often to remember it. . . . .

Yours most affectionately, W. M. Lowrie.

Detroit, June 24th, 1841.

Dear Mother—

After leaving New York, the usual incidents of travel brought me to Buffalo at 7 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday. I found a hearty welcome at the Rev. J. C. Lord's, where I spent the Sabbath, and preached for him, and on Monday took the steamboat for Detroit, where I arrived on Wednesday morning. I was most kindly received by R. Stuart, Esq., and his lady. This seems to be a very pleasant city; the upper part of Jefferson Avenue is really beautiful. Roses are out in full bloom, and have been out for several days. I went over to the Canada shore yesterday, and strolled up the river two or three miles. I saw a red-coated sentinel patrolling up and down the wharf, and on asking an American how long he had been there, I received for an answer,—"Three years." "What was he doing?" "Keeping the dogs off the ferry-boat."

In this city a great many people talk French, and they have a French Roman Catholic church. I heard a most excellent practical discourse last evening by Bishop McCoskrey. It made me feel that though I was a stranger here, yet there were those here whom I might hope to meet in a better world, where we shall know perfectly.

I find doing nothing is hard work, and steamboat travelling is not what some think it is. However, a little shaking in the Michigan stages, on their primitive railroads, and perhaps on horseback, may be of service to health. I can hardly believe that I am more than six hundred miles away from home. I often think, and not unpleasantly, of the Scriptural phrase, "Strangers and pilgrims." There is a great deal of meaning and beauty in the verse—

"While through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age—
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage."

I could not help thinking, as we came up the lake, that we pass through life, like a boat over the waters; and that the things which now occupy our attention, though, like the waves, they may amuse us for a moment, are yet, like the waves, soon to change, and pass away. . . .

Love to all. W. M. Lowrie.

Ogdensburgh, July 23d, 1841.

My Dear Father—

I arrived in this place about a week ago, and though Mr. Savage was absent, Mrs. Savage, and the members of the congregation, received me very cordially. Mr. Savage returned a day or two since, and seems to be very glad that I have come.

There are a good many churches in Canada in correspondence with our church, not one of which, as far as I can learn, is doing anything for foreign missions. It might not be considered proper for us to do anything among them at present, when so many of our own churches need to be roused up; and yet it would be for their own good, if they could be induced to take some action on the subject. Most of them are small and weak, and at present a good deal of prejudice against ministers from the United States is said to prevail among them. If it be not expedient for our Board to do anything among them, would it not be at least worth while for the General Assembly, in their next letter, to suggest to them the importance of attention to our Lord's last commands? I hope to see one or two of their ministers, before leaving this part of the country, and learn some farther particulars respecting them. A few of them contribute to the American Tract, and I think also to the American Bible Societies. Much love to all.

I remain, your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ogdensburgh, July 31st, 1841.

My Dear Father—

I have just received yours of July 28th, and as it was the first news I had from home, it was a very agreeable visitor. I have made appointments to preach to-morrow at Morristown, and at the second church of Oswegatchie, and the Sabbath following at Evans' Mills, so that I shall not be able to leave for home until the 9th or 10th of August. I hope, however, to be home about this day two weeks. Thus far my visit has been very pleasant, and profitable to myself at least, if not to others. The people have everywhere received me cordially, and seemed quite gratified at my coming.

In regard to the object for which Mr. Orr wishes to see me, I suppose I know what it is, and am half inclined to think that it can be settled as well in my absence as otherwise. My mind was turned very strongly to Africa three years since, and the considerations that induced me to wish to go there were—that very few are willing to labor in that field, and that my talents seem to fit me peculiarly for such a people as the Africans are. I like to deal with an ignorant and yet affectionate people, who are not self-conceited. My acquirements, preparations, &c., seem to qualify me for that field. Another consideration that weighs a good deal

with me is, that every one expects that I shall go to Africa. It is not vanity that induces me to believe, that both Canfield and Alward will be greatly disappointed should I go to any other field; and I fear that many of those who know what my intention has been, will attribute any change in my destination to fear of the climate. For myself, I should not care about any such suspicions; but the effect on others may be unpleasant, as it may induce some who have thought of going to Africa to hesitate.

There is still another consideration of a personal nature. The mission to Africa is considered rather a dangerous experiment, and if I should now decide to go elsewhere, would it not give some captious spirits the opportunity of saying, that the Corresponding Secretary was willing to let others go there, but not to let his own son expose himself? These considerations make me unwilling, with my present views, to take on myself the responsibility of determining to go to any other country. If the Executive Committee, however, think my services are more needed in China than in Africa, and that, all things considered, I will be more useful in the former place; then I have nothing further to say, but will cheerfully submit to their decision; and shall hold myself in readiness to go this fall, if necessary. I shall, in that case, wish to have it stated in the Chronicle, that "my preference was for Western Africa, but the wants of the China mission being such as to induce the Executive Committee to change my destination, I consented," &c. Such a statement, I think, would not be improper, while it would shield me from the charge of "lightness," or wishing to avoid an exposed station.

This letter you may consider either as addressed to yourself personally, or to the Executive Committee. Mr. Orr's statements may perhaps induce me to take some other course than the one above mentioned, but at present, I do not see that I can do otherwise.

Monday, August 2d. I preached yesterday morning at Morristown, and in the afternoon at Mr. Rodgers'. The people seemed much interested in both places. I expect to be at Mr. Savage's Monthly Concert this evening, and to start on Wednesday or Thursday for Evans' Mills. I hope to be at home by Wednesday or Thursday of next week. Mr. Savage desires his kind regard to you. Much love to all at home.

I remain, your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Steamboat St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, July 13th.

Dear Mother—

When riding in the wild woods of Michigan, I found so many ideas coming up, that I concluded to write you a good long letter. I have it all to write yet, and the steamboat shakes so, that I write like Mr. Hopkins in the Declaration of Independence.

From Detroit by railroad to Ann Arbor, it is a dreary country part of the way, heavy timber and thick underbrush, and any quantity of marshes. I took the opposition stage to Jacksonville. The driver was a harum-scarem creature, full of opposition, drinking and swearing constantly. I reached Marshall on Saturday morning, and was most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Wells. On Sabbath I preached twice to the Congregational church in Marshall, which is at present without a pastor. Having hired a horse, I left on Tuesday morning. The first part of my ride to Belone, fourteen miles, was pleasant enough. I passed a great many little lakes, and crossed a great many marshes, on log bridges. These are formed by laying together round logs from three to twelve inches diameter. People may laugh at these bridges, but after they have been swamped as I was, they will think better of them. In the afternoon the road became worse, and the country was very heavily timbered, and in one place for six miles I saw neither a house nor a clearing. I reached Vermontville before sunset. This village contains about two hundred persons, mostly from Vermont. It is perhaps the most religious place in the Union. Every family but one has family prayers.

Next day I was off early; twenty miles were passed without finding an inhabitant. At first the trees had been cut down towards making the road, but were not removed, and the path wound off into the woods to avoid them. I tried to follow it, but soon my horse began to sink in the soft ground, and then jumped and floundered about, sinking deeper at every step. I jumped off, and found I had lost the path. After exploring a little, and leading my horse, I found the path again. I soon came to a place grown over with a broad-leaved weed, and lost the path again. Pretty soon the ground became soft and wet, with large trees lying in every direction. I jumped off again to make a further exploration. But the further I went the more impassable it was, and, in utter despair of finding any path there, I turned back.

What was I to do? I had come six miles without seeing a human being, and had fourteen miles to go before I would come to a house. I was in the middle of a large swamp, and no path. It was very warm, and no air was stirring through that mighty forest. Its loneliness seemed to have frightened away the very birds, for I saw none, nor heard any, except the rough, unpleasant notes of the blue jay. I went back half a mile, and found the path had turned to the right to avoid the swamp. Four miles further I met a man with his rifle. I kept on, mile after mile, and again and again losing the path, as it turned off to avoid the swamps. Occasionally I saw the tracks of some one that had passed the same way, and these were almost the only evidence I had that I was in the right way, for road there was none, not even was the underbrush cut away.

While carefully looking for these foot-prints, and rejoicing when I saw them, I was reminded of the saying of one of the old English

divines—"Let no Christian, however clear his hopes, despise the least sign of grace; the time may come when he would give worlds for the least evidence that he is a child of God, and in the road to heaven." Other thoughts of the same kind passed through my mind. Sometimes when the road wound between two swamps, I thought of Christian in the valley of the shadow of death. Then again, when I was carefully looking to find the path, I thought how anxiously should the Christian seek to be in the path of duty,—if he varies from it he may be lost irrevocably; he may sink in the mire, be lost among the thorns and briers, or wander in the wilderness.—I came at last to a small cabin eight miles from Ionia, and reached that place before the sun went down, fully determined that I would return some other way.

I found next day, at the land office, that my journey had been for nothing. The land on which the Chippewa Mission is placed had been advertised by the government, but the sale had been indefinitely postponed. I left Ionia July 1st, and took the road on the north side of Grand river. The country was slightly undulating; no underbrush; the trees high, and far apart. I crossed Grand and Flat rivers, both beautiful streams, and came at night to the Widow Kent's, thirty-two miles. Next day the road lay through a beautiful country, though thinly inhabited, and with a profusion of flowers, some of which were very beautiful. I saw whole fields quite blue with the "four-o'clocks," which R—— watches so carefully in your little garden. Then there were wild roses, red lilies, sweet-williams, yellow marigolds, wild peas, and many others, red, blue, and white, which I had never seen before. Some were very beautiful, especially the mocassin flower. It is a large lady's slipper; the flower is red and white, and has a very fine appearance. All this was in the wilderness.

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But are they *unseen?* Is their *sweetness wasted?* Would this be consistent with wisdom in that glorious Being who makes nothing in vain? Yet of what use are they? Well, they are the houses of a great many insects. It is said that several different kinds live in every plant. Then, their seeds are food for the little birds. Who can tell us, too, what effect their perfumes have upon the winds that sweep over these solitudes, and visit, in all their freshness and healthful influences, the abodes of men? Then, how do we know but that these wild woods are the school-houses of other beings, who come down and learn lessons from the flowers as they spring up in their beauty, and open towards the pure light of heaven? It is a very contracted view of things to suppose that the productions of the earth are intended only for man, and are lost if he does not use them. But there is another thought of far more weight—these flowers are grateful to God himself; he "delights in the work of his hands." What skill, and wisdom, and

goodness, are displayed in these little flowers! He "clothes the lilies of the field." Surely, if God delights in these works of his hands, they were not made in vain—their beauty is not unseen—their sweetness is not wasted.

On—on I went—saw some Indians, some of them in tents. In some places the plough was at its work, and I saw four, and at another time, seven yoke of oxen to a single plough. I thought of Elisha, the son of Shaphat, ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen, and he with the twelfth. What was he doing with so many? Was he breaking up new land in Palestine? Or had he twelve ploughs? I reached Marshall at noon, July 3d, and next day attended their Sabbath School celebration.

The following Sabbath I spent in Buffalo, and on Monday I started off for the Falls of Niagara, determined that this time I would see both sides. I spent several hours on the Canada side, and got my face wet with the spray on Table Rock, but did not feel inclined to go under the Horse-Shoe fall. I soon began to drink in the spirit of the place, and to feel my soul expanding with the emotions it was so well fitted to produce. I will not inflict a description on you for several very good reasons. I spent the night and the next day till 2 o'clock P. M., on the American side. Every step about the falls was as familiar as if I had traversed them but yesterday, and yet it was seven years since our hasty visit to the place. The little bridge on the Terrapin rocks, where we all sat down, and looked over into the boiling abyss, is broken down. You will recollect how we all admired that magnificent scene. I felt melancholy almost all the time. Where were those with whom I had formerly walked over these scenes? Two of them were already in their graves. I saw many others there, like our party was seven years ago—husbands and their wives,—parents and their children,—brothers and their sisters. As we did then, they seemed to enjoy their visit the more from the society of each other. But I was now alone,—I knew no one, and scarcely spoke to any one. "A stranger and a pilgrim," my thoughts turned to our everlasting home. Here I was surrounded with the evidences of the power and glory of God. The dashing, roaring waters; the foam and the silver bubbles that floated on the waves; the bright rainbow that played in quietness over the scene; the old trees on the island; and the little flowers that grew out of the fissures of the everlasting rocks—each seemed to have a tongue to speak the praises of the great Creator. My heart was full; and as I felt almost overpowered by the solemnly joyful feelings of my soul, I could not but ask—will there be such scenes as these in heaven? The only answer I could give was, if not, there will be that which will produce the same emotions that these do, in a more enrapturing degree. We can know the character of God only in his word and in his works, for himself we cannot see. Here we learn his power, wisdom, and goodness, by such sights as these. In heaven we shall know far more of these same

attributes. What the works which shall declare those attributes shall be, we may not presume to say. But if they are not such as we see on earth, they will be so much more glorious that we shall not wish again to see these mighty displays of his power.

From the falls I went to Ogdensburgh, and was most kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Savage and his lady. I remained in this neighborhood from the 20th of July till the 3d of August, and preached in a number of the churches. Some of our meetings were seasons of deep interest, and I formed acquaintances which I will remember while I live. With Mr. and Mrs. Savage and their children, I could not but feel at home. I saw a good deal of that dear patriarch, the Rev. Mr. Rogers, and preached for him several times. I enjoyed our intercourse very much, and I trust profited by the privilege of being with him. And when speaking of the Saviour he said: "Whenever the Bible speaks of Christ by way of metaphor, it is always with some term expressive of divine excellencies. If he is called a tree, then it is the tree of life. If he is called a vine, then it is the true vine. If he is called a shepherd, then it is the good shepherd. If he is called a plant, then it is the plant of renown." The remarks may not be new to you, but they were to me, and they brought to my mind the idea, that the flowers of the Bible, are like the flowers of the field, the more closely they are examined, the more beautiful do they appear.

The river St. Lawrence is the noblest river I have ever seen. Opposite Ogdensburgh it is about a mile and a quarter wide. I had a good view of it from the window of my bedroom. It flows on in its majestic calmness; the waters are beautifully clear, and very deep. The opposite bank looks well in the distance, much better indeed than when you are close to it.

July 31st. A letter from home; all well. Mr. Orr has returned from China, and wishes to see me. I suppose he wishes me to go to China. Well, I am ready if it be necessary, but I would rather go to Africa. However, here am I, and God is everywhere, and I will go wherever he sends me.

August 2d. My time in this pleasant neighborhood is nearly up, and in two days I set off for home. Yet why do I talk of home? "Strangers and pilgrims"—such we all are, and who more than I? I don't know whether this lonely feeling that so often comes over me be the cause of it, but I love to walk in graveyards, and read the names on the tombstones. The influence of such places seems to come over my soul with a quietness and calmness that is really pleasant. When I was in Rochester I visited Mount Hope cemetery—a beautiful place. The inscription on a grave of a mother and her daughter, struck me as very beautiful:

> "The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
> Shall brighten with verdure the grave where they sleep;
> And the tears that we shed, though in secret they roll,
> Shall long keep their memory fresh in the soul."

While in Ogdensburgh I spent an hour among the tombs. Several of the inscriptions attracted my attention; some for their spelling, others for their quaintness, a few for their beauty. Here are some of them:

ON AN INFANT'S GRAVE.

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death comes with friendly care;
The op'ning bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

The two following, also on the graves of infants:

"Sleep on, dear child,
From sorrow free,
Ere long thy friends
Will sleep with thee."

"Thus on the rose
The worm corroding lies,
And ere it to perfection grows,
It withers, fades, and dies."

There is nothing remarkable in the two following, yet they are pleasant:

"Lo where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart within whose sacred cell,
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell."

"Death to thee is bliss eternal,
Our loss is thy eternal gain,
Thou dwell'st where spring is ever vernal,
And life asserts its right to reign."

I was most struck with the stone over the grave of Mary Elizabeth, Mr. Savage's eldest daughter. It contained simply her name, age—a little over five years, date of her death, and underneath,

"*The flower fadeth.*"

August 3d. My work here seems to be now done; I start tomorrow for Evans' Mills, and thence for New York, and then—where?

Denmark, N. Y., August 9th. Now for the last paragraph of my letter, or journal, or whatever you choose to call it. I preached yesterday three times for Mr. Eastman, at Evans' Mills, and was pretty well tired. These ministers have no mercy on a wayfaring brother when he comes along. I left early, and arrived here at eight P. M. I have now before me sixty-one miles by stage, ninety-six by railroad, and one hundred and forty-five by steamboat; three hundred and two miles, to be passed over in thirty-six hours. However, rest after labor is sweet. If we were all as eagerly anti-

cipating the rest of heaven, as I am the close of my present journey, it would be well.

"This life is but a fleeting show,
There 's nothing true but heaven."

I hardly know whether to say "Good-by," or "How are you?" I am at the end of my letter, and therefore the former seems most proper; but when you receive it, I will be at the end of my journey, and then the last will suit best. However, in either case, I am

Most affectionately yours,
W. M. Lowrie.

Pittsburg, Pa., September 24th, 1841.

My Dear Mother—

Since leaving New York on this, most probably my last visit to this side of the mountains, I have been so constantly on the move, I have not been able to write to you. Indeed there has but little occurred that is worth notice. I came by way of Washington and Canonsburg, spending a Sabbath at Miller's Run, my old parish when I was a student in college. It was a time of deep feeling both to them and to myself, especially when I told them I never expected to meet them again in this world. I preached on Monday in Canonsburg, and on Tuesday came to Pittsburg. After two days with our friends there, I set off for Butler and Venango counties. I spent the Sabbath in Butler, and preached once for Mr. Young. I need not go over my visits to our friends at Slippery Rock, Scrubgrass, and Big Sandy. Very pleasant and very painful they were. O how affectionate and kind my dear aunts were; and painful as was our parting, it was brightened with the blessed hope of meeting again in peace, when time shall be no more.

I returned to Butler on Saturday, and preached for Mr. Young on the Sabbath. In the morning, on "I am a stranger in the earth;" and the afternoon on missions. In the evening, a very large number came to the Monthly Concert meeting, and Mr. Young and myself both talked some. Much feeling was manifested, and many tears shed. My text in the morning seemed to my own feelings to be appropriate, even in this the place of my birth. I left the place so young, and have been so long absent, that my earliest playmates are strangers to me. I walk through its streets, and feel myself almost alone. I meet but few I know, and the houses of old friends are filled with strange faces. The school-house looks unnatural, from the changes in the neighboring buildings, and the thickets and the forests where I played have been cleared away. Even the church, with which some of my earliest recollections are associated, has been removed, and another stands near its former site. In the graveyard alone, I felt at home. Here my deepest affections clustered over the grave of my own

sainted mother; the letters on her tombstone are not more faithful to their trust, than is my memory to her pure and lovely virtues. There, too, were many whom I knew slightly, or of whom I have learned much from others. How sweet the thought that many of God's children are sleeping here, and their dust is precious to that Saviour who never sleeps, and who has the keys of death in his hand.

Next day I came to Pittsburg, and after staying a few days with my sister, I will set out for home. . . .

Affectionately yours, W. M. LOWRIE.

Princeton, September 3d, 1841.

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST WITH HIS PEOPLE.

(*Written in a book of Extracts, for Wm. H. Hornblower.*)

That Christ Jesus is constantly with his people, is a fact declared with surprising frequency both in the Old and New Testaments. It was He who appeared to Isaac, and said, "Sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee, and bless thee:" Gen. xxvi. 3. It was He who appeared to Jacob, as he lay upon the cold ground, and said, "I am with thee in all places; I will not leave thee:' Gen. xxviii. 15. It was He who appeared to Moses in the burning bush, and sending him to the court of Pharaoh, said, "Certainly I will be with thee:" Ex. iii. 12. And when David, in the sweetest strains of poetry and piety, sang, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," there is no doubt but it was the presence of the Saviour which he so gratefully acknowledges.

For a time Christ was with his disciples in the flesh, and they saw his glory: but it was "expedient" that he should depart. And yet he is with his people still. By his Spirit, by his providence, by his own personal and abiding presence, he is with them still, and will ever be with them. Almost the first thing recorded of him by Matthew is, that his name is "Emmanuel, God with us." His own last words on earth to his disciples were, "Lo, I am with you always." And this is not all. His prayer to the Father is, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

That this Saviour may be ever with you, my dear brother, enlightening you, sanctifying you, sustaining you in sorrow, temptation and trials, making you useful in life and happy in death, and glorifying you with himself forever,—is the earnest prayer of the writer of these few lines.

We have lived and labored together pleasantly and profitably, I trust, for a few short years. We must soon separate, but we shall meet again. Till *then*, pray for me. W. M. LOWRIE.

New York, November 30th, 1841.

Mr. John O. Proctor—

Dear Brother:—You will probably begin before now to suppose, that amid the many cares and labors preparatory to a final farewell to home and country, I have forgotten you; but I have not. I often think with great pleasure of the few days spent in Carlisle a year ago. How soon our pleasures vanish! yet when they are rational, and especially when they are Christian, they leave a savor behind them that survives their freshness, like the rose, which, though withered, still yields its fragrant perfumes.

My ordination took place Tuesday, November 9th, and the farewell meeting was held last Sabbath night in Dr. Spring's church. Addresses were made by Dr. Spring, my father, and myself. I feel at present very cheerful, and think I have seldom passed my time so pleasantly as within the last two months; yet it is not insensibility, nor want of affection to home and friends, that makes me so cheerful; for tears will flow at times at the thought of going far off, no more to return. Who knows what a day may bring forth? I am going out into the wide world, expecting to be gone for life; yet I know not but that a very few years may see me again at home. However, that is not probable; and now I do not desire it. It is a responsible step I am taking, and I never felt more in need of sustaining grace, and of the prayers of my friends to secure that grace for me.

Dec. 9th. The time of sailing is still uncertain. However, such a disappointment is not very grievous, for it gives the opportunity of being more at home; yet *I* should not talk of *home*, for there will soon be no such place in the wide world for me; and, indeed, for many years, I have spent but little of my time at home. Long a wanderer, I am a stranger in the place of my birth, where I spent my boyish days. When I was out there this fall, I felt alone as I walked through the streets, for a generation had grown up that knew me not, and almost all my old playmates were gone: some were dead; others married and settled in life; others moved far away; and, save here and there a gray-haired patriarch or a mother in Israel, I knew very few. I went into the church where my grandfather preached, and my parents had worshipped, and felt that I was almost alone; and I preached on the text, "I am a stranger in the earth," for no other passage of Scripture seemed to suit my own feelings so well. Now "the world is all before me, where to choose my place of rest, and Providence my guide;" though the poet was wrong there, for men can no more find a place of rest in this fleeting world, than the dove could find rest for the sole of her foot, when the waters of the deluge rolled round the earth. Like her we must fly, and that towards heaven, if we would avoid being buried in the waves of worldliness and spiritual death. Blessed be God, there is for us, also, an ark, where the weary may resort for shelter and defence, when the

storm is abroad; and when the heavens and the earth shall have passed away, we may still repose with unshaken confidence on him who now walks on the waves that threaten to engulph us, and who then shall be our everlasting portion? I did not intend to have talked so much about myself, but at present nothing else occurred to me that I thought would interest you. I shall hope to hear from you very soon after I get to Singapore. Pray for me.

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, December 29th, 1841.

Mr. John Lloyd—

Dear Brother:—I expected long ere this to have been on my way, but I am yet detained, and having a spare hour this afternoon, I can spend it very pleasantly in having a talk with you; though unfortunately, the talking must be all on one side. The Huntress, which was to have gone a month ago, will hardly get off in less than two weeks from the present time. I am now all ready, or could be ready at a few hours' notice; and as my mind has become familiarized to the idea of departure, I begin to wish that it were over. As to my "feelings" in the prospect of departure, which you are so anxious to know, they are really so commonplace that they are scarcely worth the writing. I could hardly help being amused at the way in which you asked me to tell you what my feelings were at present; you seemed to attribute so much importance to them. I did not say much about my feelings, &c., in my last letters to you, because I had not time, and did not feel then just in the humor for that kind of writing. To tell the truth, there are so few persons to whom I care about telling my feelings, either orally or by letter, that lately I have got much out of the habit of saying anything about those deeper feelings that are known only to God, and my own soul.

Another thing that makes me say less about them is, that I have learned not to rely upon them so much as once I did; and indeed, I so often find it necessary to act without, and even against feelings, from a sense of duty, that this makes me less careful about them. They are certainly important; when we are in a proper "frame," and our "feelings" are urged on by a favorable impulse, there is a great deal of pleasure connected with them. But too much dependence upon them will often unfit us for duty. A man's feelings may take their color from many things besides his religious state. He may be melancholy, from a low state of health, when he thinks it is a sense of sin that makes him sad. He may be cheerful and feel very grateful, as he supposes, from a sense of God's favor; and yet the greater part of his joy shall be caused by the mere flow of animal spirits. Our feelings arise very often, indeed, from something in ourselves; but our standard

of duty is not anything in ourselves, but the eternal word of God. That is liable to no changes, and does not fluctuate with the ever-varying tide of human passion, but flows on ever the same. I do not undervalue the importance of feelings; they are like the perfumes that sweeten the gales which waft us on our course; and at times they may even be compared to the gales that assist the galley-slave, as he toils at his oars. But we are rowing up stream, and it will not do for us to lie on our oars, every time the breeze lulls. "Time and tide wait for no man," and we, on the other hand, in our heavenly course, must toil on without waiting for time or tide, or wind or wave. "Faint, yet pursuing." As John Bunyan says of religion among men, so may it be said of religion in the heart, "We must own religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers, and stand by him too when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets, with applause."

But I did not intend to write so long a lecture on the feelings, nor do I want you to understand that I will not tell you my feelings, nor be glad to hear yours:—far from it; for some of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent, have been when communing with you, as we told each other what the Lord had done for our souls. I do think, however, that you attach more importance to the state of your feelings, than you ought; and hence, one reason why your harp is so often tuned to the notes of woe. I have often been struck with the remarks of Dr. Doddridge, in his Rise and Progress, chapter xxii. § 2,—"Religion consists chiefly in the resolution of the will for God," &c. That section is well worthy of your attention. But I must stop writing on this subject, or it will fill up my whole letter, and I have a good deal more to say.

This (December 29th) is the ever-memorable day in my history, when a "hope of heaven first budded in my heart." Seven years have rolled away since then. It seemed a long time then, to look forward seven years; now, to look back, how short! I have been looking backward to-day, and, amidst much that is painful and humiliating, I find also much that is very pleasant. I think that the most delightful object on which I fix my eyes, during all that time, is the walk you and I had one early spring morning, over the hills about Canonsburg. We talked of heaven, and it seemed as if while we talked heaven was opened, and we could see its glories. Perhaps you have forgotten the time, but it seems to me I never shall. Every time I think of it, the scene comes up vividly before my mind. "I remember thee, oh my God, from the hill Mizar." Shall we ever enjoy another such hour? I almost fear at times, that added years have taken from me the power of appreciating so sensibly the pleasures enjoyed in the days of my "first love." Perhaps it is best they should. At any rate, the instability of youth is well exchanged for the sobriety of riper years, when the latter adds to our capacity for glorifying our Father in heaven, even though it may take away the sense of novelty and delight once experienced. I have been trying to look forward seven years,

but who knoweth what a day may bring forth? I cansee nothing certainly, yet I can imagine enough to make me tremble. What should such creatures as we are do, if we had not an Almighty Saviour near?

I feel very much disappointed at not having seen you, and would ask you to come over new year's day; but I shall be out of the city for two or three days about that time. Farewell.

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, January 4th, 1842.

Mrs. Ann Porter—

My Dear Aunt:—I have been intending for some time past to write you a sort of farewell letter before my departure, but have not till now found a fitting opportunity. It was with much sorrow, that I said good-by to you all, and for a good while afterwards I felt very miserable, and the tears would start into my eyes. The next week I spent at Pittsburg, and preached on Sabbath in Mr. Dunlap's church. On Tuesday I left Pittsburg and said good-by to all my friends.

I suppose we all feel more easy about my going, from having had so much time to look so nearly at it. It has seemed now for a month past, as if I were going off in a week or two, and thus we have got used to the idea. However, it will perhaps be hard enough yet when the time comes. But so many mercies have crowded all my past life and fill my present prospects, that I sometimes tremble at the load of obligation that is laid upon me. It is very strange how unthankful we are for our blessings. . . .

I often think of you all, and would like to know how you are, but am afraid it is too late now to get an answer to this before I sail. But will not some of you write to me once in a while? You know what is said in Proverbs, chap. xxv. 25. I trust you do not forget to pray for the missionaries, and for me. But I must say farewell—and may the blessing of God rest upon you, my dear aunt, and all yours.

Your affectionate nephew,

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, January 11th, 1842.

Rev. Thomas W. Kerr—

My Dear Cousin:—I expected to have been on the other side of the equator before now, but as yet I am at home, the ship having been detained by one thing or another for five weeks. Friends have all been very kind to me, and I have sometimes begun to think myself "some great one," from the attention I receive in many places. This is one of the evils and trials of a missionary life. The Church has not yet arrived at that state in which she

ought to be in regard to missionary operations. She yet looks upon them almost as works of supererogation, and consequently regards with too much favor, in some respects, those who go as missionaries. I say in some respects, because, strange as it may seem, some of the very persons who almost canonize a missionary when he is among them, and speak of his going abroad in the most exalted terms, are among the very first to forget him when he is gone, and the most careless in praying for him, even though they resolve and promise not to forget to "make mention of him in their prayers."

I am becoming more and more of the opinion, that it is in vain to expect the present generation of Christians to do their duty in the work of missions. I do not say this in a spirit of censoriousness, because I am aware of the many reasons they bring to justify themselves; but from a growing conviction, that unless the subject of missions is early impressed on the minds of children, and unless habits of self-denial and liberality for and to the heathen are encouraged in them, it is in vain to expect that they will, when they grow up, perform in any tolerable degree the duties to the heathen that may be expected of them. It is not ordinarily to be expected that those who grow up with the money-getting, and money-loving, and money-saving propensities of most men, should be prompted or induced by the ordinary motives to give freely of their worldly goods for the benefit of those, of whose condition they know almost nothing. I have often wondered, when I have heard an eloquent missionary sermon, or have myself presented as strongly as I knew how, the motives, that with me are all-powerful and which constrain me to sacrifice so much, and yet have found that men and even Christians, gave only the coppers to the heathen, and kept the gold and the jewels to themselves. They said, "Be ye warmed, be ye fed," and yet actually they gave nothing whatever to further the accomplishment of their good words. Hence it seems to me, if I were pastor of a church, I would at once, or at least as soon as I dared, commence in my Sabbath School. If the superintendent and teachers could not, or would not, I would myself as often as possible, say once a month, give the children some ideas on the state of the heathen, their superstitions, spiritual condition and prospects, the way and history of the means used to benefit them, &c., and by degrees, yet as speedily as prudence would allow, I would endeavor to get them in the habit of saving their pennies, and giving them at stated times, to the Missionary Society. I would try to keep up a constant interest in the subject among them, and this I am persuaded could be done just as easily as an interest can be kept up in religion generally; though it must be admitted, that to keep up such an interest would require constant attention and labor on the part of the pastor. But the result would repay the labor. As the children grew up I would endeavor to follow them, make them not only recipients, but communicants, of a missionary spirit. Such is an outline of my

plan ; what do you think of it? If you approve it, suppose you adopt it, and after a year or two of trial, and making such alterations as experience may suggest, suppose you try to get your fellow presbyters to engage in the same kind of work. Suppose that in addition to the great work of preaching the gospel, you make this the second object of your attention, and pursue it steadily, until you are sure either of success, or of its failure. I make this proposal seriously, because I am sure that if you should diligently follow it out, you could do wonders. Nay, I hope you will not take it amiss, if I leave it as my last request to you, and as, if you will allow me to say so, a solemn charge to you, not to pass it over without careful and prayerful consideration. I did not intend, when I commenced this letter, to have said a word on this subject, but it opened up before me so strongly and vividly, that I could not but present it to you. I will be glad to make this a subject of special correspondence with you, and if you should undertake it, I will try to write you a letter once a year, additional, that you could use in some way in your remarks to the children. It is a subject that I have long thought very important, and now I am more than ever convinced of its importance. Write to me particularly on it, and I will say more than I can in this short and hurried communication. Farewell, and the blessing of God be with you both.

Yours affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

New York, January 18th, 1842.

Mr. John M. Lowrie—

Dear Cousin :—After long delay, the Huntress is to sail tomorrow. We are all well here, and I believe all in good spirits. Very seldom have I found my own mind so perfectly calm and peaceful, as it has been since last Friday. The Sabbath was to me one of my bright days, or rather, as I very seldom have bright, dazzling days, it was one of those calm, peaceful days, when the soul rises insensibly above the world, and dwells with the assurance of faith on unseen realities. Unexpectedly to me, but very gratefully, it was communion Sabbath in Mr. Smith's church, the church of which I have been a member here. He preached an excellent sermon in the morning on "As oft as ye eat this bread," &c. After communion, I made a few remarks, and the exercises were closed with prayer by my brother John. It was good to be there, and one of the elders remarked to me afterwards, "Truly we have had a feast, and a good day."

Yours in haste, with true affection,

W. M. Lowrie.

CHAPTER III.

JANUARY 19 to MAY 27, 1842.

VOYAGE TO CHINA—JOURNAL IN THE HUNTRESS.

Ship Huntress, Wednesday, Jan. 26th, 1842.

At sea, N. lat. 33° 38′, W. long. 54° 04′.

MY DEAR MOTHER—

As it is just a week to-day since leaving home, and circumstances are favorable, I shall commence my promised journal; though I have so much to write up from my pencil notes, that the very idea of it almost appals me:—so much by way of preface.

We got under weigh at half past twelve last Wednesday, and, with three hearty cheers from the crew, proceeded down the bay. The novelty and excitement of my situation kept me from any very unpleasant feelings at parting. I ought to say more than this, however. The conviction that I was in the path of duty, and the felt presence and sustaining influence of an all-gracious Saviour, upheld me and carried me safely through a scene that I had dreaded almost as much as death itself.

As there was little or no wind, the captain and pilot thought it best to anchor for the night in Prince's Bay—a large and very beautiful and safe bay, just inside of the Hook, and wait till morning. Accordingly the steamboat left us at 3½ P. M., and I felt really glad, when I saw Mr. B. parting from his father and brother, that I had come alone. The quietness and deliberation of such partings is killing. Farewell speeches read very well, but when one is swallowing his feelings and choking almost with emotion, and doing his utmost to retain his calmness and composure, the sooner in such circumstances the better, a silent shake of the hand and away is enough for me. It is bad enough to think of it now.

After reading my Bible with more than ordinary interest, I went to bed at ten P. M., as quietly and calmly as if I had been at home, and dreamed of you all before morning.

Thursday, January 20th. I was wakened early by hearing the men at work on different parts of the rigging, weighing anchor, &c. I dressed and went out on deck before sunrise. I found Mr. K. there, and the captain soon came out. There was as yet no wind,

but the pilot, who was "wide awake," thought a breeze would spring up about sunrise, and they were preparing sail, to catch the first breath. We did not get fairly started, however, until after nine A. M., when a light breeze filled the higher sails, (topsails and top-gallants,) and we slowly moved away. Several other vessels, outward bound, had anchored near us, and they followed close in our wake. We soon got outside of the Hook, and when fairly under weigh, the pilot left us, at a quarter before twelve. I had hastily written a few lines to you and father, which I sent back by him. He sprang lightly over the side of the vessel into a row-boat that was waiting for him, and the last link was broken! We kept on in somewhat of a south-east direction, and soon the only object that could be seen, was the Highlands, south of the entrance of the channel to New York. I could hardly realize my situation.

I soon found Mr. B. standing at the stern, looking rather pale. I could not help laughing, though I pitied him, and wrapping myself in my cloak, as there was a fresh breeze, I sat down on a stool in the stern of the vessel. The motion soon began to affect me, and when I went to dinner, there were none at the table except the captain and Mr. K. I found I was "too far gone" to eat anything, and feeling very dizzy, went out into the open air. Though I felt more and more sick, I could not help being struck with the extreme ludicrousness of the appearance of a sea-sick passenger. How the old sailors must laugh among themselves at the pale faces and wo-begone countenances and staggering gait of the "men with gloves on!" I was quite sick on Friday, and till three P. M. on Saturday, when I went out on deck, and staid about two hours. We were then about the middle of the Gulf Stream, and the air was quite mild and pleasant. Thermometer, about 63°. I saw a shoal of fish playing in the water. Mr. K. said they were porpoises, but I could not see their shape.

I felt a great deal better; went to table and ate a light supper, and immediately after turned in for the night and slept pretty well. Dreamed about home, and my trip to Ogdensburgh, and fifty other things.

There! I have got safely to the end of last week, and I'll now turn in for this night. It is now past four bells, i. e., past ten o'clock, P. M., with us, while my watch, which I have not altered since leaving home, says it is a little past nine with you. I suppose you are now at family worship. Am I right in thinking, that the absent one is remembered at this hour? But I need not ask the question, for I know it. Good night.

Sabbath morning, January 23d. Rose and went out about six o'clock, New York time, but here it was past sunrise. The air was very mild and pleasant, and I found little use for my cloak. Temperature of the water, 71°; air, about 63°. Was out on deck most of the morning, when it was cool and pleasant. The sky was covered with clouds almost all day. I thought of trying to

preach in the afternoon, but felt almost too weak. The captain, too, was quite unwell; and as he and I had concluded nothing definite when we spoke of the subject before, I did not like to make any move, without consulting him further. Could not read much; it made me light-headed to read more than two or three pages.

In the evening the captain was quite in a talking mood. He had been for a short time in the Liverpool trade. He spoke of the sufferings of steerage passengers from Europe to America, from want of provisions when the voyage is prolonged, sea-sickness, &c. Only think of the misery of 100, or 150, or 200 persons, in the steerage in bad weather, when sea-sick—men, women, and children, with their provisions and chests, &c., in one mass of confusion. It made my heart ache to think of it; for if I, in a slight attack, and with comparatively splendid accommodations, had suffered so much, how much more must they suffer? And then to think of the slaves in a slave-ship, when sea-sick; "Man cannot utter it." The captain had once crossed from Liverpool with 150 steerage passengers, and he said he never wished to do it again.

Monday, 24th. Quite a gale rose soon after midnight, and took us all aback. The captain was just getting into a refreshing sleep, when he heard the sound, and. rushing out on deck, he was wet through in an instant by the rain and the sea; and though he came back soon, yet he was much the worse for the exposure. I heard the loud and rapid orders of the mate, and the quick tread of many feet about deck, but, knowing I could be of no use, I kept my berth. Went out about seven o'clock, though there was so much motion in the ship, that I was nearly sick, and could hardly dress myself. It was blowing quite a gale, and the ship was driving on, and rolling like an egg-shell. Only think of a vessel whose weight must be several hundred tons, probably 1200, tossing about like a cork! What immense power to produce such effects! And how great and powerful must He be who holds the winds in his fists, and the seas in the hollow of his hands! I stood and gazed on the dashing and rolling waves, and thought of Him who "walked on the waters." How sweet to think his name is "Emmanuel, God with us."

The gale continued all day Monday and Tuesday, and, as may be supposed, we had a dreary time. Not being perfectly recov ered from sea-sickness, we all felt it more or less. There was a constant gale, the wind roaring and groaning through the rigging, the foam and spray breaking over the forecastle, and sometimes over the after-parts of the vessel. The decks were dripping wet all the time, and showers of rain falling every half-hour.

During the morning the wind tore our jib to ribbons, and we were obliged to take in most of the sails, and drive on under close-reefed topsails, and reefed mainsail. (To "reef a sail" is to take in about one third of it; to "close-reef" is to take in two-thirds.) The stock seemed to feel the weather a good deal. Jack said,

"his family took a great deal of doctoring to-day." In the cabin, as Mr. B. said, we only "lived;" we did nothing, and could do nothing. It was hard work to keep our seats, and we had to "eat over the fence," i. e., had a railing, about three inches high, around the table, and frame-work across and along, to keep the dishes in their place. We earned all we ate that day. I could not bear the air of the room, and having doffed my "long-tailed blue," and put on father's old over-coat, which was just the thing, I sat out most of the day at the door of the cuddy. Occasionally I got a taste of the salt water; but, on the whole, I did as well, and perhaps better, than any of the rest. I pitied Mr. B. very much; he has been for some time in very poor health, and has suffered a great deal. When asked how he was, he replied, "I have known many sad days, but this has been the dreariest of them all." This was said in a tone of deep feeling, but it only called forth a laugh, in which, though not unkindly meant, nor unkindly taken, I could not join.

I do not know what our crew think of their passengers, but many sailors think that ladies and clergymen are very unfortunate people to have on shipboard. We tried to talk some in the evening, but it would not do, and we turned in to hope for better days.

Tuesday, January 25th. Gale still continued, though not so hard, perhaps, as yesterday; but still severe, and the motion of the ship, if possible, more unpleasant. I could eat but little at breakfast, and after it was over, I leaned my head against the mizzen-mast, which comes through the table just aft of my seat, and felt very uncomfortable. The Bible was lying just under my face, and I opened it almost mechanically. It opened at Job xiv., and I read that touching and melancholy passage with a deeper experience of its truth than almost ever before:

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

Man lieth down and riseth not, till the heavens be no more. They shall not awake, nor be raised out of sleep.

Thou prevailed against him and he passeth, thou changest his countenance and sendest him away."

We had showers and sunshine all day, wind high but gradually abating, though not enough to enable us to enjoy much comfort. You would have laughed could you have looked in at the cuddy about seven P. M., and yet your pity would have been moved. The two ladies sat near the door of their brother's room quietly, for several hours, not sad, nor yet cheerful. Mr. B. sat half awake and half asleep, and feeling, as he said the next day, in such a way as his "lexicon had no words to express." Mr. K. sat for hours by the table, leaning his head on his hand, and feeling incapable of doing anything; making an occasional attempt to enliven us, but gene-

rally giving it over very soon. Myself, unable to sit still any length of time, and yet equally unable to do anything; hating to go into any room, where the air was still closer; and hating to go out where everything was damp and cold. The captain was but poorly, and kept his bed all day; and the mate had his hands full outside. The "boys" seemed to feel as badly as ourselves, as it is their first voyage. One of them said he "would give a hundred thousand dollars to be at home again." "Well," said Mrs. G., when she heard of it, "there's only one thing would tempt me to make such a voyage."

In the evening the captain came into the room, and Mr. K. spoke to him, and said something about the pleasures of home; "but this is not home,—there is no place like home." "True!" said Mr. B., in a tone half tragic, half comic, that set us all a laughing, and seemed to revive us a good deal. Well, that's enough of the dark side of the picture, and as things took a better course in the evening and night, we will have some lighter colors.

Wednesday, 26th. A splendid day! After a few light showers, it cleared off gloriously; the sea became smooth, and the sun shone out pleasantly; and with a pleasant breeze, that soon dried up the moisture of the decks and rigging, we held on the "even tenor of our way." We sat in the sun, and all felt decidedly better. The captain was out, and seeing me reading "Two Years before the Mast," he said, "That's one of the greatest books ever written. It is a real masterpiece. There's a great many men, and officers, and captains, just as they are there described, though they don't all like to own it."

A pigeon or gull followed us for several hours to-day, flying with almost no exertion. It was as large as a duck, though longer, ash-colored above, and white beneath, with a long bill.

In the evening, the ladies commenced walking on deck, and for a while we were quite merry. It was a glorious moonlight, and the rich colors of the sky and sea were very beautiful indeed. I sat up till past eleven, most of the time at my journal.

Thursday, 27th. Up and out about seven. A very pleasant day, but so little wind that we make very little progress. A sail has been on our weather quarter all day, but so far off, that we see but little of her. We saw one on Monday, but soon lost sight of her in a shower of rain. Busy reading and writing "Before the Mast," and my journal. Have had a great appetite yesterday and to-day.

All seem to be in fine spirits, and to enjoy the pleasant weather exceedingly. To give you an idea of the matter—the thermometer to-day was 69°, and I sat in the shade of one of the sails for several hours, without either hat or cloak, reading; the ladies were out without their bonnets, and all this on the 27th of January! In the evening, we had several very pleasant little conversations. The captain said that in one of their late voyages, they had a sheep and a goose that became very intimate and sociable, and

used to run about the decks together. They took them out to Canton, and brought them back, refusing to kill them, on account of their singular union. This called forth the remark, that sailors had some feelings after all; and the captain added, that he had known a whole ship's crew to intercede for the life of a favorite pig, saying they would rather live all the time on salt beef, than have it put to death. "If I had anybody to write it down," said he, "I could tell almost as fine a story as that book does"—pointing to "Two Years before the Mast."

As we are all pretty well over sea sickness, I took the opportunity of consulting the mate as to religious services, meaning on the first good occasion to have the matter settled with the captain. I am more and more pleased with Mr. Gillespie, and could heartily wish that he were master of a vessel himself. He says when he "gets to be captain, if that ever happens, he means to have worship twice a day for all the crew." He told me, that in one of their voyages, one of the men did not come to preaching once, alleging that he was sick. He suspected him of merely feigning sickness, and went to see him, and finding that it was all a sham, ordered him a pretty stiff dose of castor oil. The man had to take it, and did not feign sickness any more.

Friday, 28th. Another very fine day. Up and out very soon after sunrise, meant to have seen the sun get up, but failed. A pleasant breeze all day, and as many sails spread as could well be got on the masts and yards. Yesterday and to-day the men have been employed in setting up the rigging, which was somewhat loose. It had been set up in New York in cold weather, and needed overhauling. All in fine spirits, and eating heartily. This has been what Mrs. G. calls our "pork and bean day." We had the finest dish of those articles decidedly that ever I tasted, and other good things, "too tedious to mention," as auctioneers say. I shall become quite an epicure before the voyage is out, at this rate.

Took the opportunity of speaking to the captain about religious services. He was perfectly willing to have service on the Sabbath, and seemed anxious to know if we could have singing. He said there was no objection to the passengers having prayers as often as they chose in the after-cabin; but when I spoke of having the men attend once a day, (which the mate recommended,) he answered in such a way, that I considered it prudent not to afford him the opportunity of giving a direct refusal, at least for the present.

A light shower in the afternoon cooled the air a little too much. Thermometer during the day ranged from 68° to 72° in the shade. The wind has increased some, and the vessel rolls a good deal. Saw a sail on our stern to-day, a great way off, which may have been the same one we saw yesterday.

Finished "Two Years before the Mast," and lent it to the captain, who wants to read it. Overhauled some of my papers, and

began to lay out Brother Owen's route to India. Read a page of the Brother Jonathan, gazed at the deep blue sea for a long time, listened to the canary bird, and talked with Mr. B., whom I find a very pleasant companion indeed. Saw a gull flying about and sporting in the waves. Its flight was

> "O'er the mountain wave,
> Its home upon the deep."

Yet methinks like the dove that Noah sent out from the ark, or like the Christian pilgrim in the world, it would here "find no rest for the sole of its foot."

Reading one of Carlyle's pieces, a review of the life of Jean Paul Richter. The review was short, but contained several very striking and beautiful thoughts, with some that, though smoothed over, yet contained the rankest pantheism. "Even in the streets of Bayreuth, Richter was seldom seen without a flower in his breast." What a trait of character is that! so simple, open, child-like. Carlyle's description of Richter's style is exactly characteristic of his own style at present, for I would never have dreamed that the author of this review, written 1827, had also written the "French Revolution." "The essence of affectation is that it be assumed." Richter's "fancy hangs, like the sun, a jewel on every grass blade, and sows the earth at large with orient pearl." "Unite the sportfulness of Rabelais, and the best sensibility of Sterne, with the earnestness, and even in slight portions, the sublimity of Milton; and let the mosaic brain of old Burton give forth the workings of this strange union, with the pen of Jeremy Bentham!" Such is Richter's humor, &c., according to Carlyle. Here's a good idea, "True humor springs not more from the head than from the heart. It is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles which lie far deeper." He speaks of "the freedom with which Richter bandies to and fro the dogmas of religion, nay, sometimes, the highest objects of Christian reverence;" and in the same paragraph adds, "Yet he is in the highest sense of the word religious." Save me from such a religion! That will do now for a talk for this night, and good-by.

Saturday night, January 29th. How many thoughts of past, of distant, of high and holy and heavenly things it brings! It speaks of the Sabbath—of rest. But I am tossed on the wide and heaving sea; there is no rest on earth, not till we come to the heavenly world, where "there is no more sea." Now the ship is rolling in the waves, everything here is moving. I am a stranger and a pilgrim in the earth. I look about in vain for some solid, unmoving foundation, but I see none below the skies. Upwards, I see the heavenly host, and they appear fixed. I know that the things of the invisible heavens are firm. That city hath foundations. Its builder and maker is God.

> "Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
> His rest at every stage."

Our passengers have begun to amuse themselves with talking and planning about their return home, but I do not join them in this. Even now, my outward condition is better than His, who "had not where to lay his head;" and for His sake, willingly do I "confess that I am a stranger in the earth." Good night; I am pensive, but happy. It is now near your time for family worship; and though absent in body, in spirit I will join with you. The peace of God keep you all!

Monday, January 31st. Yesterday was the Sabbath; the sun rose clear and bright, and the day was fine, with sufficient wind just to keep the sails tolerably full. The men were all free soon after nine A. M., and soon after ten, we met for preaching in the forecabin.

I took my station by the door of my room, where I could hold on to the back of the seat round the table. The two ladies sat on the bench just before me, and the mate next to them, the captain on a chair at the corner of the table, Mr. B. and Mr. K. on my right hand, and the men along the side and end of the room opposite me. They were all present, I believe, except the man at the helm and the second mate, who had to keep on the lookout. The room was quite full. The services were commenced by reading 2 Kings v., then followed prayer and singing. I set the tunes myself, and was pretty loudly accompanied by several of the crew, some two or three of whom knew the tunes, while others guessed at them; on the whole the singing was tolerable, but I hope it will improve. After singing the hymn, I preached on Luke xvii. 11—19; Christ's healing the ten lepers. My hearers were very attentive indeed, especially one of the men, whom I had spoken to several times, and whose jolly air and hearty singing at the ropes had attracted my attention. I was, however, a good deal embarrassed. My head almost touched the ceiling. My audience was almost within arm's length; some were in fact so; the room was small, and not being sufficiently accustomed to the motion of the vessel, I had to hold on all the time to the back of the seat to keep my balance. Then by having to lead in the singing, there was no time to compose my thoughts, and I suppose I made but blundering work of it. After preaching, there was prayer and singing again, and the benediction—the whole exercises taking about fifty minutes. I wanted to have them as short as possible, and not knowing exactly how much time they would take, this contributed a little to embarrass me. I assure you, I felt for a while after the services were over, as though I should like to hide myself from the sight of everybody. However, I could not but believe, that I had endeavored to do right; and though for a while half tempted to think that such services were of no use, yet on the whole I was glad that a beginning had been made. We shall probably do better hereafter. Soon after service, Mr. Gillespie told me that just before service, he had gone into the forecastle to see if all the men had come forward. He found one there who was not quite

ready, but said he was coming. "Ah, Mr. Gillespie, it is seven years since I heard a prayer." It was the same man who appeared so attentive.

Saw a couple of flying fish to-day, and thought at first that they were little birds; one of them flew with an irregular flight more than forty yards before it touched the water. The sight of them made me think of a passage in Henry Martyn's diary, where he says that he thought his own aspirations after holiness and heaven, were short and low and uncertain, like the flight of the flying fish. The sight and the thought made me condemn myself.

Had prayers in the cabin at eight P. M., and afterwards a long talk with Mr. Gillespie about the Wall street and Middle Dutch churches, and about a voyage Mr. G. made from Liverpool to New York with 135 steerage passengers, several of whom died on the voyage. He had almost the whole care of them, and dates his first serious impressions to what he then witnessed. Then we talked about the difficulty of maintaining the life of religion on ship-board, and in places of trial, the danger of worldliness, &c.

Tuesday, Feb. 1st. What did I do to-day? Let us see. Read two chapters in History of the Puritans; five or six pages of geometry; the introduction to Hill's Theology; part of the "Curiosity Shop;" an article in the Repertory; laid out our course thus far on my map—which, having some occasion to show to the captain, he told me very politely, that I "was an accomplished hydrographer." I intend to try to get on some regular course of study soon; to-morrow, if possible; because I begin to feel the monotony of this sea life, and to find the need of system in the employment of my time.

Wednesday, Feb. 2d. Up and out (my stereotyped formula) at half after six; walked about the deck for half an hour, and then came down and spent an hour in reading the Bible in English and Hebrew. After breakfast, read Neal's History of the Puritans pretty steadily for two or three hours, with the exception of several turns on deck. While I was looking over the side of the ship, at some sea-weed floating past, the captain came up to me, and, in answer to my inquiries, told me that they never saw it much south of 17° north lat.; and that on their return home, the first familiar object seen is the north star, and the second the sea-weed.

Thursday, Feb. 3d. Another clear and beautiful day, but still unfavorable for our speedy progress. The wind is still too much from the east, and we move on slowly over the deep blue sea. I spent some time this morning, leaning over the ship's side, and looking almost without an object at the ocean. The sea was quite calm, with a long low swell, that gently rocked the ship, as a nurse would rock the cradle of a sleeping child. Everything where I stood was still, and I looked at the sun's rays as they glittered from the little dancing waves. How they sparkled and shone in one full blaze, where his beams fell directly on them! while off

on either side, as they became fewer and fewer, but still bright and sparkling as ever, they looked like little fairies of the deep, putting their heads up joyously out of the water, and as suddenly sinking again beneath the wave. See that splash in the water! what is that? Oh, it's a gull, plunging down probably for a flying fish; now he is off in a long flight, away to the south—will he come back again? Again, the blue sea and the sparkling reflected beams; the sails flapping idly against the mast. Almost begun to wish for another gale, and yet so calm and peaceful, it seems good to be here. How apt we are to be satisfied with this uncertain world when the sun shines, and the soft winds blow! Yet storms may come,—they will come, and then we shall say—

> "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
> Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

What's that, away off there? A sail. Ha! human beings there! Who are they? Do they see us? How are they? Are they joyful or happy? It was a bark, bound to the southward,—probably an English vessel, bound to the West Indies. It was, however, too far off to exchange any signals, and soon was out of sight.

My time passes pleasantly away, and as yet, I have felt nothing like ennui; and very seldom, indeed, has the feeling of loneliness, that came over me so often last summer, come near me in this voyage. Perhaps it is because I feel more and more that I am a stranger in the earth, and am more and more satisfied that it should be so.

Friday, Feb. 4th. Another glorious day. Up and out before the sun; saw him rise. My vocabulary wants words to express the richness and beauty of the clouds

> "Which sat about the East,
> And wantoned with his golden locks."

After tea looked over a little school-book in astronomy, with maps, &c., and concluded to try some of the constellations; was quite charmed with my success, for I made out the whole constellation of Orion, and single stars, in four or five others. The ladies, who were promenading the decks, joined me, and after showing them my newly acquired knowledge, we spoke of him "who loosed the bands of Orion, and sent forth Mazzaroth in his season." I became quite enraptured with the study, and promise myself a good deal of pleasure in pursuit of it. Do you remember how, one night, as we were going to church, I pointed out to you the North Star, and Orion's belt? I have been looking up so long, that my neck fairly aches. How little we know of the stars! They are, doubtless, at least that is my own firm conviction, inhabited worlds,—all displaying the power, and wisdom, and goodness of our Creator. What wonderful and varied displays of his attributes would be seen by one who could visit them all! I am inclined to believe

—though, of course, it is mere conjecture—that every one of them is arranged in a different order, inhabited by different kinds of rational and irrational beings, with different genera and species of plants and minerals; aye, and different kinds of things for which we have neither names nor conceptions. Who shall limit the works of Him, whose understanding is infinite, and who is wonderful in working.

Monday, Feb. 7th. Yesterday was a very calm, delightful day. Sufficient breeze to carry us on from five to seven miles an hour, and so steady, that there was very little motion. Had service in the morning, at ten o'clock. Preached on Psalm xxxvii. 5; and being less embarrassed, I got on much more comfortably than on the preceding Sabbath. The attention was very good indeed. After service it was quite pleasant to look to the forward part of the ship. The forecastle doors were open, and some of the men were lying in their berths or sitting on their chests, reading. Others were sitting on the windlass and spars, or standing by the sides of the ship, reading or talking, all neatly dressed, and apparently all at their ease, and very comfortable. I think our crew are a very good-looking set of men indeed. One of the boys was sitting by the ship's side, doing nothing. The mate went past him, and as he passed, pulled out a tract from his pocket, and gave it to him. Afternoon and evening passed off pleasantly and pretty quietly. The passengers were talking together in the lower cabin, in the evening, where they had cakes and nuts, &c., and sent for me to join them, but I excused myself, and retired to my own room. It was Monthly Concert evening, and I thought of the many Monthly Concerts I had attended,—of the last one, and of the work before me. Commenced an essay, or address, or—I hardly know what yet,—but something for Sabbath Schools, which, if it is ever finished, I'll try to have published, provided I think it worthy of that honor.

This morning I mustered up courage enough to climb up to the main-cross-trees. You may be sure I held tight to the ropes, when I had got so high. I was surprised to find how small everything looked on deck. The ship seemed no broader than a common row-boat, and the men on deck only like children. Whether I shall ever get above the cross-trees is more than I know at present; but it is very doubtful. There are no ladders any higher up, and I don't like the idea of "shinning" up and down a couple of bare ropes.

After reading a couple of chapters in Neal, I took my geometry, and lay down on the transom, in the lower cabin, which is nicely cushioned, and read over several propositions. I have been stargazing this evening. It was rather cloudy, and not a favorable time; but I found out Castor and Pollux, and several other stars. I have already learned the names of twenty-five stars and clusters in ten different constellations, and that in only three evenings' study. I can point them all out with little or no difficulty. Only

learn the constellation Orion—one of the most magnificent, and one of the easiest learned in the heavens—and by imaginary squares, and rectangles, and triangles, you can discover the position of any star you wish. The mate has a copy of Burrit's "Geography of the Heavens and Celestial Atlas," which is a capital work. One wants nothing more to learn the names of the principal stars, and many interesting particulars respecting them.

We have a very pleasant breeze now that is carrying us on nine miles an hour. I was out just now, half-past nine, P. M.; clouds covered the sky, through which a few stars dimly shone; the sea on either side was dark, the ship was dashing the waves in white foam from the bows, and leaving a long line of snow-like billows behind her.

Tuesday, Feb. 8th. The breeze which we took yesterday evening proves to be the regular trade wind, which will probably carry us down to N. Lat. 7° or 6°. We are dashing on now at ten and a half knots, or miles, to the hour. The captain says "the log line is not long enough;" "she is making money now for her owners." I was standing after dark at the stern and at the bows of the vessel, to watch the foam caused by the ship's motion. It was really splendid at the bows. Going so rapidly, she threw the foam and spray in wide sheets as white as snow, eight or ten feet ahead, and several yards on either side; and the phosphorescence was bursting out in faint glimmerings, and in sparks and flashes, with a delicacy of light, such as I never saw equalled by any human inventions. How wonderful are the works of the Lord which we see, when we "go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters!" How wonderful is that wisdom, that by the use of such simple things as water and light, can produce so many beautiful and glorious sights as we see in the clouds, and the rainbow, in the magnificence of Niagara, and the solemn grandeur of the ocean. "Oh Lord, the earth is full of thy riches, —so is this great and wide sea."

Wednesday, Feb. 9th. Trade-winds still strong, and sea pretty rough. None of us (by *us* I commonly mean the passengers) slept very well last night, and none of us feel very well to day. It is hard to describe one's sensation, being neither sick nor well.

In the morning saw a shoal of porpoises only a few yards from the ship's side, but too far off to be reached by a harpoon. They were playing in the water and appeared to be turning over in a circle for amusement. We only saw them when in the upper arc of the circle, when they threw themselves completely out of water. Saw also several of Mother Carey's chickens, a small dark-colored bird. The reason why they are seen only in rough weather is, probably, that they obtain their food from the sea, and find it more abundantly where the water is rough.

Thursday, Feb. 10th. Many flocks of flying-fish about the ship to-day. They start up in flocks of from ten to a hundred as the ship passes along, and remind me very much of the way in which

little birds start up from the bushes and from stubble-fields. One of them flew aboard last night. I shall probably get some before the voyage is out, and will send you one or two. The one that came on board was about seven inches long, black above and white on the belly; mouth very much like a sucker's; wings about four inches long, but being dry when I saw it, they were shrunk up and I did not see their breadth. The tail has the lower part much longer than the upper, and when they fly it seems to serve the part of a rudder through the air. They are commonly only about seven inches long, and many that I see are much shorter. Captain Lovett, however, says that off the cape of Good Hope two came aboard one of his ships in a storm, that were each fifteen inches long, and measured twenty-two inches from tip to tip of the wings, and were seven inches round the body. They are said to be very fine eating, according to Mr. K., "the sweetest of all fish." Sometimes they fly on board in such numbers as to furnish a mess for all hands. Our ship, however, being very high out of water, we are not likely to have that luxury. But we need not complain, for there is everything here that one wants, and perhaps more than is good for us. I am a great advocate of temperance in food, but I do not like to be tempted with too many good things. My principles of moderation might likely take wing and fly away.

We are beginning to feel the monotony of sea life, and the wish that we might speak a ship is often uttered. Even the sight of a sail is agreeable, and the flying-fish and Mother Carey's chickens are eagerly looked after. I make a visit to the main-top every day, and sometimes higher, and look around, but nothing is to be seen; the same vast expanse of waters still meets the eye. It seems as if, when we came to the place where "the sky and sea meet," we must certainly see something; but on, on we go. The sky above and the dark rolling waves beneath, and ourselves the only visible objects of interest. Yet I am not lonely, nor would I go back if it were in my power. I am beginning now to feel the reality of my situation, and to think of future plans and operations. For two weeks or more after leaving New York, I could hardly realize that I was really gone. It seemed like a dream. I saw the waves and looked round the ship, but still could not feel that I was really on my way. Now, however, as we approach the line, I begin to feel that I have passed the Rubicon, or to use a more scriptural expression, that I have departed from Jerusalem and the temple, and am going far off to the Gentiles.

"Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell."

The captain was talking at night of "Two Years before the Mast;" and speaking of Harris, the talented sailor, he said, "We often have such men on board ships. I had one last voyage, who knew more than any one else in the ship. He had once been

master of a vessel himself." I asked how it happened, then, that he became a common sailor again. "Oh, he was one of those men to whom money does no good, and who don't care about it. They are better off than their officers, for they do what they are told, and then turn in to their berths, and feel no responsibility or care."

Passed the latitude of the Cape Verd Isles yesterday and to-day, but too far off to see them, or any signs of land.

Friday, Feb. 11th. Our trade-wind is slackening very much, and we shall probably be in the "variables" to-morrow. Have not felt like doing much of anything for two or three days,—not sick, nor well.

Saturday, Feb. 12th. Trade-wind still continues, and we have come over a thousand miles in five days—pretty good sailing that. Calm, pleasant day, and rather warm; looked very much like rain for several hours, but it has cleared off beautifully, and we have promise of another pleasant Sabbath. This afternoon, as I was standing by the gangway, I observed another kind of fish, the "skip-jack." There was a large shoal of them, playing about in the water, and leaping sometimes ten feet, though commonly not more than three or four. I could not observe the shape or size very distinctly; they were perhaps as large as a large shad. Saw a very large flock of large dark-colored birds, but they were too far off to be distinctly seen. Star-gazing to-night, and saw a couple of stars you never see in the United States—Canopus and Achernee. The north star is fast sinking, and we shall soon lose sight of it.

Saturday night again! The past week has fled away swiftly and pleasantly. Soon the Saturday night of life will come, and the unending Sabbath of eternity will dawn.

Sabbath, Feb. 13th. A calm, beautiful, and glorious day. Quite clear all morning, and light fleecy clouds in the after part of the day, which tempered the air. Preached at ten, A. M., on 2 Cor. v. 21. Audience very attentive. I still lead in singing, and must say, it was to-day quite respectable. Sung the last hymn (we only sing two) to Old Hundred, and almost every one joined in. Heard a voice I had not heard before singing, and, looking up, found it was the captain, singing with a good deal of earnestness. After dinner went up to the main-top, where I could feel myself alone, and, sitting down, read and sang, and looked out on the blue sea for an hour. It was good to be there. I was above the cares and the business of the deck. A light breeze made my station pleasant, and I looked out on the calm and gently heaving sea, where the sun shone down with bright and yet undazzling rays. I felt as a Christian sometimes feels when all around is calm, and the Spirit's influences, like gentle breezes, move upon his soul, and the favor of God, like the sun's glad beams, comforts his heart. Yet still it was not home; the rolling sea was still there, and no one could say how soon the calm might become a

storm. It was not heaven, it was only a foretaste of the eternal rest. My meditations, however, were disturbed by the sight of a large fish making his way after the ship. The sailmaker said it was probably a shark, because we were now in the "shark country."

Monday, Feb. 14th. My mode of passing my time now is somewhat like this:—Rise about six, A. M., and commonly spend near an hour in dressing and walking about deck. From seven to eight, at the English and Hebrew Bible. Breakfast at eight, and then History and Mathematics till about noon; but during this time, I commonly walk about deck several times, and pay a visit to the mast-head; also occasionally talk a little. Dinner at one. P. M., and tea at six. Between these meals I read Theology and Miscellaneous Literature, diversified, as in the forenoon, by walking, &c., and occasionally by a nap, though I prefer taking the nap just before dinner. After tea, study Astronomy, or stand by the gangways (our great *loafing* places,) and look over into the sea, or talk with anybody who may come along. It is a time of general relaxation. The captain is smoking his cigar on deck, looking at the sails and stars, or talking and laughing with some of the passengers. The ladies are laughing and joking with Mr. B., and Mr. K. occasionally gives a lift when the conversation flags, or they come to me for a lesson in *Starology*, or they enter into a discussion with their brother, or—or—Oh, there's a great many things too tedious to mention. At eight, P. M., we have prayers in the cabin, and then an hour is spent sometimes in reading, or writing, or conversation. At nine we have nuts and raisins, &c., and then off to bed as soon as may be, unless I happen to go out on deck and get into conversation with the mate, which sometimes keeps me up longer.

Tuesday, Feb. 15th. Rain during the night, and quite a heavy shower in the morning. Caught about 100 gallons for the stock, and the men and boys washed a good many of their clothes, and hung them about the rigging to dry. It then fell dead calm, and the ship lay like a log on the water. The captain said it was just the kind of weather for sharks, and got the shark-hook rigged out, and baited with a piece of pork, and hung it out astern. Very soon a small shark showed himself, and seized it; the line was drawn in, and he was quickly on deck. He floundered about at a great rate, but was soon hauled to the middle of the vessel, and a handspike thrust down his throat; he then received several blows on the back of the head with a heavy iron hammer, and lay quite still. Although he was dead, and the second mate opened him, took out all the entrails, and washed the inside of his body—would you believe it?—after all this, he floundered about, and beat the deck violently with his tail, and looked so savage, that it was found necessary to thrust the handspike down his mouth again. He very soon died really, and we looked at him. He was five feet four inches from the nose to end of tail; fore fins, fifteen inches long; back fin, nine inches; tail, eighteen inches:

quite a young one. He had evidently been feeding pretty heartily, because in his stomach we found several large pieces of squid, a fish that is said to grow to as large a size as any in the ocean. There were a couple of little fishes swimming about him and clinging to his back, while in the water, and one of them clung so tight, that he came up on deck with him. It was a sucker, which I have in spirits, and will try to send home.

In the afternoon the mate caught a bonito, a fish about two feet long, and perhaps six inches in diameter in the middle. He was perfectly round in every part from the head to the tail; on the back he was of a most beautiful purple, and the belly was white and golden yellow in streaks, the colors gradually mingling with red. Altogether I do not wonder that the Portuguese called him bonito, the beautiful. The fins on the back and side fold up like a fan, and can be laid so close to the body that you may pass your hand over them without feeling them. Its great peculiarity, however, consists in the heart, which is double, the largest part being red and the other white. The abdominal cavity is very small, and the fish is almost a solid mass of flesh. We had part of it cooked, and it formed a not unpalatable dish.

Thursday, Feb. 17th. To-day I paid a visit aloft, and went out to the end of the main-top-gallant-yard, which is considerably higher than the cross-trees; but the reason I did it was, I found they had fixed a ladder from the cross-trees to the royal-mast, so that there was no difficulty. Being now used to being aloft, I sat on the yard-arm for some time and enjoyed the prospect. It is like being at the top of a steeple. I went up again by moonlight, and the view was very beautiful, even sublime.

We crossed the line sometime last night, and were at twelve M. in lat. 27′ south. That is a very good passage. It was just four weeks yesterday since leaving New York, and four weeks to-day since leaving Sandy Hook. This is one of the great divisions of our voyage. We shall now begin to ask how long it will be before we pass the Cape, and then, how long to the straits of Sunda?

Friday, Feb. 18th. Took the south-east trade-wind about four o'clock this morning, and we are now moving off gaily in a south-west course. We shall run down now towards South America.

This is my birth-day. Another mile-stone in the journey of my life is past. I have come by a smooth road so far, and it does not seem long; but I cannot tell what my road shall be hereafter, nor how long. I often feel, when I look back, as Milton did on the same occasion.

> "My hasting days fly on with full career,
> But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth."

But let them fly—

> "If I have grace to use them so,
> As ever in my great taskmaster's eye."

Aye—and let them speed their flight. I would not be impatient, I would not desert my post, however incompetent to fill it, nor however great its dangers, till my discharge comes. But if they hasten on,

> "They'll waft me sooner o'er
> This life's tempestuous sea,
> Then I shall reach the peaceful shore
> Of blest eternity."

This has been a very pleasant day; too warm to be in the sun, but in the upper cabin we had a cool breeze all day, and the awning and sails keep the sun from beating on the roof. A shoal of porpoises were playing under the bows of the vessel for some time, but they were "old fellows," and kept out of the harpoon's way. In the evening, saw the Southern Cross for the first time. It has not been visible before, until after I had gone to bed. I do not think, however, that any of the constellations I have seen are as splendid as that of Orion.

A 'booby' was flying about the ship for several hours this afternoon and evening, and we thought would have lighted on the rigging; but he did not. A 'noddy,' however, lighted on the topsail yard, but when the boys went up to catch him, he flew off to another part of the ship, and kept out of harm's way. The booby is, I should think, as large as a goose, with very long wings; the noddy, as large as a large pigeon. The reason why we saw so many fish and birds the other day was, that we were between the north-east and south-east trades, where probably many things, that they use as food, had been collected by the action of the winds and waves tending to the same point.

Saturday, Feb. 19th. A bark to the westward, bound in the same direction with ourselves; she is probably English, from "the cut of her jib." Hoisted our colors, and she hers; but as she is to leeward, we cannot see them well. Wrote a short letter this afternoon to send home, if we happen to speak a homeward-bound vessel. Mr. K. thinks we shall see one to-morrow; so does the captain. Why, it would be hard to say; I hope, however, it will not be before Monday.

Nothing bothers a sailor so much as a calm. We are now (ten P. M.) quite becalmed; and the second mate is walking about, and saying, "Anything but a calm. It takes all of Job's patience to bear this. I'd rather have a gale than this," &c. Yet to me it is very pleasant; perhaps it would not be if long continued; but this afternoon about five o'clock, it was very delightful. I took a chair and sat out on deck, under the shade of the sails. There was just a little light air that played about, making it pleasant; the sea was gently heaving, and almost as smooth as if it were molten glass, and the mild radiance of the setting sun was reflected on the clouds. All seemed just as Saturday evening ought to be, —preparing for the rest of the Sabbath. I took out the book, "American Poetry," which the Misses P.'s gave me, just five weeks

ago to-night, and read several of the devotional pieces. I had read some of them before, but they never seemed so beautiful. One of them was "The Farewell."

"My native land adieu, adieu,
My course is o'er the sea;
I sail upon the waters blue,
Far, far away from thee."

Talking with the ladies this evening, we concluded to form a Bible class, to meet once or twice a week, and study portions of the Old and New Testament. I do not know yet how it will turn out, nor how many of the passengers and officers will attend. It may lead to great results. It may not.

Sabbath, Feb. 20th. A very delightful day, except that we are becalmed most of the day. However, that made it all the pleasanter for me, on account of its being the Sabbath, and thereby giving us a quiet time. Preached on Ephesians v. 16, "Redeeming the time,"—a duty greatly neglected on shipboard. In the afternoon we did see a sail, homeward bound, but ten or twelve miles off, and the breeze so light, that there was no chance of our speaking her. The captain was greatly disappointed. He came away from home almost sick, and is very anxious to write to his wife. He is a very kind-hearted man, and often speaks of his family with very great affection.

Our sunsets now are very splendid. The sky is quite as beautiful as I ever saw it at Princeton; and if there were only the green fields and waving forests to receive the last rays of light, the prospect would be quite as fine as it commonly is on land. Captain Lovett is a great admirer of such scenes. After tea, I sat out at the stern alone, and sang over a number of our old favorite tunes. No one here cares much about music; and I generally go by myself when I wish to sing; but in a ship, with so many around, it is impossible to be all alone.

Monday, Feb. 21st. Trade-wind commenced blowing quite strong a little before daylight, and we are dashing on, seven or eight miles an hour. There is a good deal of motion in the ship, and I have felt rather *queer* all morning. In fact, had to lie down before dinner.

Tuesday, Feb. 22d. Still a good deal of motion, and all of us more or less "uncertain," and very quiet. Had a very heavy shower of rain this morning; and the watch on deck were busy washing their clothes. They generally roll up their trowsers above their knees, and then kneel down on deck, spread their clothes out before them, and scrub them with a scrubbing-brush. So much water runs about the decks when it rains, that they do not need a tub for the first soaking. They then rinse them out, and fasten them up in the fore-rigging to dry.

Shortly after the rain commenced, I looked out and saw the captain standing at the helm, with the wheel in his hands. He

has taken it, till the helmsman could go and get his oil-cloth jacket. This was a little thing, but "straws show which way the wind blows." Many a captain would not have showed so much consideration for a sailor. I think our crew are very well off. Their potatoes, and soup, and beef, often look very tempting; and as for their "duff," (a contraction for dough,) I have seen many a plum-pudding that did not look a bit better. They are also provided with pewter plates, and knives and forks, at their meals: this is an unheard-of allowance. "They are the first of their family that ever used them." It was thought at first that they would not care about having them; and the captain asked the cook one day, if the men took their plates? "Take them! why they call for them as regularly *as if they had a right to them!*" Our "gentlemen rope-handlers," as they call themselves, are a fine-looking set. I often notice their arms, which are large and strong.

This arises from their constant use of their arms, by which the muscles become very strongly developed. Almost all of them have some device tattooed on their arms. One has an anchor; another, a tree; another, a ship; some, a ship and the star-spangled banner; several have a young man and young woman hand-in-hand, very neatly done. They go about decks dressed in check or red flannel shirts, and trowsers, with low-crowned hats and shoes, or no shoes, just as suits their fancy. The sail-maker "likes these China voyages, a man don't wear out a pair of shoes in a year." Very few use suspenders; they hold their trowsers up by a leather belt round the waist; and to this belt is attached a sheath, in which they carry their knives: each one carries a butcher-knife, which, like the sailor himself, is a "jack of all trades." They use it to scrape the paint and tar off the ship, to cut and trim the ropes and sails, in most ships, to carve their salt beef with, and to supply at once the place of knife, fork, and spoon.

Thursday, Feb. 24th. A delightful, pleasant day. Captain "never knew so much fine weather at once on an outward-bound voyage." Having finished Neal's History of the Puritans, I commenced Bancroft, which is quite a relief. The evenings are so beautiful, and the moon shines with such brightness, that I have spent several of the past evenings on deck. Sometimes gazing on the evening sky, and suffering all kinds of calm imaginations to float through the mind, remembering and repeating scraps of poetry, like this—

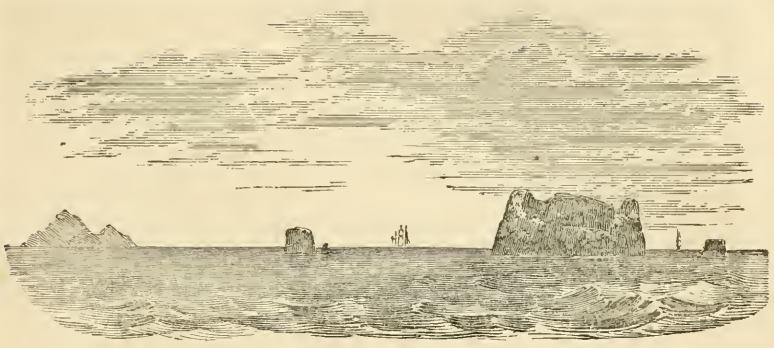
> "How many days with mute adieu,
> Have gone down yon untrodden sky,
> And still it looks as clear and blue
> As when it first was hung on high."

Sometimes learning the names of different stars, and comparing their colors and positions. You know what the Apostle says—"one star differeth from another star in glory." I often wonder

I never observed that before, for the glory of Sirius, with its more than lunar brightness, differs widely from the red blaze of Arcturus; and Canopus and Capella, and Regulus and Aldebaran, have colors that the vocabulary of the earth can hardly name. Truly the heavens declare the glory of God. At other times I walk on deck, and think of the past, and the present, and the future. Sunshine and showers, and smiles and tears, and lofty oaks and little flowers, mountains and valleys, and rich and poor,—where was the one ever seen, that the other was not by?

Had a long talk with the sailmaker to-night. He is by birth a Swede, but left Sweden at the age of four years; has been at sea twenty-eight years; shipwrecked three or four times; once, off Cape Horn; once, seven days without a mouthful of food; another time, seventeen days on so short an allowance, that at the end of that time hardly one of the crew could walk; once, nearly dead from an attack of fever caused by giving up tobacco, which he was obliged to resume again. He seems to be a serious sort of a man; has a number of pious phrases, and said that, "he could spend two Sundays as easily as one; always plenty to do on Sunday,"—meaning that the Sabbath never hung heavy on his hands. He says he reads his Bible a great deal, but often wishes he could get a great many parts of it explained, "which worry and bother" him. This was just what I wanted, and it was in fact the reason why I commenced talking with him, that I might propose the formation of a Bible class. I accordingly did so, and he seemed very glad, and said he would try and get some more to join him, and we shall probably make a commencement next Sabbath.

Monday, Feb. 28th. Fine weather still continues. On Saturday, saw a "Portuguese man-of-war", *i. e.* a little semi-transparent bubble, of a pale rose color, floating on the water. It is a sea animal substance; is something like jelly. In fine weather, a great many are occasionally seen about ships. They are of a triangular pyramidal form, and are very pretty little things. The captain prophesied that we should see land on Sunday, and also a sail. Sunday came—a fine day. "We always have fine weather on Sunday." Preached in the morning on the Messianic prophecies of Genesis; attention not so good as heretofore, and I was afterwards a good deal disappointed when the sailmaker told me that he had spoken to several of the men about forming a Bible class, but they were ashamed to be seen in such an employment; several "would like to, but if they did all the rest would be at them." However, I have not given up hope yet. We had hardly got through with the service in the morning, when the second mate, whose look-out it was, said that land was in sight. It was the Island of Trinidad, and the rocks of Martin Vas—Lat. 20° 28′ S. Long. 20° 50′ W. When we saw them first, they were twenty or thirty miles off; but we afterwards, in the course of the afternoon, passed within ten or twelve miles of the rocks of Martin Vas. If you will excuse my drawing, I will give you a sketch,



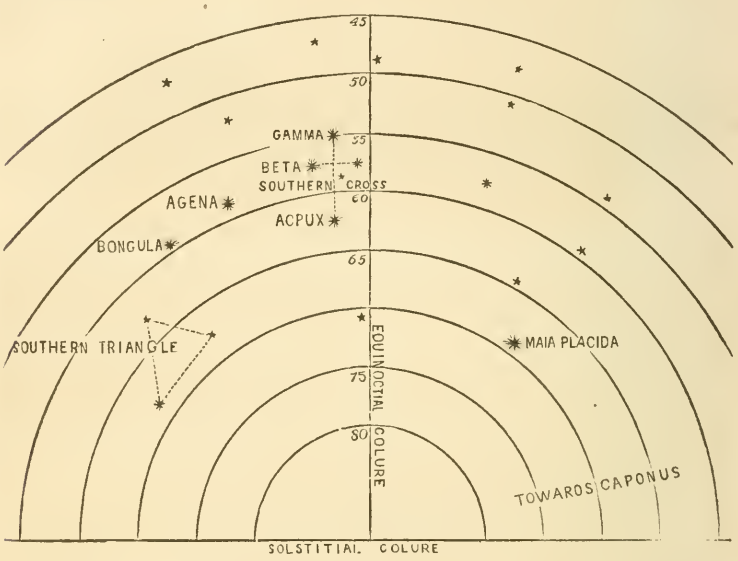
partly from some pencil marks at the time, and partly from memory. The rocks are quite barren. There are a few trees on Trinidad. It is very common for ships to pass along in sight of these rocks, their longitude being well-known, to test their chronometers.

I believe almost everybody on board "keeps a journal." The captain has his, the mates theirs, the ladies theirs. Most of the men in the forecastle have theirs. The boys down in the steerage each have one, and this evening I found Bennet writing up his journal too, though he is not able to read at all! So the voyage of the Huntress will not probably be forgotten entirely. Bennet puts down all the vessels we see, and the islands we pass. I asked him if he said anything about the whales? "Oh no, sir, I have been this way before, and they a'n't nothing strange to me."

Tuesday, March 1st. Even warmer than yesterday, and still less wind. What there is however is directly aft, and there is consequently a pleasant draft through the cabins. The poor cook has a warm place, a little before meal times. The captain went there after dinner to light his cigar, and found the cook wiping the sweat off his face. "Oh dear! dear! if it's 86° in the cabin, I'd like to know what it is here!" The boys put their shoes on today, to protect their feet on the hot decks. A sail has been in sight all day from the topsail-yard, but not from the decks, probably going like ourselves.

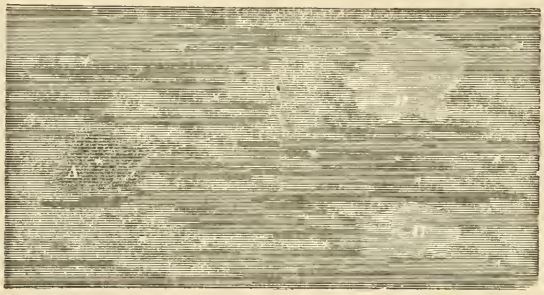
In the evening I was talking with the second mate. He was on a whaling voyage once, and in a boat which had struck a sperm whale. The animal went down and came up headforemost and mouth wide open, directly under the boat, and lifted it about eight feet out of the water. His teeth went through the bottom of the boat in several places; but he went down again, and let them down into the water without further injury. They managed to secure the whale, but they found it somewhat difficult to keep the water from coming into the boat too freely, at the holes his teeth had made.

Wednesday, March 2d. Rain in the morning, and a much pleasanter day. Progress slow. Have already lost all the comparative advantages of our speedy passage to the line, and the officers would now be willing to compound for ninety days to Angier, or even more.



After prayers I went out to gaze at the stars, paying particular attention to those about the south pole. I think that this is the most splendid part of the heavens; or at least, that it will very well compare with that part of which the constellation Orion is the centre. These stars are all seen at one view; and though there are a good many others around, yet they are all smaller than those I have put down, and also much less numerous than in other parts of the heavens, and consequently one sees the larger stars much more distinctly. Of those I have put down, the Southern Cross is a very beautiful object. It is more like a boy's kite, however. And the Southern Triangle is also very conspicuous, because there are almost no other stars near it. The most remarkable, however, of all these stars, is Bungula. It changes color every two or three minutes, from a bright red to a beautiful sea-green, and is constantly twinkling. Looking at it through captain's spy-glass, it showed the red and green colors combined. The captain says he can see only the twinkling, but Mr. B., the mate, and myself, have all remarked the alternations of red and green. These stars, however, are not the only wonders of this part of the heavens.

In clear nights when the moon is not shining, we see also the Magellan clouds. These are three in number, in the form of letter V.



A, at the vertex of the letter, is situated between Acrux and Beta in the cross. It is black, but right in the middle is a single star or luminous opening, that may be seen with the naked eye, and, examined through the telescope, is quite bright. B is a large, white cloud, but no stars are seen in it, at least not with the naked eye; and C is about one third as large. B and C are about as bright as the milky-way.

After gazing at these wonderful objects, I turned the spy-glass to look at the Pleiades. One has no idea on looking at them with the naked eye, of the number and beauty of the stars in the cluster, as seen through a spy-glass.

Thursday, March 3d. A little rain and wind in the morning; a dead calm from ten A. M. till after sunset; a sea as smooth as glass, all the while; showers after dark, and a light wind afterwards, which continued all the night, were the external appearances of this day. A solitary porpoise showed himself under the bows of the boat, but after playing about a little, as if in mockery of our motionless condition, he swam away. The motions of the porpoise are exceedingly rapid, and when the ship is going ten miles an hour, they will frequently collect together and sport in the foam, directly underneath her bows.

I had a long talk about cockroaches. The captain said he was in a ship where there were so many that the captain offered the boys a bottle of porter for every five hundred they caught, and that they often obtained that many in a single night. The porter, however, was sour, or he would not have been so liberal. I have seen none in this ship, which, from this account, is a great relief.

Saturday, March 5th. The men were at work on the rigging all day yesterday and to-day, and their long-drawn and strange cries, the development of the muscles of their limbs as they pulled and hauled about the rigging, and the numerous knots and splices and contrivances to secure the rigging, have afforded me a good

deal of instructive amusement. A sail has been in sight all day; an English top-sail schooner, going same course with ourselves, but not so fast; she has fallen astern.

It seems strange how the time passes away. I have never on land found it fly more swiftly than it has done this voyage. Sabbath comes and Monday, and, almost before I know it, Saturday night is back again. My employments still occupy all my time. I commonly prepare a sermon every week; and as I meet the ladies in a Bible class on Sabbath afternoon and Wednesday morning, that also takes time. I had hoped to have a class formed among the men, but am afraid I shall not succeed. They seem ashamed to be seen engaged in such an employment. I stand very much alone as to religious exercises; and the worst of it all is, that though I am engaged in the business, I have not the spirit of Paul. I look forward with much fear at times to this Chinese mission. It hardly seems possible, that I should do anything in less than twenty or thirty years; and yet I have never seriously allowed myself to anticipate that length of life. But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I do not regret in the least the course I have taken. I have never wished since I left home, that my face were turned back to the land of my fathers. Not that I have forgotten you, not that I do not prize its privileges. I feel most sensibly even here, that I should rejoice to go up once more with the great congregation to the house of God. I feel most deeply that there is an influence in the society of Christians to sustain the man of God, which he is not aware of, till removed from it. But when I look back on my short life, smooth and unruffled and unvaried by any striking occurrence as it may seem to others to have been, I can mark the way in which I have been led along by an unseen hand, severely tried and almost bowed to the earth, when others thought me gay and unconcerned. Yet upheld and impelled onward, time after time, when the indolence or the quietness of my own temper would have kept me back, I can say, "Thus far hath the Lord helped me;" and surely I can say, "Not unto me, but to thy name give the glory." If my master has so long led me and fed me in the wilderness, if he has so long guided me on the voyage of life, and has showed me so many favors hitherto, he will surely still keep me and bring me at length to my "desired heaven." If I might but give some proof that the religion I profess is not in vain, if I might but glorify in some feeble degree the Saviour who has so graciously redeemed me, then I could rejoice and die. Yet perhaps it is best for me to see little fruit to my labors in my lifetime, that I may not depend on anything short of the righteousness of Christ Jesus. It would be dangerous for me to be looked up to as some great one. "The Lord reigneth—let the earth rejoice." It is well that He chooses our lot, and appoints us our work. My life has not been long, but it has been amply long enough to show me that I should fail most wofully, if I had the sole care of my own course.

Monday, March 7th. Yesterday was a beautiful day, and my mind was at peace. I preached on Phil. ii. 6-11, with more ease and fluency, and was listened to with more attention, than at any time since coming on board; and when the evening shades came over the sea, I was happy still. During the day I brought out a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress, and laid it on the table. In a very short time Mr. B. was reading it very busily, and when he laid it down, the captain took it up. "The Pilgrim's Progress!" said he, "I read this a long time ago, I think I would like to read it again." He commenced right away, and has been reading at it very busily since. He said this evening that he liked his book very much. Yesterday evening the sunset was very beautiful. I would try and describe it, but can give you no adequate idea of it. You will perhaps wonder that I write so much about the sky and stars, but except in our own little world on board there is nothing but sea and sky to write about.

Tuesday, March 8th. Something of a squall this morning. I used to think "squalls" were sudden and fearful short storms, but the word seems to be used at sea with reference to every shower or gust that passes along. There is usually more or less rain and wind in the squalls, and unless they are light it becomes necessary to take in several of the light sails. A great deal of rain fell this morning, and after the decks were pretty well washed by it, the men stopped up the scuppers, and let the ducks and geese out to wash themselves. The poor creatures seemed to enjoy the sport very much, and played about in the water for an hour with great glee. I pity the geese especially. They are cooped up in a space which is necessarily too small, and having no access to water to wash in, (it is not good to wash them in salt water,) they become very dirty, get cross, and fight with each other; and such a treat as they had to-day will do them more good than anything else that could be conceived of.

Wednesday, March 9th. A fine clear day and fair breeze. Thermometer varying from 69° to 71°, and feeling so cold, (day before yesterday it was 81°, and the day before that 85° in the shade,) that woollen stockings and coats are in request again. Saw several little birds about the size of a large swallow flying about the ship for several hours. I have been quite surprised to see so many birds so far away from land. For several weeks past, there has scarcely been a day when we have not seen some. And several times we have seen large flocks,—once or twice so large, that even on land they would excite attention.

There is now no probability of our meeting any more vessels, as we are out of the course of homeward-bound ships. The "old man" says it is quite a relief not to be afraid of running foul of ships at night. When he was in the Liverpool trade, he said he could hardly sleep at night for fear of encountering some of the many ships that are constantly crossing the Atlantic.

I went up to the cross-trees to look out on the ocean, and the

scene was indescribably grand. For several miles all around, the sea was covered with large waves, each wave breaking into masses of foam many yards in extent, and the noise of the winds and waves together made it impossible for me to hear Mr. B., who called to me to "go up higher." The sun was shining almost all day, which added greatly to the splendor of the scene. Several albatrosses have been flying about the ship, and, though she goes eight or ten miles an hour, they make nothing whatever of flying around her, sailing off a mile or two on each side and astern, and then coming up again. It is wonderful with what ease they fly. They will go a mile without any apparent motion of their wings, and that too in the face of a gale, that sent us ploughing up the waves at the rate of ten or eleven miles an hour. In fact they fly better when there is a gale than in a calm. It is very hard for them to rise off the water, unless there is some wind going, but if there is any wind, they turn their heads to it, and are speedily in the air. They will skim over the water when it is rough with waves six or eight feet high, and never wet a feather. The captain says they have several joints in their wings, (which are prodigiously long,) and when the wind is strong, they "take in a reef and shorten sail." I used to think they were all of one size and color, but they are not. One that I saw was of "the first magnitude."—wings extending ten feet or more. There are others of the second, third, and fourth magnitudes. They do not appear, however, nearly so large when seen flying as when on deck. Some are white, some are dusky brown, some are brown on the backs of the wings and white on the body above and beneath, and on the lower part of the wings. Some have a dark belt or ring round the neck, and some are somewhat mottled. I have not seen any other varieties of color. One old brown fellow flew so close to the ship's stern, that I could see the white of his eyes.

Monday, March 14th. Preached yesterday on Phil. iii. 1—11. But it being quite a calm, the swell caused the ship to roll so much, and the rudder creaked so constantly, as it always does in a calm, that I had not much satisfaction in the exercises. Bible class, as usual. Mr. B. always attends, though he takes no active part. I find this quite an interesting and profitable service.

The weather, after being very cold for three or four days, began to moderate yesterday morning, and now is very comfortable. The wind is from the north; which in this part of the world is our warm wind. I think the sunsets in this part of this hemisphere are different from those in the United States, but I have not yet observed them sufficiently to state wherein that difference consists. It would be endless to describe every sunset, to say nothing of the impossibility of giving you any idea of sights which I can find no words in any language I know to describe.

It is just eight weeks to-day since leaving New York. I hardly feel as if I ought to say, "since leaving *home*," because it seems as if I had no right to say "home." Ps. cxix. 19. I can truly say

I never knew eight weeks to pass so rapidly away. Our vessel does not seem to glide more swiftly and smoothly over the waves, than does my time on its course. Last summer on my trip to Michigan, when I was gone just eight weeks, my time seemed to be slowly passing, and I was anxious to return home. Perhaps it was because I had not then severed the cords that bound me to my father's house, and I felt their attraction. Now, when those cords are severed, and I know not that I shall ever be drawn by them again, I feel as if I was really cut loose, and going where Providence may lead me. Yet my thoughts often revert back, and I feel as if I could wish, though I do not, that I might once more return; but I cannot see anything that leads me to cherish the expectation of returning; and I prefer not to think much of it. That, however, does not keep me from thinking of you and wondering how you are. I never see Chun Sing tripping about the decks, but it reminds me of the way Reuben used to come laughing from school, and of an evening when seated around the table, the ladies with their work, and myself with a book or chatting, it reminds me of other days.

Yesterday evening as I was looking up at the stars, one of the sailors, a young man of very intelligent countenance and pleasing manner, with whom I had exchanged a few words several times before, came up to me and began to speak of the stars; then of the delight one finds in knowledge. This led me to remark, what a proof that was of the immortality of the soul, that it was constantly expanding in capacity. He then asked me in a very serious manner, what I thought of the question, "Are any of the heathen saved who never heard of Christ?" I told him I thought not,—speaking of adult heathen; and mentioned several passages in Romans, that induced me to think as I did. This led him to say, that he had been in the habit of reading the Bible every day on this voyage, but he found a great many things he could not make out or understand. I offered him any assistance in my power, for which he seemed very grateful, and said he would avail himself of it. He then said, "What is it to be religious? A young lady asked me when in New York last time—'Are you religious?' I said, 'Of course I am. I believe in Christ,—that he is the Son of God,—that he did live on the earth, and that he died to save men's souls'—was I right in saying I am religious?" I told him that what he believed was not all that was necessary; that many bad men, and even the devils, could say, they believed that much. "That's true," said he, with a good deal of emphasis. I then went on to explain what true faith was, but much to my regret the watch was soon changed and he had to leave me. I hope to see him again, however, before long. I could not help thinking at the time, how little one can tell of what is passing in the minds of others. A few weeks ago, as I was thinking over the character of the men on board, I had set it down in my mind, that this young man would be the least

likely to think of religion of almost all on board. There seemed to be a sort of "don't care about it" air in him. I regret that I have very few opportunities of much intercourse with the men. There are almost always several of them together. Indeed I scarcely ever see one alone, except the man at the wheel; and it is against the rules to talk with him: consequently I have few means of influencing them except on the Sabbath. The ship is so well supplied with tracts, through Mr. Gillespie's care, that I find but little use for mine.

Saturday, March 19th. Though busy all the time, nothing special has occurred to be noticed since Wednesday. We have had a fine breeze ever since, that has carried us on bravely; and if it had only held out would probably have carried us to the longitude of the Cape to-morrow. To-day is Saturday, however, and the wind has fallen considerably since last night. It is clearing up for Sunday. There is, however, a great deal of swell in the ocean, so much so that at times we are in danger of losing our seats, and taking a berth on the floor. Last night in the cabin, we had quite a little scene. The ship gave a sudden lurch, which nearly sent the little lamp on the floor. Miss G. caught hold of it, but as there was some oil on it as well as in it, she got a quantity on her hands, and nearly lost her balance; besides, Mr. B. started up at the same time to catch the lamp, and before he had time to take two steps, found himself nearly at full length on the floor; while Mrs. G. and myself found ourselves involuntarily coming very close to each other. However, no damage was done, and we had a hearty laugh at each other. This morning Mr. B. and myself were walking on deck, and a sudden roll to leeward, as we were walking over a wet spot, caused his foot to slip and down he came. As he fell his foot touched mine, and I went after him, and we had another laugh at each other, and were laughed at by others who saw us scrambling up again. It is now quite cool. Thermometer, 58° to-day. Have all my winter clothes on, and have begun to think of my over-coat and cloak. There has been some talk of having the stove up, but scarcely any of us wishes it. There is a constant rolling in the sea, and one might get his fingers scorched by coming too near the stove, when the ship rolls.

We all seem to move on very harmoniously, and the time seems to roll rapidly on. Mr. K. is the most desirous of seeing the end of our voyage, and often talks of Angier and China. This morning, Miss G. remarked, "How quickly the Saturdays come round!" "Ah!" said Mr. K., "that's because of your French lessons." Miss G. does not study with us, but she seems to enjoy the occupation as much as any one. Nearly every morning, Mr. B. and Mrs. G. sit down together to study out the lesson, and it is quite amusing to hear them trying to translate the hard places. Mr. B. has a great deal of that humor which enlivens without dazzling, and Mrs. G. puts on a sober countenance, and asks him questions,

pretending at times to scold him, but evidently enjoying his sallies of humor very much; while Miss G. sits by with her work, at times laughing heartily at a mistake, or a joke, or a puzzled look, as the case may be.

Sabbath, March 20th. A fair pleasant day to commence with, but soon clouded over. Preached on 2 Tim. iii. 16; but as there was some wind, and a heavy sea, which there is constantly here, the mizzen-mast creaked dreadfully, and I had little satisfaction in the services. Besides, I saw it was growing darker, and the men were looking out occasionally, as if a squall were coming. The services were no sooner over than they were called to the ropes to take in some of the sails. So we had it, showers and sunshine, the rest of the day. About nine A. M., the breeze freshened, so that we went on ten miles an hour. This has continued till the present time, Monday, P. M. About dark, things looked so squally, that it was thought necessary to send down the main royal-yard—the fore and mizzen-royals had been sent down several days ago—and we had showers and squalls till I went to bed, after ten P. M. Going out about seven A. M., I found that the greater part of the sails were furled, and we were driving on under close-reefed topsails. The ship looked very bare with so many of her sails taken in, and as the sea was high, she rolled more than I ever knew her to do before. The wind whistled through the rigging, and our ship dashed on like a frightened bird; but everything is snug and secure, and as far as we can see, there is no reason for alarm. Several little birds are flying about, and apparently enjoying the commotion of the water. As I looked at them, several times to-day, I thought of the words of our Saviour, "Not one of them falleth to the ground without your heavenly Father. Will he not much more save you, O ye of little faith!" It is pleasant to be thus reminded of the presence of our all-gracious God.

In consequence of this gale, we have made in twenty-four hours more than two hundred and fifty miles; the best day's work, Captain L. says, he has ever made. We shall also be in the longitude of the Cape to-day, making this the most speedy of the seven voyages he has made round it. Surely the winds and the waves have had charge over us. The air is cool, but we are all in fine spirits, and none of us sea-sick in the least. Owing to the motion of the ship, it was almost impossible to sit on a chair, and after several expedients, we took the long cushion off the transom, and laid it down on the floor, and sat on it somewhat *à la Turque;* yet even then we could scarcely keep our seats, but were several times sliding off to the other side of the cabin. It was, as you may suppose, rather an amusing scene.

Tuesday, March 22d. The waves were even higher than yesterday, and were much broken, so that to look out astern, or off from the side of the ship, there seemed to be a large number of rocky hills in the sea, and the ship was making her way over and between them. I have seen nothing so grand since the voyage

commenced. The waves would mount up twenty feet or more, and burst into a wide sheet of foam; while still further off, the white foaming tops of others would lift themselves up in the horizon, and the constant dashing and roaring of the waves combined together to fill the mind with exalted ideas of Him, who holds the waters in the hollow of his hands, and stilleth the noise of their waves. "An undevout astronomer is mad," but surely a careless sailor is worse: with the tokens of God's power and presence everywhere around him, one would think he could not move a muscle without thinking of his Maker and Preserver. Yet, alas! he does not like to retain God in his knowledge. But though the scene was grand, it was not very comfortable on board. Such constant rolling and tossing and pitching of the ship, made it almost impossible to study; and it was very fatiguing either to sit, stand, or walk. To lie down was useless, unless one was bolstered up on both sides. We had quite a scene at the table. One of the ladies, just before sitting down, had been thrown, by a sudden and violent lurch, clear across the cabin; and had she not managed to catch by the door, would have gone headlong into the pantry. As it was, she sprained her arm slightly. After we sat down, we had another sudden roll, and the salt-cellar turned over between Mr. K. and myself; then the milk jug emptied about half its contents into the butter dish, and the bread and plates and knives and forks began to look about them, as if they thought of going overboard. It then became quiet again, and we thought we should have some peace, when another roll came along, and each one seized all he or she could lay hold of, and sat and looked at the other articles flying about the table. I went to bed quite tired, and having a cushion at my back to keep me from banging against the side of my berth, managed to sleep pretty well.

Thursday, March 24th. The wind began to freshen last night after dark, and at eight o'clock all hands were called, and a reef taken in, in the main-sail and the top-sail, and the fore-top-gallant-sail was furled. Turned in at my usual hour, but was wakened about one in the morning by an exceedingly heavy shower, which beat down on deck with an amazing force. I did not yet get up, but soon found by the motion that the wind had risen, and the ship rolled exceedingly.

I think the sailing of the albatross is one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, and when several of them are together, it is really grand. The other day I saw eight of the largest size close together, and they flew up and down, and one way and the other, and in circles, and crossed each other's paths so rapidly, that the eye could hardly follow them in their flight. They move with such perfect ease, and have such complete command over their motions—at one time darting off like an arrow from a bow full bent, then slowly rising in the air and floating almost motionless in the sky, then careering round the ship when at her full speed, as if contemning her comparative sluggishness,—I have watched

them by the hour. The beauty of their motions amply compensates for what may be called the ungracefulness of their bodies. I do not think their shape handsome, though doubtless it is the best for their modes of life. How pleasant it is for the Christian to think, when he looks at these birds, that they are not beings in which he need feel no interest: they are made by his best friend, and he sees in them new proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God. It is transporting to be able to say, "My Father made them all."

Saturday, 26th. Last night we had a strong wind, which kept the ship steady. This afternoon the wind gently died away; for an hour we had a perfect calm. The ocean, however, even in the most perfect calms, is never still. The surface may become glassy, but there is a constant heaving; and commonly, in calms, we see what Edwards calls "continual, infinitely various, successive changes of unevenness on the surface of the water." The sun is setting in a cloudy sky, and we shall probably have a gale in a very short time.

Monday, 28th. Yesterday we had a fine breeze all day, though rather too much ahead. The ship pitched a good deal, which made some of our company feel quite unpleasant. Preached on John iii. 6. The mizzen rigging had been set up the day before, and there was no creaking. I found it a little difficult to stand steadily, when the ship pitched, but in other respects was very well placed, and the services were attended to as well as I have seen them before. I have no doubt, however, some of my hearers would think it was "a hard saying," though I heard no remarks.

Numerous stormy petrels were flying about the ship in the forenoon, but our expected storm did not come. The air, however, was exceedingly damp all day and all this morning. It is now, however, clearing away, and the sun is shining very pleasantly.

Tuesday, 29th. The sail we saw yesterday is out of sight now. We have walked away from her, and made five degrees of longitude in twenty-four hours. It is remarkable how fond a whole ship's company are of praising a good ship: the captain says, "The Huntress steers like a duck;" Mr. K., "We had a famous run last night;" one of the boys, "The Huntress can't be beat;" mate, "What better than this would any one want?" The fog and mist came down again last night like small rain; they call it a Scotch mist. It is caused by the northerly wind, which we have had for several days; the wind becomes charged with vapors in the warm latitudes north of this, which become visible in this cool place; though for several days past, owing to some north wind, the weather has been very pleasant.

I suppose Roberts is to-day finishing his last session but one at College. I can hardly realize that it is five years since I was in the same situation. It was just a little before that, perhaps two or three months, that I had decided to be a missionary. What shall happen in the next five years? I am beginning to feel pretty

strongly the responsibility resting upon me, in my first movements in China, and could wish I were safely landed at Singapore. The rest of our passengers are talking with great animation of Angier, and the delicious fruits, &c., which Mr. K. tells them they shall find there. We hope to be at Angier in two or three weeks. Mrs. G. talks most of Hong Kong, where her husband is, and of home.

"Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! 't is sure I love thee,
Yet to thee *I've* said farewell."

Yet it may be, that I alone of this ship's crew shall ever see home again; who knows? But I do not wish that it should be so.

Saw a very large flock of stormy petrels to-day; also saw a very large albatross rising high in the air, and hovering with his bill to the wind; also saw the clouds to the north in a position which sailors call an "eye." All these, the mate says, are signs of an approaching gale. The wind is rising some, the barometer falling a little, and the spray frequently dashing over the ship's side. We shall see whether the signs are true or not.

Friday, April 1st. This has been a cold, unpleasant day. Heavy clouds almost all the time, and though no rain, yet so damp that my hands had a cold clammy moisture on them all the time. Everything felt damp and chilly. The wind was very strong ever since yesterday evening, and we have come two hundred and seventy miles in twenty-four hours. In six days we have run fourteen hundred and twelve miles, and all with one wind. No one on board this ship ever saw such sailing. At the same time the wind has been so steady, that there has been comparatively little motion in the ship. Surely it is not luck that has thus brought us on.

Saturday, April 2d. About half past five, P. M., yesterday, while the wind was as strong as ever, the mate told me it was going to change to the opposite side, and "blow great guns." I went into my room about six. I had not been there half an hour, before I felt the ship rolling from side to side, and on going out, I found that the wind had "broken off short," and light puffs of air were coming from the opposite quarter. The ship was rolling about and making very little progress; so it continued till about three o'clock this morning, when our old wind, or one very much like it, came back again, and we are now dashing on as before; so our wise ones were mistaken as to the course of the expected wind. But it was certainly very remarkable, that after the wind should blow strongly, without a moment's intermission, for six days, it should all at once break off, and then after a short interval re-commence.

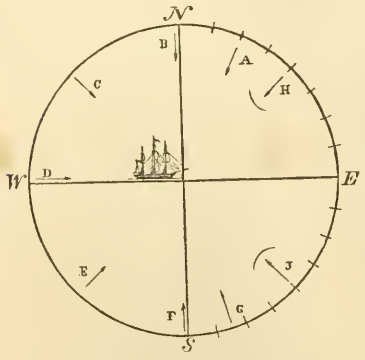
Monday, April 4th. The wind began to increase towards evening on Saturday so much, that we anticipated a rough night. At eight, P. M., all hands were called, and a reef taken in the topsails.

About eleven, P. M., just as I was falling asleep, I was wakened by a loud order, "Furl the maintop-gallant-sail." It was near midnight before I got asleep, and I was wakened several times by the noise of the men at the ropes. The Sabbath dawned with every appearance of an unpleasant day. Soon after breakfast I was talking with the mate on deck, and before I well knew it, found myself well covered by a shower of spray, much to the amusement of Mr. B., who saw me, and of the mate, who having himself escaped with a slight sprinkling, said, "I'm very sorry for you, Mr. Lowrie, but really, I can't help laughing at you." There was too much motion, and too much prospect of a gale, to have preaching; and being cold and damp, it was a very unpleasant day. None of us felt very well, and we were all glad to turn in. Meanwhile the wind had gone on increasing; occasionally rain fell; barometer falling; captain on deck almost all the time. By eight, P. M., all the topsails were close-reefed, and all the upper and lighter sails carefully furled. The ship rolled a good deal, and it was hard to sleep. About eleven, P. M., I heard the men working at the mizzen-topsail-sheets, just above my head, and concluded they were furling that sail, a pretty good sign that the gale was increasing. Awoke several times afterwards, and always heard them working at the ropes; two or three times knew by the singing that all hands were called, and on going out before breakfast time, found the gale had so increased that we were lying to, under close-reefed main-topsail, and main-spencer. Sky overclouded, wind whistling, as if our ship was some vast Æolian harp, and the sea heaped up around in wild confusion. Very little water, however, came over the sides of the ship, and the sun soon came out, and made things look more cheerful. Still the wind has blown violently all day, and we have lain to, making almost no progress, but drifting off to the south. We expected to have seen St. Paul's to-day, but the wind has driven us so far out of our course, that we shall not probably see it at all. Captain Lovett was up and out all last night, and all this forenoon. About noon the barometer began to rise.

About four o'clock the wind having moderated and hauled aft, while I was writing the above, I heard the order, "Loose the fore-topsail." "Good!" thought I, laying down my pen and running out. All hands were called; fore and mizzen-topsails, (close-reefed,) fore and mainsails, and fore-topmast-staysails, were set to the breeze, and a reef shook out of the main-topsail, and we are again on our way, after lying to just twelve hours. So we have had a storm. I do not think, however, that the sight has been as grand as what we saw ten days ago. It has been a pretty anxious time for the officers. Captain L. after being up all night and all forenoon, lay down in his berth for about an hour, and then came out again. I asked him if he had had any sleep? "Well, I don't know. but I believe I did. Every time the ship made a deep roll, though, I was awake."

Tuesday, April 5th. Strong breeze and very heavy swell. The sea is "troubled, and it cannot rest," but the sun is shining down brightly, and we speed on our way across the foaming waves. A shoal of porpoises were playing about the ship this afternoon. The vessel was going nine miles an hour, and dashing the foam away in immense volumes, but they played about under her bows and in the foam, as if she were at anchor. The mates tried to harpoon some of them, but did not succeed. The harpoon went into one of them, and he was hauled several feet out of water, but the iron did not hold, and he got off. Sailors say the porpoises play about that way before a gale of wind. Saw also an albatross sailing up very high in the air; another sign. Quite a flock of albatrosses showed themselves a little after sunset. I saw seven of the largest size flying close together; but it was too cold to stand and watch them.

Thursday, April 7th. Yesterday was a very pleasant day, though rather cool; sun shone all day, and a moderate wind carried us gently on. To-day the wind is strong, and in fact is increasing so that we have had a reef taken in each of the topsails, and all the sails above furled. The wind is so nearly ahead, that we cannot keep our course, but are going more to the northward than is desirable. It is surprising to see in how many different directions one can go with the same wind, or how one may make winds that blow in opposite directions send him forward in the same course. This is done by shifting the yards, so that the sails may obtain the full benefit of the different breezes. Thus, one going from west to east, as we are, can proceed with any one of the winds represented by the arrows A, B, C, &c., to G. Of these winds, C and E are the best, because they strike all the sails, while a wind from D would not. Pilot boats can go with the wind H and J, i. e. within "four points;" ships cannot go within "six points." Each of the quadrants above are supposed to be divided into eight points, as in the mariner's compass. The wind we have to-day is G, or S. S. E. I'm at a loss to know how you will receive this disquisition. If you did not know these things before, I take it for granted you will be glad to learn them; but if you did, then I beg pardon for troubling you on the subject.



Saturday, April 9th. After rather a restless night, owing to the ship's rolling so much, I went out in the morning and found all sails set, and studding-sails out; so we are "out of the woods now." with a fair prospect before us. This has been a very pleasant day, though our course has been rather slower than usual.

However, "we are glad, because we be quiet," and hope soon to be brought to our "desired haven."

Sabbath, April 10th. A most beautiful day. The sun has been shining out of a blue sky, upon a still deeper blue ocean, and the light fleecy clouds have hung around the sky as if delighted spectators of the peaceful scene. Although not going rapidly, we have still gone fast enough to leave no room for impatience, and consequently nearly all are in a good humor.

Preached on John iii. 3: the nature and necessity of regeneration; and was very attentively listened to. The mate told me afterwards he was talking with "Boston Bill" about my sermon, and asked him if he did not think there was a great deal of truth in it. He answered, "he believed there was;" but he quoted from my sermon the remark, that Christians would try to do good to others, and then said, "Now I've been with men who said they were Christians, and yet they were trying to injure others all the time." This is one of the many excuses men make for continuing in impenitence. Another that has equal weight with the better educated part of our company is, that "Christians are always quarrelling among themselves." I think I shall prepare a sermon on the text, "And they all began with one consent to make excuse." Bible class as usual in the afternoon; so pass away our Sabbaths. I sometimes wish I could again go up to the sanctuary with the great congregation; but I find that that God, who is "the confidence of all the ends of the earth," is also the confidence "of them that are far off upon the sea." I have taken "the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea." Yet, even here! "His hand leads me, and his right hand upholds me." What a glorious thing it is to serve such a God! to be able to say, "This God is *our* God forever and ever!"

Tuesday, April 12th. Pleasant weather still. A sail in sight about two o'clock; soon came near enough to make out that she was a whaler. She ran up the star-spangled banner, and we the same; presently she crossed our bows, and coming, or rather falling nearer, ran up her flag again—a sign that she wanted to speak; so we took in all our light sails, and put the yards round so as to make the ship go slower, and she came up astern, but in speaking distance. Asked us where we were from, and if we had any papers to spare. Captain answered, "Yes," and we held on till her boat could come alongside. They speedily lowered one, and half a dozen men jumped down into it, and came dancing over the waves to us. Their boat was sometimes almost hidden by the waves, but they did not seem to mind them at all. They were soon alongside, and their mate and a couple of men came up on deck. They were rough-looking customers compared with our crew, though the latter were in their every-day dress. It was the ship Palladium, of New Bedford; out eight months; had 1000 barrels of oil from sixteen whales; had not seen land for four months; had been south among the icebergs; were going to New Holland

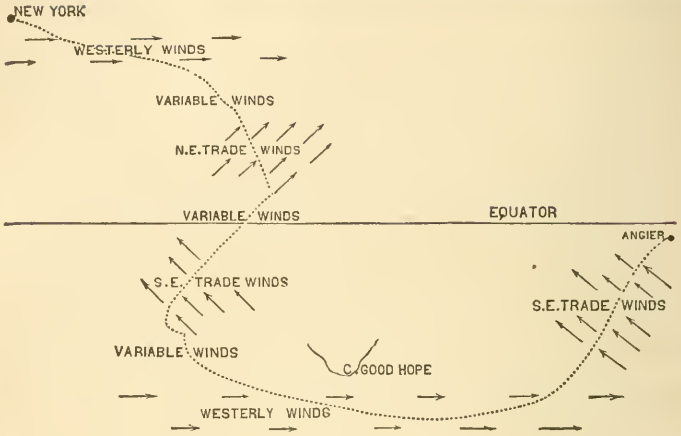
soon; crew of thirty men. I asked the mate if they had any books. "Well, yes, some; but what we have, have been read pretty often." Captain gave him two or three dozen of newspapers, and I hastily wrapped up a handful of Tracts, and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and Pike's "Religion and Eternal Life," and with a silent prayer for a blessing on them, gave them to him. He then asked the captain if he could spare them any vegetables; and got a keg full of potatoes and onions, &c., and then off again. They have men constantly aloft, one at the fore and one at the main-mast-head, who are relieved every two hours. In this way they saw us several hours before we saw them. I ought to have said above, that before I had fully decided to offer any tracts, Mr. Gillespie asked me "Where my tracts were," for which stirring up of my mind by way of remembrance, I was very grateful. He had fixed up a small bundle for such an occasion himself, but could not find it at the time; so he wrapped up a few in a "Pictorial Brother Jonathan," and told the mate of the other vessel to "put that in his hat." I asked the man if they had any Bibles on board. "Oh, yes! we belong to a strong temperance concern." As our captain says, "I would like to lean over their fore-scuttle at night, and hear what those old fellows will say of us." Unless our crew informed their men otherwise, they will probably imagine that there are two young missionaries in this ship, Mr. B. and myself, with their wives! The men seemed greatly embarrassed by the appearance of our ladies, as they were in their every-day dress, which, in their occupation, is necessarily a very ordinary-looking one; and the perfect cleanness of our ship would contrast strongly with their oil-stained, weather-worn vessel.

You can hardly conceive the pleasure such a rencontre gives to one who, for three months, has seen only the same faces and the same scenes. It seems to expand the feelings that have become contracted to our own little sphere, and to connect us once more with the great world of mankind, some of whose representatives we have just met. We all seem to be in better spirits, and to talk as if under the influence of some excitement. Numberless are the conjectures we have formed already, of their feelings and occupations, &c. But it's late, past ten, P. M. with us, though it is hardly noon with you, and I am too sleepy to pen anything more.—Good night.

Wednesday morning, April 13th. Dreamed last night that I was just leaving home. that you had all come down to the ship except sister Mary, who could not bear the idea of saying farewell under such circumstances, and would not come down. We were about to exchange the last words, when I awoke, and was glad to find that I had not again to undergo the pain of parting. I suppose my dream was caused by having seen the vessel yesterday, which carried my mind back to the country from which we both came.

I believe the mind is always thinking; even when we sleep and do not remember it afterwards, we have been thinking. Now the dream I had this morning occurred just while I was awaking, and was probably the close of a great many flights of fancy of a similar kind. Wonder what I was thinking of all night; how many visits I paid you all; and how many old scenes came up before my mind. Shall I ever know? Can it be possible that all these thoughts that pass in the night, and we do not recollect them, are forever gone? Perhaps in another world we may recognize, among the sensations we shall then experience, some that have visited us, "in the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon us." Who knows but that the ideas, that in some favored seasons gush up so copiously in our minds, are but transcripts of our unremembered meditations? I was laying out the plan of a sermon yesterday on the text "and they all with one consent," &c., and scarcely ever found my ideas flow so readily. I know I was dreaming of that subject only a night or two before, for I recollect of answering, in my sleep, an objection against the doctrine of election, made by one of our company. Who knows how much our conduct is shaped during the day by the impressions our dreams in the night, even though we knew not that we dreamed, may have left upon our minds? But I beg pardon. I had no idea of philosophizing in this way. I wonder if this disquisition is the transcript of some metaphysical train of thought I had in some of my dreams lately. It certainly came unexpectedly, "from mine own heart, so to my head, and thence into my fingers trickled. Then to my pen, from whence immediately on paper I did it dribble daintily." As honest John Bunyan says of a much more instructive dream.

Friday, 15th March. A strong breeze was blowing all day yesterday, and had not the news been almost too good to be true, we should have thought it the south-east trade. However, it continues to-day, and there can be little doubt that we have the looked-for wind. Thus we are going gaily on our course, without having to beat about among the variable winds that are commonly found between the regular western winds in Lat. 40° and the trade-wind, which commonly is taken in Lat. 28° south. We had anticipated being delayed thus for three or four days, whereas we had no sooner lost the western winds, than this wind took us up. These are very curious things. In Lat. 40° north and south, and for several degrees on each side, the wind blows from the west almost constantly; from about 30° to 10° or 5°, north and south, they blow from the north-east and south-east respectively; these are the north-east and south-east trades. On each side of the equator for a few degrees, variable winds prevail; and commonly between the western winds and the trade-winds there is a space of several degrees where the winds vary a good deal. It has been by these regular winds that we have made the greatest part of our voyage.



Excuse the rudeness of my diagram. The line sketches roughly our course from New York to Angier. We first came well to the east, by the regular westerly winds; then south-east across the north-east trade. Then crossing the equator with variable winds, we ran off well to the westward, across the south-east trade. Then after going as we could for several days among changing winds, we struck the great south range of westerly winds, which brought us from Long. 20° W. to Long. 90° E., nearly 6000 miles. One breeze alone during that part of our voyage carried us 1430 miles in six days and two hours. The arrows in my diagram mark the course of the regular winds.

What grand things these winds are! Just to think of one breeze blowing steadily for days together over a space of a thousand or fifteen hundred miles, ruffling the surface of the old ocean, and playing with a giant strength among his hoary locks! And then when the rain comes down in wide-spread torrents, and the voice of the thunder sounds along the waves, how does the grandeur of the scene put to shame our bellows and our watering-pots, our mimic experiments, and our boasted inventions for controlling the laws of nature! Who can talk of the greatness of man, when surrounded by such proofs of the omnipresent power of God? True, it is a wonderful thing to see a little ship urge onward her course among such mighty elements, and some may say, "Behold here the power of man! superior to the winds and the waves." But who filled man's heart with the wisdom to invent and guide a vessel over such abysses, amid such contending forces? He may laugh when it is calm, but when storms arise, and he is "at his wits' end," he will acknowledge that there is a God who reigneth in the earth; and, blessed be his name! he is "*Our Father.*"

Saturday, April 16th. In the torrid zone again. Warm in the

sun, and extremely pleasant in the shade. Our old friends the albatrosses left us several days ago. I do not recollect seeing any large ones since last Tuesday, the day we spoke the whaler. To-day we are within six hundred miles of New Holland. Our course now is nearly north. "Sail, O!" Another ship coming this way, a whaler; passes about five miles off, and runs up the star-spangled banner, or "Gridiron" as the sailors call it. No time to stop; in an hour she is out of sight. A dull life they must have of it. Cruising about for months at a time, and not seeing a whale; nothing in the world to do.

Saturday night, ten o'clock. We are now directly on the opposite side of the globe from you, or within one degree of it, so that with you it is ten, A. M. Saturday night! and the Sabbath draws near. If I could spend every week as pleasantly as I have spent the past, I could rejoice in long life; but it is pleasant to think, that there remaineth—after all the privileges of this world—still, "there *remaineth*, over and above them all, a rest—a σαββατισμος, —a keeping of Sabbath, for the people of God." Rest is sweet; and O, to think of rest from sin, rest from temptation, rest from disappointment, rest from sorrow, rest in the peaceful haven after long toiling over the uncertain, restless ocean, and long struggling with adverse winds! Surely it is well we have thus to labor and to suffer, it will make the end more joyful. Yet it is hard at times to resist the desire to "fly away and be at rest." But it is well that the all-wise God holds "our times in his hands." He will give the signal when it is the best time to cease from labor, and therefore—

"Here my spirit waiting stands
Till He shall bid it fly."

Sabbath, April 17th. A dull, rainy Sabbath, with a light wind; pleasant enough, however, in other respects. Saw a flock of flying fish, the first I have seen for several weeks. Cleared off beautifully before sunset, and the trade-wind came back again strongly.

Preached on Luke xiv. 18, "And they all began with one consent to make excuse." Spoke of the principal excuses men make for not repenting and believing: as, 1. "I have not time." 2. "Religion is a gloomy thing, and a hard and mean service." 3. "The Bible is so hard to be understood, and some of its doctrines, as election, &c., so absurd." 4. "Christians are hypocrites, and there are so many sects, so that there is no truth in religion." 5. "There's time enough yet—I do not mean to die so." The attention generally was better than I have yet seen among the men, and several of them I observed watching me very closely all the time. I understood they had rather an argument about the sermon afterwards in the forecastle, though I did not hear the purport of it. Yet, alas! it seems almost hopeless to preach to these people. Like the prophet of old, I seem to be "in the midst of the valley of bones, and, lo, they are very dry. Can these dry bones

live? O Lord God, thou knowest." Yet in his name would I "prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear ye the word of the Lord." And I would also "prophesy to the winds, and say, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain." I wonder if Christians at home, who know that a missionary is on his way to the heathen, ever think of praying that he may be a blessing to the almost heathenish sailors, as he sails with them week after week. How little success would commonly attend the minister's labor at home, if he had not the prayers of his people to assist him! Yet in cases of this kind, the missionary most commonly stands alone, and has to preach to some who scarcely know what are the very first principles of Christianity—to some who, like one of our crew, "have not had a Bible for many years, nor heard a prayer for seven years;" to some who, like another, know not that there is any difference between the "faith the devils have," and the faith that "works by love, and purifies the heart;" to some who, like another, think that "if a man goes to church, he is safe enough," and that "those Christians are mistaken, who say that men are naturally averse to religion;" to men rendered reckless of danger by long familiarity with it; who will curse and swear when out in a little boat on a raging sea, seeking if they may find a comrade who had just fallen overboard in a dark night. This is a fact that occurred in this ship on the last voyage!—to say nothing of the evil habits they acquire on shore, and the evil examples they there see, and of the effects these must have upon them. They have long felt that "no man cared for their souls," and they make this an additional excuse for continuing as they are. Surely it is "casting bread upon the waters" to preach to such. Yet God is all-powerful, and some things that have come to my knowledge of late, make me think that the Holy Spirit has not yet left this ship's company to themselves.

Monday, April 18th. Getting ready to go ashore, i. e., the ship is. The men have been at work most of this day getting the guns up out of the hold and mounting them. They were stowed away below shortly after leaving New York. Being quite heavy, it took several men to hoist them up out of the hold, and they raised the song of "Cheerily, oh cheerily," several times. This is a favorite song with the seamen. One acts as leader, and invents as he goes along, a sentence of some six or eight syllables, no matter what. To-day some of the sentences were, "Help me to sing a song;" "Now all you fine scholars;" "You must excuse me now," &c.; then comes in a semi-chorus "Cheerily oh!" then another sentence, and a full chorus, "Cheerily oh ~~~~~~~~~~ *cheerily*." Just imagine the sounds and music of that waving line! The song is exciting, and heard at the distance of the ship's length is very beautiful. I have just now been listening to music of another kind. The sea is smooth, all is quiet, and we are sailing on at eight miles an hour, and as the ship cuts her

way through the water and throws away the waves from her bows, she makes a soft and pleasant sound. We are now going directly north. The Great Bear again appears in our sky, and we shall hope soon to see the Polar star.

Tuesday, April 19th. Warm, sultry day, and several heavy showers. What is the use of rain on the sea? why should the water, after having been so carefully drawn up by the sun, be poured down again to the place from which it came? Surely this was all foreseen by him who causes the rain to fall, and he had some design in it. It is hardly a sufficient answer to say, that these showers at sea are of great service to sailors, for vast quantities fall where no ships are, and fell for thousands of years before ships sailed over the ocean. Yet surely they are of use. I have been puzzling my brain for a long time to find out the final cause, as theologians say, of this phenomenon, but I fear with very little success. Perhaps fresh water is as necessary for the inhabitants of the sea, as salt is for us along with our food. Perhaps those winds which, after sweeping for so many thousands of miles over the salt water, and in such hot climates as this, need to be purified and to have their unwholesome qualities thus acquired removed, by having the rain come and pass through them, filtering away, if I may use such a figure, their impurities, before they blow upon the land or influence at all the air men breathe. Who knows what influences are necessary to preserve the atmosphere of the earth in its purity?—and what part of those influences is excited by the rains that fall on land, and at sea, and "in the wilderness where no man is?" But this is one of the "things that are too wonderful for me." Men pass over such things oftentimes as uninteresting, because of their ignorance of what is really in them. So it is in regard to everything. We are often told that the life of such and such men is uninteresting, void of incidents, and dull. Professors of rhetoric, and critics, tell us that only great subjects and the lives of great men, furnish suitable themes for an epic poem. But surely the life of every man, however poor and mean he may be, could we but know it all, would furnish such a subject for an epic poem as would astonish even Homer and Milton. There would be the secret counsels of God respecting him from all eternity; the unnumbered and almost the innumerable incidents in his birth and in his after life, when good and evil angels watched over and influenced him, and when the providence of God was busied about him; the narrow escapes from evil; the woful falls, or the triumphant victory; all the feelings in his own mind, and their varied causes; the plans of others with respect to him, and their influence over him; the effects of his actions, outlasting his own life, and reaching far off amidst almost infinite ramifications to the end of time; the various crisises of his life; and the endless realities of the eternal state. What created intellect could fully comprehend, or rightly describe, all these? God knoweth them all. We hardly ever

even think of them, and yet our whole life is spent in influencing and being influenced by such wonderful beings. Verily this is a fearful and a wonderful thing.

About sunset the ship was very nearly becalmed; her motion was barely perceptible; and I was leaning over the gangway, looking down at the little bubbles on the deep blue sea. While thus engaged, my attention was arrested by a number of little insects, no longer than the gnat you sometimes see sporting in the evening air. They moved about over the calm surface of the water with great rapidity, just as the little water-bugs and spiders play about in the eddy of a brook in summer. Where do these little creatures come from? whither do they go? where shelter themselves when storms arise? Or are they like ourselves, mere creatures of a day, floating about on the fathomless ocean of eternity, one moment sportive and busy, and cherishing great hopes, the next swallowed up by the dark waters, and seen no more?*

It was a lovely night, calm and clear, a few clouds in the sky; but the moon shone down brightly, and the large stars beamed out, like a queen in her royal robes with her maids of honor around her. Underneath was the boundless sea, quiet and smooth—"a great still mirror-sea," and the moonbeams and starlight were reflected back from the surface of the water. But how different the direct and the reflected light! The one came down and gave a clear image of the heavenly bodies; thus we see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But the other was distorted and broken by the constant swell of even that calm sea; so it is with all our views of things in the invisible heavens. If our faith can only gaze steadfastly thereon, our hearts will burn within us; but the moment we turn our sight to earthly things our vision becomes confused, and we see no more clearly; at best it is but "through a glass darkly." I could hardly think of going to bed; again and again as I turned off to retire, a new appearance of beauty or a brightly shining star arrested my attention, and kept me under the open sky. Once the moon was slightly obscured by a white cloud, that passed like a veil over her face; but that only made her more beautiful, for immediately a triple circle was formed around her, of white, bright orange, and pale green.

Saturday, April 23d. Raining almost all the night. Towards four o'clock this morning I awoke; it was pouring down heavy. Several very loud claps of thunder, that came roaring and reverberating over the waters, reminded me of the words of the Psalmist:

> "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters:
> The God of glory thundereth;
> The Lord is upon many waters.
> The voice of the Lord is powerful;
> The voice of the Lord is full of majesty."

* "Light mortal, how you walk your light life minuet, over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film."—CARLYLE.

About half-past eight, A. M., just after breakfast, the captain shouted, "Land O!" and Christmas Island was in sight. We were about twenty miles off, and have not at any time to-day been near enough to see it very closely. Its form is very well defined against the sky; looks steep, and very long. About an hour after seeing the island, Bennet called to me, "Mr. Lowrie, just come and *see* how sweet the island smells." I went out, and, sure enough, there was a very perceptible odor, somewhat, though not very much, like what one perceives in a large pine forest, though I think rather sweeter. However, I felt rather incredulous, for, though the breeze was blowing pretty fast off the island, yet we were nearly twenty miles off, and I could hardly believe it possible. So I went and examined the rails of the ship, to see that no mixture had been put there to create the deception. It is said that persons going to Ceylon are often deceived in this way, by having oil of cinnamon sprinkled on the ship's side. However, there was no mistake. The odor evidently came from the cocoanut trees on the island, and I stood and snuffed it for a while with great satisfaction. The island is in Lat. 10° 32′ S., and Long. 105° 33′ E., according to some of the Geographers, and about nine miles square, uninhabited, save by the birds, and some wild hogs, and having no anchorage. It is about two hundred and ten miles from Java Head, and two hundred and sixty or two hundred and eighty from Angier, at which latter place we shall not probably arrive for two or three days yet. I feel strongly inclined, if I can get an opportunity, to go from Angier direct to Singapore. If I go to China, it will take most probably three months from the present time to get to Singapore. Indeed, the captain thinks I cannot get to Singapore until October, owing to the Monsoon, which will be directly against me.

I am in a good deal of uncertainty what to do. My instructions are to go to China: but it will never do to wait there until October, or even the end of August. This is one of the cases in which two are better than one.

About sunset the island bore away off to the west, and we lost sight of it. Several boobies alighted on the ship, one on the end of the flying jib-boom, another on the mizzen-royal-yard, and another, more bold, sat down on the railing at the stern. The first one was caught, at which inhospitable treatment he showed great wrath, and bit one of the boys on the leg, uttering some very singular cries, which I know not how to describe to you. They were somewhat like the creaking of a chest lid, that had not been opened for a long time, though not so sharp. He afforded great amusement to the boys, particularly Chun Sing, who, in the height of his glee, came to the cabin door, and called out, "Do you want any boobies here?" This one was black above, and white beneath; some are all white. He measured four feet nine inches from tip to tip of wing, and I suppose about fifteen or eighteen inches from bill to tail. Each wing was more than two feet long.

If the next day had not been the Sabbath, I should have asked them to keep him, that we might examine him more closely. They soon let him go.

Sabbath, April 24th. A most delightful day, perfectly charming, except that we were almost becalmed. An English ship and a Dutch brig were close at hand all day. Preached on Matt. xi 28–30; "Come unto me, all that labor and are heavy-laden," &c., with more fluency and satisfaction, and with an attentive audience. It has been to me one of the pleasantest days I have yet spent, for though wearied and heavy-laden, with a body of flesh and a sinful heart, I have "found rest to my soul."

Tuesday, April 26th. Heavy showers, with thunder and lightning, both yesterday morning and this; three ships in sight all the time; making tolerable progress; saw an immense number of boobies yesterday, and several kinds of fish. Several of the boobies, great *boobies* they were, came to the ship for a night's lodging, whereupon three of them were seized and put into a vacant hen-coop to pass the night. We had them out on deck this morning, but they could hardly walk, and could not raise themselves from the deck, their legs being very weak, owing to want of exercise. They have two joints in their wings, besides the joint that connects the wing to the body. An albatross is said to have several joints in each wing. They are of two colors, dark brown, and white, with black pointed wings; probably the colors respectively of the male and female. The white ones have purple bills, straight, and about two inches long. They were very fierce, snapped at everything and everybody, and took hold of my hat quite viciously when I held it out to them. We let them go again without farther injury. One of them by some accident had lost a leg; but this, I suppose, with their habits, is not so serious an injury as it would be to many other birds. Several large dragon-flies were flying about the ship to-day, though we must have been forty miles from land when we first saw them. Caught a dolphin to-day, but I did not see him when dying, and if I had, you have heard enough of the colors.

We have been expecting to see land all day, as we cannot be far from Java Head, which, in clear weather is visible fifty miles; but the horizon has been hazy all day, and not seeing land before dark, we have been obliged to take in sail, and may have to heave to before morning. It is interesting to see how every one has been "looking out" all day: men up at the mast-head every half-hour; captain with his spy-glass; cook looking over the side; Chun Sing sitting on the rail; and passengers and men looking earnestly to the north-east; but our eyes have failed with looking to-day. We hope to be in the Straits of Sunda by daylight.

Wednesday, 27th. Sat up till about eleven, and just as I was going to bed, heard "Land O!" However it was far off, and as there was little prospect of entering the straits before morning, I went to bed, but could not sleep. About twelve o'clock, heard the cap-

tain sing out, "Loose the main-royal," "get out the fore-topmast-studding-sail." I could not tell what to make of this, for at dark he had taken in sail, and said he would take in more. Accordingly I jumped up and went out, and there sure enough was the high land of Palambang Point right ahead, and a noble breeze carrying us right on. The captain said we should enter the straits between two and three o'clock, so I went to take a nap before that time. I was amused at Chun Sing; he was up, as bright as a lark, sitting on the forecastle, and looking eagerly at the land; no doubt, as he said, very glad to be so near home. At half-past two the captain called me, and going out, I found we were just coming in at the north of the strait, between Java and Prince's Island. Mr. K. and Mr. B. were out, and the ladies soon came also. The land was about a mile and a quarter off, and we could snuff the fresh breeze as it came off from the land, and hear the deep, constant, steady, heavy swell and roar of the breakers, sounding like the rushing of Niagara. The ladies declared that the scent of the trees was like the smell of honeysuckles or clover. The cook was up and got a cup of strong coffee for each of us, and all were in high spirits. The captain said it was "first-rate," not the coffee, but our success. A ship that was a little ahead of us last night, was fairly in the straits, while one that had been about two miles astern at sunset, was now clear out of sight, and we were boasting of having "run away from her;" but alas, what a disappointment did we meet! Just as we came along by Java Head, which is very high, the wind came out ahead, and we had to cross Prince's Strait, nearly to Prince's Island, where we were almost becalmed. Meanwhile the ship astern came rapidly up with a first-rate breeze, came in close along the Java shore, and while we were tacking to cross the strait again, (Prince's Strait is only about four miles wide,) she passed us within half a mile, with a fair wind, and stood off gallantly up the strait, while we, being under the high bluff of Java Head, could do nothing. At six o'clock she was ten miles ahead, while we were farther out to sea than we had been at three o'clock. The wind was before and behind us, but we were almost becalmed.

Meanwhile two ships appeared astern, evidently coming up rapidly; about half-past eight o'clock they showed their colors, one English, the other Dutch; both men-of-war. They were about one fourth of a mile off, when suddenly falling under Java Head, the wind failed them and their sails hung idly at the mast. We had slowly drawn on, and coming opposite New Island, where the land on Java is lower, a delightful breeze sprung up, and we walked away in fine style. They looked at us for awhile, and then catching the breeze, followed on astern. In the course of an hour the English brig caught up and fairly beat us. However, she had very large sails, much larger in proportion to her size than we, but she was a very rusty-looking thing, and as to her men, they were so dirty, our second mate said that if he were there he would jump

overboard! They certainly were not to be compared to our men in point of neatness. The Dutchman sailed well, but could not overtake us; so up the straits we sailed in noble style for four hours, sailing within two miles of the Java shore, and seeing the high peaks of Prince's Island, Crockatoa, (which the sailors call Cockatoo,) and Pulo Bessy. The peaks of Crockatoa and Bessy are very high mountains, burnt out volcanoes, cloud capt and magnificent; while far beyond in the same direction was the high land of Rajat Bassa, on the island of Sumatra. On the Java side were the Karang mountains, their tops covered all the day with clouds. About one o'clock P. M. we came up opposite Third point and found that the three ships, which had got the start of us, were quite becalmed, in the middle of the strait, while we, in near the Java shore, were proceeding at a rapid rate. At dinner time we were congratulating ourselves on having beaten those who had that morning stolen such a march on us, when all at once the sails hung idly at the mast. The captain and mate jumped up and ran out, and soon came in, looking rather blank, with the news that we too were becalmed. There we lay for four hours, the sun beating down, therm. 89° in the shade, and far over 100° in the sun, and not a breath of air to speak of. Busied myself preparing my letters. A butterfly, a wasp, and a bee paid us a visit; and I often looked out to the high shores and receding vales of Java, which reminds me strongly of my own native land, and the eastern shores of the Hudson. When I first saw land last night and thought "the heathen live there," my mind was filled with thoughts that made me seek to be by myself, rather than with our lively and laughing company.

Being quite becalmed off Third Point we were fain to wait till the wind should rise again. There were three ships there before us. The Dutchman soon joined company. A large ship soon came up the straits afterwards, with sky-sails and studding-sails, and made a brave show, but as soon as she came within the charmed circle, her sails clung to the masts and she was still. We could see her name, she stopped so near, the Oneida of New Bedford—which was to leave New York the day after we did, and we suppose left the same morning. We sailed from the little bay inside of Sandy Hook. Another ship then appeared close under Crockatoa Island. Two more soon came in sight, having entered the straits by the main channel; and about four o'clock three others hove in sight. So we made twelve ships, barks, and brigs, all becalmed within ten miles of each other. It was a beautiful sight. The English brig was so near that we could hear the boatswain's whistle, the bells and the noise of the men at the ropes. She was nearest Java shore, and we next. About half-past four a light breeze sprung up; she took it first and sailed off like a bird; we next, but it failed us in five minutes, and we came nearer than before. Again it came; she was still nearest the shore, and got

off first. We soon followed, and are now moving off five or six miles an hour. The others gradually took the breeze and followed on as they could ; but the brig and the Huntress are ahead. There are nearly a dozen native prows in sight. The brig soon began to make signals to a large ship off on the other side of the strait: "talked bunting," as they say. We, of course, could not understand them.

Altogether it has been an exciting and interesting day. The sight of inhabited land, and those inhabitants being heathen ; the effort to enter the straits, and failure ; the mortification of seeing others pass us with a fair breeze, while we, not half a mile off, were becalmed ; then the pleasure of catching up and passing again ; the sight of so many ships, and of the native prows ; the smell of land ; the sight of noble mountains ; the preparing of letters for home ; and the lifting up of the heart in gratitude to God, that through so many dangers, and along so lengthened a course, he has led us and fed us,—surely here will I raise an Ebenezer, for hitherto the Lord hath helped me. And then to think, that in precisely one year from the day I was first licensed to preach the gospel, I was permitted to see the land of nations sitting in darkness, to some of whom at least I hope to preach the gospel! Is it not a day much to be remembered? The host of the enemies are numerous and powerful, but I may well use the words of King Asa and say, "Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power ; help us, oh Lord our God ; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. Oh, Lord, thou art our God ; let not man prevail against thee."

But if the day had so many things to be remembered, the evening was still more magnificent. About sunset, we were about two miles from shore, directly off from the Karang mountains. We were gliding swiftly over the smooth waters ; nine other ships of different nations, English, American, and Dutch, were in sight on the western side, and six of them in full view. On the other side, a dozen Malay prows were hugging the shore. Some shoals were to be passed over, which required close watching : dark and thick clouds, many and large, were overhead, but most of them tinged of the deepest orange and red by the sun's rays ; high mountains, five or six in number, loomed up in various directions, and above the highest, Crockatoa, was the darkest mass of clouds ; but beyond all these was the evening star, "mildly beaming on the forehead" of the calm blue sky, diversified and enriched as it was with the glorious sunset tints. I looked and gazed with almost speechless, certainly with an unutterable admiration ; and as the bright colors faded, the ardor of my thoughts subsided to a quiet comparison of the varied scene before me, with what may perhaps be the course of my future life. What is before, I knew not ; but I thought that a swift, though perhaps a long voyage over the uncertain sea of life, was before me ; that I should have

fellow-laborers, perhaps of different nations, striving together to benefit the poor heathen whose representatives we here saw on the same sea with ourselves; that secret dangers might be in my way, which it would require prudence and care to avoid; that many sorrows are impending over me, but they shall be tinged and beautified with the favor of God; and thus the

> "Clouds I so much dread,
> Are big with mercies, and shall break
> In blessings on my head;"

that difficulties are before me like mountains, and over the greatest and the least of them, it may be, the most impenetrable darkness now overhangs; but that above them all, shines brightly the star of hope; and, having at last surmounted them all, the peaceful and glorious rest of heaven will open upon my delighted view. However I may be mistaken in some of these anticipations, I trust and pray that the last may prove true.

After dark my attention was called to the many fires kindled along the coast, probably by the natives, catching fish. They looked very cheerfully, after having been for so long without seeing any traces of human beings, except those in our own little vessel.

Thursday morning. Up and out early. Towards nine, P. M., on Wednesday, were rather getting behind the other ships; and the wind being very light, and indeed a calm, most of the night, we made very little progress; by daylight, however, we were ahead of almost all the other ships. Their number had now increased to seventeen, fourteen of which were in full view from ours, at one time, on one side. The wind being light and contrary, we were obliged to tack frequently, and thus often passed near them. About eight o'clock, A. M., the Oneida passed near us; her captain told us he had sailed January 26th. This made us start; caught up with us, who had a week's advantage of them! We did not like the Huntress near so well for that.

About half-past eleven in the morning, we anchored, nearly a mile above Angier. We had almost been run into by the English brig, which had from the first behaved in a very rude and ungentlemanly manner, and now tried very hard to go ahead of us, when there was no necessity for her doing so, as the course she was taking would have led her some distance under our stern. I fully expected she would come against us, and our captain called his men to haul down the spanker, lest her flying jib-boom should get entangled in it. However, she fell astern, greatly to the rage of her commander, who came to the bow of the brig, and in a voice indicative of extreme anger, read our captain a lecture on seamanship and politeness, saying: "It was your duty to have done so and so. If we had both been merchantmen; but, sir, *this is a man-of-war*." Captain Lovett answered with great moderation; though I could almost have wished that he had "answered the

fool according to his folly." We could not have gone under his stern without squaring our yards, and he, if he had held on his course, would not have come within three ships' lengths of us. In his eagerness to get ahead of us, he came so "near the wind," as to be almost "taken aback."

By the time we anchored, there were half a dozen Malay boats around us, bringing vegetables, fruit, shells, birds, monkeys, squirrels, mats, &c., to sell or barter. They could commonly speak only a few words of English, and talked partly by signs. Some had nothing but a strip of cloth around the loins; others had calico trowsers; some had round jackets, &c. The darkness of their skins, however, prevented their being so naked from appearing as disagreeable as I had expected. One old man came aboard with a boat well filled with pumpkins, yams, &c., and, coming up the side, he asked, "Where be this ship from?" "America." "From 'Meriky! and what you captain's name?" "Lovett." "Oh! Captain Lovett; I am glad of that, where is he?" He ran up to him and held out his hand. "Why, Pond-jein, is that you? You are just the man I wanted," said the captain. It was the old Malay from whom he usually obtained his provisions. He soon gave him an order for a number of articles, for the names and prices of which see below.

In the afternoon, we all (passengers) went ashore. Went first to the governor's house, which is a fine large building, very open and airy, and in full sight of the straits. The governor was absent, but had a young Frenchman there as clerk. Here was a fix; Captain L. could not speak French, and the clerk could not speak English. I could make him understand me, but having almost forgotten the sound of French, and never having heard it spoken, I could hardly make out what he said. However, we managed to get our business accomplished. He was very polite, had tea for the ladies, and seemed desirous of accommodating us. Handed us into the sitting-room, which was open, cool and pleasant. As we were going in we met the captain of an English ship just from China, who had just anchored, and who gave us a good deal of information respecting China, Hong Kong, &c., and, greatly to Mrs. G.'s delight, gave her some information about her husband, whom he knew by sight, though not acquainted with him.

Walked out with my umbrella; saw some men catching fish with a long net, but they caught only about two gallons full of them, and all very small, none, I suppose, more than an inch and a half long, shaped mostly like sun fish, and colored like silver fish; I should suppose that they are very delicate eating. There were a large number of children playing on the beach, either entirely or nearly naked, and all bareheaded and barefooted; their greatest amusement seemed to consist in pursuing and catching a small crab, that ran with exceeding swiftness and burrowed in holes in the sand. I was surprised to see how very quick it could run—much faster than they could. When they had chased one to its

hole, they would sit down and try to dig it out, if the hole was not too deep. I began to pick up some small shells on the beach, and among the stones at the water's edge, and half a dozen of them gathered round me, and began talking, and asking me questions. Some of them were quite good looking, and had very beautiful teeth; but they will soon spoil them by chewing betel nut, as all the grown-up people, men and women, do here, at least among the Malays; I did not observe whether the Chinese use it or not. I did not understand a word they said; but they were evidently in great spirits, and very good natured; so I talked away to them, asking questions, and making remarks, and laughing and talking with as great glee as any of them. They helped me to pick shells, crying out "Gubboosh!" "Yes!" "Karang!" &c. I felt almost sorry to part with them, and having nothing else to give them as a reward for their services, I took out my pin-cushion, and gave them *a pin a piece*. They were quite eager to get them, and stood round me in a half-circle, holding up their little hands and chattering away. They waited very patiently, each till his own turn came, and followed me some little distance afterwards, till I turned and waved my hand—and then off they went.

I then rejoined our company and we took a long walk, through a large grove of cocoa-nut trees, then to Pond-jein's house. It is one story high, of bamboo, and has a good many apartments. He showed us his bed-room, where there was a bed wide enough for the whole family, neatly ornamented with tinsel, &c.; gave us refreshments of tolerably good Java coffee, with sugar, but no milk, fresh cocoa-nut milk, plantains, guavas, sweetmeats, &c. Thence we went to the reservoir from which water is obtained for the ships, and just back of which is a monument to Lord Cathcart, who died here in 1787. Everything was novel—trees, flowers, people, and all.

The place has a good many inhabitants, but I had no means of learning how many. Pond-jein said, in answer to my inquiries, "Oh, plenty people here." Saw a woman weaving, and quite a crowd of children followed us as we went around.

We met a poor leprous girl, as we went along; the palm of her hand was quite white, her feet were wrapped up in cloths, and she seemed to walk with difficulty. Her body was much wasted away, and her face expressed a good deal of pain. Coming back to the village, a Chinese came out of a house and spoke to Mr. K. by name. He had known him in Canton; and having by some means incurred the displeasure of the higher powers there, he had fled here for safety. Going on further, we came to a China-man's shop, and looking in, the first thing I saw was a wooden clock, and the portrait of Martin Van Buren on its face! Attracted by such an unexpected sight, in these ends of the world, we went in. The China-man was very polite. Eager to sell, very complaisant, in fact, a complete man of the world, smooth

and oily-tongued. He had a very miscellaneous collection, though not large, and asked us what we would have; said he had some very fine Holland gin, and seemed surprised that we did not fancy it. He had Jews' harps, lead pencils, jack-knives, brass tacks, calicoes, shoes from Lowell, several wooden clocks, got them from a whaler, and sold them for ten dollars a-piece, which I think was quite reasonable—if they were worth anything at all.

Going out of his shop, I saw a red piece of paper with Chinese characters, pasted against one of the posts, and a little piece of bamboo underneath, with several half burnt Josh-sticks in it. I asked him what that was? "Oh, that is the great Josh; we burn them twice a month, all the same as they do in America." I told him we did not do so in America, at which he was greatly surprised.

Then we came back to the ship about seven P. M., and in the evening talked over all we had seen, and sat up to finish our letters for home.

Friday morning. The captain said he would go ashore for the last time, and be off as soon as possible; so we gentlemen got ready and went ashore, but it was very warm, and I did not care about walking much. Our party went to visit the fort. I took a short stroll on the beach, but soon came back and sat down at the landing place, under the shade of a noble banian tree, where there was a delightful breeze from the water. There was a ladder reaching up nearly to the top of the tree, which I climbed, and found a little hut away up in the heart of the tree, and a Malay stationed there to make signals for ships in the straits. Quite a crowd of Malays were standing and sitting round the tree, chewing betel, and chattering away, but doing nothing in the world. They seem like a very do-nothing sort of a people; are not nearly so thrifty nor neat in their persons, dress, houses, &c., as the Chinese who live among them. We saw a number of Chinese houses in the place, though I could not say what proportion.

On the whole the romance of yesterday's visit wore off very much to-day, and I was quite glad to leave them, and depart. The place is said to be unhealthy, from the marshes just back of the village. The Malays are Mohammedans. I observed that those who came on board would not eat meat, for fear it should be pork, though they were very glad to get ship's bread. They appear principally to live on fowls and vegetables. I saw a few buffaloes, which seemed very fond of being in the water, and also some dogs that looked a little like small greyhounds, some goats, and a few rather long narrow-eared sheep, which had thrown off their woollen coats and wore hair, the climate being too warm for woollen stuffs.

We had the anchor up about two o'clock, and drifted on our course with the tide; but the wind being light, made slow progress.

Here is Pond-jein's bill, which may not be uninteresting to you, both for the articles and the groceries:

15 piculs* of yams at $1.25	$18.75
1 picul of sweet potatoes at $1	1.00
12 bunches† plantains	3.00
100 cocoa-nuts green, 25 do. hard	2.00
200 bundles paddy, (rice in the hull)	15.00
200 " grass‡	8.00
200 eggs	2.00
8 dozen chickens	8.00
4 " ducks	8.00
1 " capons	3.00
100 pumpkins§	4.00
10 turtles	6.50
4 bundles onions	1.00
	$80.25

The turtles would bring ten times that price in New York.

Sabbath morning, May 1st. When I went out before breakfast, we were away out in the Java Sea, and the only land in sight was the high peaks of Rajah Bassa, which must have been seventy miles off. During the day, saw a ship to the eastward that looked very much like the Oneida. A pleasant breeze all day, and tolerably good progress; out of sight of land all day. Sea about thirteen fathoms deep; it varies from eight to thirty fathoms, all the way from Java to the island of Banou; is generally about eleven to fifteen fathoms.

Preached on Luke xxiii. 33; "There they crucified him." On the death of Jesus Christ. Was favored with great fluency and good attention. In the afternoon, one of the men came and asked me to lend him a Greek Testament. He said he could read it. I was just preparing for my Bible class, and could not talk with him about it then. I got it for him, and he took it off to the forecastle, and seemed to be reading it very busily for some time. In a day or two afterwards, he came back with a translation he had made from the Greek to Latin, of Matt. ii. 1–12, which was very well done. He had been at some German schools and universities, and understands more languages than any one on board; Greek, Latin, English, French, Danish, German; yet he is not more than twenty-two years old.

We had quite a squall during the night; thunder and lightning, and a strong breeze. Lightning is seen off the coast of Sumatra very frequently.

Monday, May 2d. Land in sight about seven, A. M., a peak in the isle of Banca. During the day we drew up to, and about noon or a little after entered, the Macclesfield passage of Gaspar

* A Picul is 133⅓ pounds.

† About 100 plantains in each bunch, which would sell for one or two shillings a piece at New York.

‡ The bundles of hay weighed perhaps three pounds each.

§ The pumpkins are small, but very good and sweet.

Straits, which lead from the Java to the Chinese sea. There are a great many shoals and rocks in these straits, and we found it necessary to watch very closely in passing them. However, we had a fair, though light wind, smooth sea, and clear weather; and about four, P. M., were off the northern part of Pulo Leat, and not more than two miles from it, so that we could distinctly see the shore, rocks and trees. About six, P. M., a pleasant little breeze blew us a most pleasant scent, from Pulo Lepa, and Pulo Leat. The shores, however, of these islands, could not be compared with the scenery of Java in the Straits of Sunda.

Tuesday, May 3d. When I went out this morning, Gaspar Island was away astern of us; it was the only land in sight. We soon lost sight of that, and were out in the open China Sea.

Friday, May 6th. Wednesday was a hot day. Thermometer, 89° in the shade in the upper cabin, and about 87° in the lower. How the cook stands his occupation, I cannot conceive. The thermometer rose to 135°, in fifteen minutes after I put it in the galley! Thursday it was raining nearly all day, much to the embarrassment of the officers; for by calculation we crossed the equator about noon, and there were several islands and shoals near our course; but the weather was so thick, that scarcely anything could be seen more than a mile or two off.

Saturday, May 7th. Fair weather when I went out this morning. West Island bore east of us about ten miles off, while away ahead, one or two of the higher peaks of the Great Natuna Group were just visible, though they must have been more than seventy miles off. We are now (five, P. M.,) just abreast of the most southern of them, and shall probably pass them all during the night. They are quite mountainous, though we are passing at such a distance as to be able to see but little. The Oneida beats us in light winds, but loses when we have anything of a breeze. You would be greatly amused to hear the officers and passengers talking about her. We have seen her now every day for a week, sometimes astern, sometimes ahead, sometimes abeam, or alongside, some distance off. She makes more efforts to get on than we; can spread one or two more sails, and has been seen several times wetting her sails.

Monday, May 9th. Preached on John xvi. 7, to an attentive audience, though they were not so much interested, apparently, as they were for two or three late days. It is hard at times to repress unbelieving fears, or to avoid giving way to the suggestions of the enemy, that "it is of no use to preach to such people." Truly, it is like casting bread upon the waters. How many difficulties of the same kind must I experience in China! My heart sinks within me at times, and then again I am encouraged. But, so far, I have had no desire to go back, but constantly a willingness to go forward and see what God would have me to do. Looking over the account of Dr. Morrison, in the Chronicle, I could hardly tell what to think. I cannot plod away as he did at a

language. How often do I think "it was a mistake to send me here: they ought to have let me go to Africa!" Yet when I think how remarkably Providence ordered my course in this matter, I am constrained to lay my hand on my mouth, and wait to see what God is doing. One thing often occurs to me: I thought I was peculiarly qualified to be a missionary to Africa; I do not think I am for China. If I had gone to Africa, I should have depended on my qualifications too much, and not on God:—going to China, I have no resources, and He blesses those who feel their need of His assistance. "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in mine infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Amen.

Just before retiring last night (about ten, P. M.,) I was walking on deck. There was no moon, but some stars were shining brightly among the scattered clouds. All at once a light as of the moon emerging from clouds, when she is half full, lightened up the ship. I started, and, looking out to the west, saw a very large and splendid meteor, of a pale bluish color, shooting down from the Sickle in Leo-Major. I could hardly see its shape, as it immediately disappeared. Three others, though very small, soon followed in the same place. Large meteors are often seen in this sea, but they appear commonly about midnight.

Wednesday, May 11th. From twelve o'clock Monday to twelve o'clock to-day, we have made fourteen miles in latitude, and none in longitude! It has been a dead calm two-thirds of the time, and, with the exception of two short squalls, very light winds all the rest, and in addition, a strong current against us. Rather slow going. Yesterday the ship would not steer, there being no wind, but turned round, head to the south, and she could not be got round again. However, we are doing rather better to-day; in fact, yesterday we lost a mile on the whole, so that to-day we have made it fifteen.

An immense number of small round animals were seen floating and swimming on and near the surface of the water in the afternoon. There must have been millions of them. We caught half a dozen of them, and found them to be of a jelly-like substance, in the shape of a bucket, or short thimble. They were of a brown color, and had in the centre of the cavity an organization very much like the stamens and pistils of flowers. They looked very much like the central part of the passion-flower; smelt like oysters, and moved by alternately contracting and enlarging the upper rim of their bodies; out of the water they appeared like a mere lump of jelly. I'll try to preserve one or two of them for you, but fear I cannot do it. They are evidently alive, and some of them are quite lively.

We hope to be at the end of our voyage in two weeks, and you will perhaps think I must be very glad of it. I can hardly say, however, that I am. For a few days after leaving Angier I did

wish pretty heartily that we were safely moored; but now I feel almost sorry to think of ending the voyage so soon. Having been now nearly four months at sea, I feel quite at home; and I know, on arriving in China, I shall then again be a stranger, with responsible duties to perform, and no fellow-laborer to counsel with in regard to them. My faith and hopes fluctuate considerably in regard to the future. When I cast my cares upon the Lord, I can wait with calmness and peace, knowing that he will bring it to pass; but too often I suffer my mind to dwell upon the future, without reflecting that my strength is all from on high, and the consequence almost invariably is, that I am disheartened by the prospect. When shall I learn to live by faith, and not by sight? I am sad, and almost sick at heart, to-night, for I have been thinking of difficulties, and of myself. But that it would be wrong, I could wish, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

Monday, May 16th. Preached yesterday on Luke xviii. 19, to a very attentive audience. I have rarely seen in America a more attentive and well-behaved congregation, than our sailors here. Yet the truths they hear from me are as plain and evangelical, and as much calculated to bring down one's high thoughts of himself, as I know how to make them. I believe they sometimes think I preach hard doctrines, yet they are very respectful. Yesterday there was hardly an eye turned from me for the whole time, though I was not conscious of being more than usually interesting or fervent. But, alas! "who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" "They came before me as the Lord's people come; they hearkened to my words, but their heart goeth after idols." How can any one think that almighty power is not necessary to change the hearts of men? How can any one take credit to himself, if success attend his efforts? I lent my "Holy War" to the sailmaker the other day. He was greatly pleased with it, and was telling me last night how much he liked it. I asked him if he understood it all. "Oh, yes sir! it's very plain; and if it were not, I could understand it, by overhauling my Bible a little." He seems to be a good man, and I am always sure of having at least one attentive hearer on the Sabbath. I believe he never takes his eyes off me while I am preaching.

Friday, May 20th. A fine breeze for two days past has carried us on finely, and if it holds out, we shall probably be at our "desired haven" in a week. Consequently, all are in fine spirits, and it is quite amusing to see how eager every one is to hear the latitude. For my own part, I cannot say I am anxious either way. The responsibility of my station, and of the steps I may take at Macao, sometimes weighs me down a good deal; and, like Jeremiah, I say, "Ah, Lord God! I cannot speak; for I am a child." With a very slight change, I find Solomon's prayer very appropriate for myself. "Oh Lord God! thou hast made me a messenger

to a people like the dust of the earth for multitude ; give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can instruct this people that is so great?" But the promises to Moses, and Joshua, and Jeremiah, and Paul, have sustained me, and the recollection of the providence of God in times past, cheers me, and I am going forward. A great work is before me, and its greatness appals me at times; but the reflection of the pendulum, "I have to tick so many thousand times, that I cannot count them all, but then I have a moment for every tick," encourages me again.

I have been reading over my instructions, and I candidly confess I would rather take the responsibility of selecting a mission station in the first instance, than perform the part now assigned to me. The facts which I learned from the captain of the Bombay Castle, make it very probable that we ought to have a station at Hong Kong. If the question were simply the selection of a station, that would not be so difficult; but the question is, "Shall we give up, or keep one station already occupied, and select another?" and that is not so easy. But, "He giveth wisdom."

Monday, May 23d. Preached yesterday what I suppose is my last sermon on ship-board, from 1 Cor. i. 23, 24, with as much fluency and feeling, and as good attention as at any time yet. The seed is sown: how or when it shall spring up, or what shall be the final results, I know not. Sometimes I hope it may spring up and produce much fruit; but I never think so, when I recollect the unworthiness of the instrument by whom it was dispensed.

On Saturday evening, the sailmaker brought my "Holy War." "That's a very good book, Mr. Lowrie; have you got any more like it?" So I took out "Pollok's Tales of the Covenanters," and lent it to him. In twenty-four hours he had read all three of the tales, and brought it back to me. "Oh, Mr. Lowrie, what a good book this is! That last story (Ralph Gemmel) makes the tears come into a fellow's eyes." I had a good deal of talk with him afterwards, and think that he gives good evidence of piety. He began to be serious on the last voyage, but says he thinks a great deal more about religion now than he ever did before. "Oh how much pleasure I sometimes find now in prayer!" He talked a great deal about Bunyan's Holy War, which he evidently understood very well. "That Diabolus was a notorious villain. But wasn't it sweet when Immanuel caught him and bound him, and then turned him off?"

We shall most probably go into China the day after to-morrow. Our passengers (Mr. K. excepted, who is an old hand at it) have been quite anxious to get to China, and longing for sometime past to get there; but I believe they hardly know now whether they want to get there or not. It seems like going away from home, to leave the little narrow space where, for one-third of a year, we have spent our time. It is going away from familiar faces and employments, to a land of strangers and of unknown duties.

Tuesday, May 24th. Had our last Bible class, probably, this morning. I have been writing up various things; among others, a preface to my journal.

Thursday, May 26th. Yesterday was a pretty gloomy day. We had gone on so finely during the night, that we expected to have been at Macao by noon. About six o'clock, however, A. M., the wind increased to a gale; had to double-reef the topsails. There was a heavy sea, and the ship groaned, and rolled, and pitched after the fashion of the Cape of Good Hope. We had had so much fine weather, and so smooth a sea for six weeks before, that the change took us all aback, and all the passengers were quite sea-sick. About eight o'clock, A. M., yesterday, we saw land ahead, probably the great Ladrone Island, a few miles south of Macao; but just then the gale came out dead ahead, and we had to put back to sea. Two or three other ships, that were nearer in than we, had to do the same. Wore ship, and stood in for land again at noon: saw it very distinctly about four, P. M.; but the wind being still ahead, had to put off to sea again, and soon lost sight of it. We are now trying again to go in, but the wind is unfavorable. It may be several days yet before we can get in, though we are not probably six hours' fair sailing from Macao. "The worst coast," says the captain, "in the world; nobody knows when we will get in, and yet, I dare say, the gale does not extend fifty miles." I could not help thinking how often we see such things in common life. Just as we are on the point of acquiring what we long labor and hope for, we are disappointed, and again made to urge on our rough and stormy course. What a blessed place heaven will be, where "*there is no more sea!*" no more storms; no more wearisome calms; no treacherous shoals; no disappointments. It is the haven of eternal rest, and doubly sweet, because entered "through much tribulation."

China Sea, May 26th, 1842.

My Dear Mother—

So here it is, the long promised, and I flatter myself, the long expected journal. Before you decide that it is too long, just imagine yourself in my situation, with a charge to tell you all I do, and see and hear, seeing and hearing a great many things new and strange, or amusing; and having hardly any connection with home, or home folks, except this journal. As long as I was writing it, I seemed to be holding intercourse with you; sometimes sitting down for a long chat, sometimes running in to tell you a little story, sometimes pointing out a splendid scene on the sky, sometimes giving you a picture of social life on shipboard,—was it any wonder that my pen sometimes loved to linger on the paper, when it thus brought up before me so many tender, and so many pleasant associations? and when it caused me to think the oftener

of one—yes, of many whom, though I love, I dare not expect to see any more on earth?

If you find it badly written in some places, you must consider, that it was sometimes so damp, that my paper seemed to be almost wet; and especially the ship often rolled so prodigiously, that in my efforts to maintain my own position, I had enough to do without minding whether I wrote backhand or slopehand, or whether the strokes went perpendicularly or horizontally. I think, if you had seen me sometimes, laying my writing desk in my berth, bracing my foot against the sides of my room, and holding on with one hand to the berth board, while I wrote with the other, and after all getting knocked, now against the berth, and now against the partition of my room, you would think I did pretty well. This is no fanciful description, for such things happened to me again and again, when off the Cape of Good Hope.

As to publication of extracts? No. I set my foot down there. Keep it out of the way of that little *omnivorous* monster that they keep in the Mission House—[the Missionary Chronicle.] There is not a line of it that was written for publication, and very few lines in it that I think fit for publication. They are mere unstudied and unlabored accounts of what happened to myself, in a voyage that contained few or no striking incidents. I have not that squeamishness about the publication of letters and journals that some missionaries have; but still I would rather not appear in print for several years yet. The less I am known for a while —at least until it is known whether I am likely to be of any use in this part of the world—the better. If I should prove a worthless vessel, a useless laborer, there will be fewer disappointed in me. I know that some would laugh at me for feeling such an anticipation, but with me it is no laughing matter. My coming to this part of the world is but an *experiment*. If it succeeds, there will be time enough to become as prominent as is needful; if it does not, it will be better by far, both for myself and the Church, that as little be said about it, and as few expectations disappointed as possible.

What more shall I say? I might fill page after page with expressions of attachment and affection. I might say how often I think of you all, and recall to mind the many, many proofs of love, and tokens of kindly feelings, I have received from you. I may say how much I would delight to hear from you, and about all that concerns you, especially those things that relate to the spiritual welfare of each and every one of the family, and of other dear friends. But why should I? You already know all this nearly, if not quite as well, as I could tell you. When you think of me, or speak of me, do not think or speak of me as if you thought I were unhappy, or repented of the course I have taken. I may be sick, I may be in outward distress, I may be, I often am dejected and despondent, but I never yet have regretted that I am away from home, and never yet felt the wish, (however much I

should like to see you all,) to leave the path I am now treading, and turn my back upon the heathen. What may be my feelings hereafter, I dare not presume to say. I may be "troubled on every side;" "perplexed," oftentimes; "persecuted," it may be; "cast down," even. But I trust not to be "distressed," not to be "forsaken," and far from being "destroyed;" to come off at last conqueror, and more than conqueror, through him that hath loved me. With such a confidence, and with the hope of being sustained by many influences from the land of my birth, more precious than gold and silver, I may well rejoice; yea, I do rejoice.

Most affectionately yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

CHAPTER IV.

1842.

LANDING IN CHINA—VOYAGE IN THE SEA QUEEN—SHIPWRECK IN THE HARMONY —RETURN TO MACAO.

At the period included in this chapter, hostilities existed between Great Britain and China, and the result of the contest, or even its duration, could not be known. On reaching China, the new missionary was instructed to inquire particularly, in view of the state of things then existing, into the practicability of establishing a station at Hong Kong, or any point on the coast further north. Having obtained this information, and joined his colleagues at Singapore, they were authorized to decide the question of removing from Singapore, and concentrating the whole missionary force in China. On landing, he found that the Rev. T. L. McBryde had been at Macao for some months, having left Singapore in hopes that a sea voyage would recruit his health.

Having made himself acquainted with the existing state of things in China, Mr. Lowrie left Macao on the 18th of June; and after four months of unavailing efforts to reach Singapore, he returned to Hong Kong on the 18th of October. The account of these distressing voyages, and his perilous shipwreck, is fully given in the following letters and journals. It is matter of regret that one-half of his journal in the Sea Queen was some years ago destroyed by fire, when the house of one of his relatives was burned down. The loss cannot be supplied, as no copy of this impressive journal was taken.

During the time of these disastrous voyages, the providence of God had made the question plain, on which the missionaries were seeking for light. The war between Great Britain and China had been terminated by a treaty of peace, with which the contending parties appeared to be satisfied, and by which five cities on the coast were opened to the commerce and enterprise of Western nations, as well as to the labor of the Christian missionary. The time had now fully come when the labors of the church of God, in

behalf of China, needed no longer to be carried on at a distant outport.

Macao, May 28th, 1842.

My Dear Mother—

We anchored yesterday at four P. M. in Macao roads. Here I found Mr. and Mrs. McBryde, who had reached China several months ago, having taken the voyage from Singapore on account of his health. I was greatly delighted to find him here, and was much relieved by having his counsel and assistance in deciding the various questions before us. I was most cordially received by the different missionaries here, and found a temporary home with the Rev. Mr. Bridgeman. At a late hour I got to bed, under musquito curtains, but could not sleep for a long time. It was so strange to be lying in a large or wide bed, to be in a large room, to feel that I was on heathen ground. I greatly missed the ship's bells, which strike every half-hour on board. The noise of the gongs, and drums, and rattles, and other strange sounds in the town, and the many, many thoughts of hundreds of things, past, present, and to come, that crowded rapidly through my mind, kept me long awake. It is Saturday night again ;—I am a stranger in the earth, but Ebenezer—Emmanuel.

Hong Kong, June 7th, 1842. I stayed in Macao from Friday evening till Wednesday morning, and saw a good deal of the place. The population is about 35,000, principally Chinese, with perhaps 5000 of Portuguese descent. The streets are narrow and crooked; very few are more than ten feet wide, and some not more than six. They are commonly full of persons passing along, hucksters and pedlers, with their wares and cries of various kinds. I saw a poor girl, who had lost both her feet by the leprosy, and was moving about on her hands and knees. Very few women are seen in the streets, except that in the mornings and evenings a number of well-dressed Portuguese women, with a servant behind, holding a large umbrella over them, go out to walk. The ladies, and a good many of the foreign male residents, commonly pay their visits in sedan chairs, borne by two Chinese. I used to pity some of the bearers as they went panting along under the weight of some fat fellow. These bearers commonly go in a little short trot, though it is very seldom that you see a Chinaman run. The houses of the foreigners are commonly large and roomy; the servants live in the basement, and the owners in the upper floor. Few or none of them are more than one story high. Most of them have one or more *punkahs*. I went out one morning to bathe, in the place where Mr. Stanton was captured, and in the way passed through a large Chinese burying ground. Most of the graves were very carelessly attended to. A great many of them had pieces of Chinese paper at the head. It is but a short time since the Chinese had their ceremony of worshipping the graves of their

ancestors. It is their custom then, to put such a piece of paper on the graves, to serve as money for their departed ancestors in the other world. I also visited the Protestant burying ground, where Dr. Morrison and his first wife are laid. It is a small, and rather a pretty place, now nearly full. I suppose, however, it will not be much used hereafter, as probably most of the Protestant foreigners will remove to Hong Kong.

There is a little chapel owned by the British in Macao, where one of the missionaries usually preaches every Sabbath, using the forms of the Episcopal church. Mr. Boone preached on the Sabbath, on "Train up a child," &c.—He had first baptized the daughter of Mr. Swords, an American Episcopal merchant there. This, I believe, was the first public baptism ever performed by an American in Macao. The Missionaries usually have their children baptized privately. There were two punkahs in the church, so that, though the day was warm, we were quite comfortable. There were probably forty persons present. The Chinese, however, have no Sabbath, and were going about vending their wares, and uttering their cries, as usual. As for the Roman Catholics here, their Sabbath is over after mass, which is performed early in the morning. In the evening I preached to an audience of some twenty or thirty, at Mr. Brown's house,—on Psalm cxix. 19. As Mr. McBryde was to leave Macao for Amoy on Wednesday, June 1st, together with Mr. Boone and Dr. Cumming, we had a missionary meeting at Mr. Brown's on Tuesday night. The vessel in which they were to go to Amoy, was lying at Hong Kong, and I accompanied them to this place.

Having a head wind the whole time, we had to beat all the way, and were twenty-nine hours coming forty-five miles, the distance from Macao to Hong Kong. I suppose in our beating about, we went at least a hundred and fifty miles. The crew were a jolly set, and very kind, but we could hold almost no intercourse with them, as they were of the province of Canton, and Mr. Boone spoke only Hokien. There was not much to interest one on the route. Our course lay among a multitude of islands at the mouth of the Canton river. These are high, rocky and bare; scarcely any trees or bushes; and the little grass there is being very much withered. We saw a few fishing boats, and one or two small villages. Occasionally a little fisherman's hut was seen perched among the rocks. At night I spread one of my Angier-mats on the floor and laid my cloak over it and slept there. I pitied the rest of our passengers a good deal. Mr. B. and Mr. McB. were neither of them well; their wives were even more weakly, and in addition were sea-sick; their children were uneasy and fretful, and two ayahs or female servants, whom they had engaged to go with them to Amoy, were so sea-sick they could not hold up their heads. There they were, among tables and boxes, and chairs, and plates, with scarcely room to stir, sick, going to a strange country and far away from the comforts of

home and friends. I assure you I began to think more seriously than before of the personal trials and discomforts of missionary life. Yet there was not a murmur uttered, nor as far as I could see, an emotion of impatience or regret felt. We arrived at Hong Kong harbor about three P. M., on Thursday.

After some searching we found their ship and put our voyagers on board, with their baggage. She is but a small vessel, with but poor accommodations in respect to room. I went ashore and was most kindly welcomed and entertained by Mr. G——, where I have been staying since my arrival. On Saturday morning I tried to go up one of the hills back of Mr. G——'s house—I assure you it was up hill work, and I had hard tugging to get myself up. It was so steep, I concluded to go no further, and sat down to rest on a rock before descending. My toil in ascending the hill, naturally reminded me of the circumstances of the mission, which we were endeavoring to establish here, and of the work that is yet before us. The difficulties are great—high as the mountains, and apparently as hard to be removed as the granite upon them; and after all, what is it to the eye of man but a barren prospect, like the bare side of the hill I had been climbing? And yet, as I ascended I had seen little plants and flowers, and insects, and shells, and recognized in all of them traces of the presence and power of God; and as I looked around I saw that some Chinese women had ascended the hills to gather firewood to sustain their earthly lives, and that civilized men were toiling at great expense to found a city here, where apparently, there was so little prospect of one being founded. If they spare no expense for a mere earthly object, why should Christians spare their money or labor in endeavoring here to build the temple of the Lord? There are great difficulties in the way, but when I looked round, and saw these vast hills piled up on all sides, and covered over with the immense blocks of granite as if in sport, just as a child heaps up little sand hills in its play, and disposes its pebbles and its shells on their sides and their tops, I could not but exclaim, the God who formed these hills, and placed these rocks upon them, is all-powerful; and though they seem immovably fixed, yet even men, by slow and patient labor, may take them away; and he himself, by means that he can well employ, can remove them at once. The difficulties of our mission, God could remove at once; but if he chooses to employ us in this work, the probability is, that for the present we shall proceed by slow, and perhaps for a time, almost imperceptible steps. But the work shall be done, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The granite rocks around were a little sanctuary for me, and I did not regret my toil in climbing up the hill.

The Sabbath-day to me was a very pleasant day, though I saw many things to pain me. I could not but feel that I was in a worse than a heathen country. It is a heathen land under the control of Christians, where the heathen are allowed, and even

required by the Christians, to work for them on the Sabbath-day. How can the missionaries urge on the natives to keep holy the Sabbath-day, when the merchants and the Government send them to count money, store away goods, open roads, hew granite, and build houses, on that day? And when the Roman Catholic priests, who are now exerting the greatest influence on the natives of any of the foreigners, consider that the Sabbath is over as soon a mass is said? The merchants go to their counting-rooms as usual, and the Sabbath is emphatically the day for visiting.—"Woe is me, that I dwell in Mesech, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar!" My heart is sick at the sight of the wickedness around. O Lord, show thyself. I felt almost afraid to establish a mission here, for how can a city prosper whose foundations are laid in the desecration of the Sabbath-day. "Sin is a reproach to any people," and how much more to England and America!

In the evening I preached in a little mat-house to a company of some fifteen or twenty persons, mostly pious soldiers, on Luke xi. 31. Mr. Shuck has had a service among them for some time past. Mr. Morrison was there. The attention was very good indeed.

Wednesday, June 8th. I am beginning to wish to be at my regular missionary employments, but the prospect at present is rather poor; several months' voyaging and exploring, and then two or three years' studying of the Mandarin dialect, and then as many more at one of the local dialects,—what shall happen before all that time is passed?

Friday, June 10th. Left Hong Kong with Mr. Shuck yesterday at two, P. M., in a Chinese "Fast Boat," or passage boat. It was perhaps of seventy tons' measurement, had a large cabin, and two small rooms; the latter were assigned to Mr. Shuck and myself, as our Chinese fellow-passengers, about twenty in number, occupied the cabin. It was a very comfortable boat, but had neither berth nor seat. I spread my mat on the floor, and lay there. Mr. Shuck and I took our dinner, or tea, on the top of the cabin; we sat down on the roof, took our bread and meat on pieces of a newspaper, for want of plates; and though we had knives and forks, I found fingers more convenient than the latter. The Chinese made tea for us, and I relished my meal very well.

We had a fair wind most of the way, and got to Macao by daylight.

This is a very unsettled kind of life. I am "living by the day," for I know not what a day may bring forth.

Very affectionately yours, W. M. LOWRIE.

Macao, June 11th, 1842.

MY DEAR FATHER—

. . . . In regard to the station at Singapore, we are all of opinion that it must be given up, as soon as we can obtain a station in or

near China. It is too far from China. One half of the year it is a long and tedious voyage from China there; the other half, it is just the same from Singapore here. It will probably take me from four to six weeks to get to Singapore. The weather in the China Sea is almost always oppressively warm, particularly so at this season, and I shall run a good deal of risk of meeting a tyfoon before I arrive; then the price of passage in the unfavorable monsoon is enormous. Here, then, are time and expense, and, at certain seasons, danger, in making this voyage. Neither is Singapore in itself a very advantageous place for a mission station. It is unhealthy for most persons; very few can endure the constant heat, when there is no bracing winter. The character of the people is also lower there than in many other places. The greater part of them are mere adventurers; many of them have been pirates; a very large proportion are unmarried men, while there are comparatively few women and children. This in itself, of course, is not a reason why they should receive no attention; but it is a reason why we should not turn our attention to places where there is no prospect either of immediate or enduring success and usefulness, when we have not the men and means to occupy every place where it is desirable to have a station.

As to saying that our labor there would be lost if we gave up the place, I think that is an entire mistake; and further, that it contains a most mischievous principle. No good action once performed, is ever lost. God knows its value. He knows best what use to make of it. He is best able to turn it to good account. In so doing, he may work in ways we think not of. To our view, he may make entirely null and void all that we have done, and where we looked for a fruitful harvest, there may be desolation. We may seem to have lost all our labor, and spent our strength for nought. But it is not so; we have looked for the fruit in the wrong place. We may say of our work, as the patriarch Job said of himself, "Its witness is in heaven, and its record is on high." He who counts even the tears of his saints, and numbers all their sighs, will not forget the expense, and the labor, and the sufferings we have endured, the prayers our missionaries have offered, and the tears they have shed at Singapore. They may not see the fruit, but he sees it; and is not this enough? We work to please him, not to appear well in the eyes of men. It is a very common remark, yet seldom fully appreciated, that the last day will disclose the works of our hands. Perhaps we shall then see, that what we counted our most splendid services, those which made the most show and noise, and promised fairest for usefulness, were really of least value; while others, over which we had mourned as seed thrown away, shall then be seen to have grown up and produced fruit and abundant harvest unto eternal life. At the time our China mission was commenced, Singapore seemed to be the most promising station, and probably we did right to select that place. Now the Lord in his providence seems to be opening the

way for a much nearer approach to China, and we shall do wrong if we do not diligently attend to these intimations of his will. While we ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?" we must also be ready to go where he points us; and though we may hardly know what he would have us to do, yet "there it shall be told us what we must do."

The Roman Catholics have almost complete possession of Macao. They have a large number of churches, schools and priests here; and frequently have processions through the streets in honor of their different saints. They had one on St. Anthony's day, a short time after my arrival, when they carried round an image of the saint, gaudily decorated with flowers and tinsel, beating drums and singing anthems. It is hard to see wherein their religion is different from that of the Chinese, at least so far as the sanctification of the Sabbath, and purity of morals, are concerned. They shut up the kingdom of heaven themselves, and they will not suffer others to show the way thither. They prohibit Protestants from carrying on any direct missionary labors, though the prohibition is not so strictly enforced as it might be, and as I had supposed it was. By prudence and proper care a missionary may distribute tracts, go out into the villages, and talk to the people, even gather a few of them in his house, and preach to them; and he may have a small school, which he may direct and instruct as he pleases. Still, missionaries are under restraint, and they feel it; and all of those who are here intend removing to Hong Kong or elsewhere, as soon as they can make it suit. For a permanent mission station, this is not the place. It might, perhaps, be expedient for us to have our missionaries here for a year or two, until we can make more permanent arrangements.

The first appearance of Hong Kong was very unpromising. Though rather greener than any other of the islands at the mouth of the Canton river, it still partakes of the same general characteristics with them,—exceedingly hilly, with the hills barren, bare, high and steep, coming down to the water's edge, and very small and rough valleys between them. The few openings I saw among the hills seemed only to disclose a still more rough and broken country. It is almost the last place in the world, where I should have thought of founding a great city. It is hardly possible to find a site for a house, without digging down the tops or sides of the hills, and levelling them off. It cannot raise provisions enough to support a large population. It must be in great measure dependent on the main land, and on other countries. However, after spending several days there, and seeing more of its advantages, my impressions respecting it became decidedly more favorable. It has a noble and very safe harbor; promises to be very healthy, though very damp in April, May and June; and has now every prospect of filling up rapidly, both with foreigners and Chinese.

The greater part of the Chinese on the island are merely laborers. I saw but few women and children: families are, however,

coming over, and in a few years I think there will be a wide field for common schools. The population is now between 15,000 and 20,000, one-half of whom live in the city of Hong Kong. The greater part of those now on the island have come over within the last twelve months. They are the most *unpatriotic* set I ever heard of, and make no scruple of selling their services to the nation that is fighting against their country. In the attack of the British on Canton, they found no difficulty in hiring Chinese to haul up their guns to the batteries.

A number of different dialects are spoken on the island; the Canton, however, is principally used. The main land is but half a mile off; several villages are on the shore just opposite the island. The country between the Kowloon mountains and Canton is said to be very fertile and populous.

The Roman Catholics have the start of all the Protestant missionaries in Hong Kong. Several French Jesuits went there from Macao, after raising very large sums of money here; got a grant of the very best place on the island for a chapel, and are now building a chapel and school-house, which will probably cost $20,000 or $25,000. They are three or four in number, some of them being men of some experience and knowledge of the world. To compete with such men, the Protestant churches send out one or two young men, fresh from the schools, and who have seen little or nothing of the world. However, I am not discouraged. If God has chosen us to build it who are "yet young and tender," he will give us strength to carry it on, and we will say, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord." We do hope, however, that the churches will adopt the language and the spirit of David, when he said, "Solomon my son is young and tender, and the house that is to be builded for the Lord, must be exceedingly magnifical of fame and of glory throughout all countries. I will therefore now make preparation for it. So David prepared abundantly before his death."

The consideration of being on the ground and ready, I think of much importance. There can be no doubt that the doors of China, those two-leaved gates of brass that have so long been closed, and guarded by the great Dragon, are shaking and will soon be opened. Every one whom I see is more and more of this opinion. Surely the time, the set time, to favor the Chinese is come. Their superstitions are literally "old and ready to vanish away." Their attachment to the government is very slight. They are daily gaining more correct notions of the power of other nations: the visit of the Constellation and Boston (now at Macao) has given them higher ideas of the American power than they ever before possessed. The success of the British will probably soon complete the subversion of their narrow prejudices, and they will be far more open to the reception of Divine truth in a few years than they have ever been before. It is all-important that the good seed be

sown while they are in such a state. If we do not, the Roman Catholics certainly will gain the ascendency.

As for myself, I am in good spirits and in good health. My cup is running over with blessings, and I now feel more anxious to remain and labor for these Chinese than I ever did before. But it is hard to find that my mouth is closed, and I cannot speak to them. How dreadful their condition and prospects, and yet they do not know it!

The instructions of the Committee, we understood, were that a station should be formed on the island, provided, 1st, that a sufficiently large lot could be purchased or rented under perpetual lease; 2d, that the persons and property of the missionaries would be protected; and 3d, that no restrictions would be laid upon our operations, either in preaching, teaching, or healing. The second and third provisos were easily answered. Full protection would be given, and no restrictions whatever imposed. The first, however, was not so easily settled. A short time since, the island was put under military government, and all further grants of land for any purpose refused until further orders should be received from the home government. . . .

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

China Sea, June 24th, 1842.

Mr. John Lloyd—

My Dear Brother:—I am often thinking of you, and, especially of late, often wishing I had you out here along with me. You must come out to China. . . .

Here I am all alone, and rather lonely, going down the China Sea against the monsoon, and wishing most heartily that I were on *terra firma* again, and settled down at my Chinese studies. Excepting sea-sickness, and a very slight attack of fever at the commencement of this last trip, I have been uniformly very well since leaving New York; and have been enabled to see and hear a good deal, and to collect a good deal of information respecting China as a missionary field. I know you will be anxious to hear what I think of it in that respect, so I propose to tell you, in as few words as possible, what I think of it. You know how very unexpected it was to me that I should ever be a missionary to China. It is not a year yet since my station was assigned to me in this part of the world; and I came out with many fears and misgivings, and many doubts as to my fitness for such a station, and as to its suitableness for missionary labor at the present time. But what I have seen and what I have heard has shown me many things I never knew before, has opened up to me views of its vastness as a field for labor almost overpowering, and has taught me that many of its difficulties have been greatly overrated. It has its difficulties, and some of them, such as the evil influence of foreign-

ers, though I knew of them before, are far greater than I had expected ; but on the whole I am greatly encouraged. There is a great work to be done, and the men are now wanted to perform it ; and it is not required that these men should be angels "greater in might and excelling in power" the rest of mankind, in order that they may perform it. The language can be learned, the people can be approached ; and I verily believe that China is *now opening;* certainly it is more open now than it has ever been before. Missionaries can now labor in Macao much more freely than ever before. Hong Kong will soon be perfectly open. Missionaries are now at Amoy and Chusan, places where no Protestant missionaries have ever been before ; and those at Amoy and Chusan, where the people have not been as yet corrupted by the evil influence and example of foreigners, represent them as an uncommonly interesting people, easy of access, and free in their manners. They are heathen, of course, and have the vices of heathen ; but I am inclined to think that there is no people except the native Africans, among whom I would more readily labor, and with more hope of success, than among the Chinese ; and this I think is saying a good deal ; you know how promising a people I have always thought the Africans are.

I am not able now to give you the facts on which I base the above conclusion. Perhaps I may at some other time. But I never felt so anxious to live long as I did several times in China, when I saw the Chinese around me, and wanted to preach Christ to them. I think I should rejoice to wear out a long life in Christ's service in China.

I formed some very pleasant acquaintances among the missionaries in China, most of whom I have seen, and some of them frequently. . . .

There is an infinite fund of wisdom in our Lord's saying to his apostles, "Be ye wise as serpents." Missionaries above all other men, it seems to me, need to be men of prudence ; not actuated by impulse, but influenced by steady and enlightened principle. Certainly nothing else will atone for the want of prudence, in a missionary to China at the present time. A "prudent counsellor" is invaluable, especially now. And yet there is very great danger of having prudence degenerate to timidity, and thus overpower our zeal. Surely we have need of wisdom from on high to direct us. I often think of Solomon's prayer for wisdom, when he was appointed to rule over the numerous people of Israel.

How are you coming on in matrimonial affairs? Let me whisper in your ears a good piece of advice. Keep your eyes open ; if you see one who would make you a good and prudent wife, by all means try and secure her. If you cannot find one that would be an helpmeet for you, consider it an intimation of Providence that you are to remain unmarried for the present, and come out single. Such was the principle I acted on in the United States, and after all I have felt and seen, I am more and more convinced

that it is the proper course to be taken. The missionaries here all recommend that a man should be married, but I believe they all abhor what are sometimes called "missionary matches," and I think most justly. I hope you will by example and precept discountenance all such things.

How I should like to see you, and chat with you for a while! Where are you? what doing? How are you getting on? What are your prospects? When will you be licensed? Are you ready to come out here? or do the Nestorians still call forth your sympathies? Do you still remember "the love of your espousals?" and that bright and happy season at Jefferson College, with our many pleasant interviews, and the walks we took, and the prayers we offered, and the many conjectures and plans for future usefulness we laid? Some who started with us, and for a while promised as fair, have already gone back; while others have already entered into rest. Why are we spared? What are we doing? Could we now rejoice to give up the account of our stewardship?

Farewell—and may the Lord we have so often delighted to worship together, still watch over and bless thee.

August 12th. Dear brother, if you ever come to China, I hope you may not have to go up or down the China Sea against the monsoon. After fifty-three days' hard work, we have been obliged to abandon the effort, and are now going to Manila, to lay in fresh provisions, and prepare for another effort. The monsoon will be nearly over in a month, and then perhaps we may succeed. How often have I thought of you on this voyage, and wished you were here!

Affliction is a good thing to make one study the Scriptures. I never understood them half so well before, nor relished so much their precious promises. This has been a pretty severe trial to me: alone, with no Christian friend; a boisterous sea; hope deferred until the heart became sick, and then entirely cut off. But I have become pretty well reconciled to it, and can even rejoice, "for the Lord reigneth." Why he has thus disappointed my expectations, I cannot yet tell; but no doubt for wise reasons. This affliction I trust is doing me good, and I shall yet justify Him in all his ways.

Very truly yours,
W. M. Lowrie.

China Sea, June 22d, 1842.

My Dear Mother—

I have a prospect of a long, lonely, and perhaps tedious passage. And I know of nothing that may contribute better to cheer at least a few of its lonely hours, than to keep a quiet journal, connecting me once more with "home and home folks;" so I pray you to receive this *little* manuscript, as another proof, if proof were needed, that I have not forgotten you, and do not think of you with the

less affection, though my letters may not at all times be composed with so many laboriously sought expressions of affection, and longing desires to see you again, as you may sometimes meet with in the case of home-sick travellers.

There were two vessels to leave Macao about the time I wanted to go to Singapore, the Oneida and the Sea Queen. The day for the sailing of the latter was fixed, that of the former was not, and was uncertain. The Sea Queen would probably accomplish the voyage in one or two weeks less time, being better built for such a voyage. She was described to me as having "splendid accommodations;" while the price of the passage, at this season, was said to be "very reasonable." I thought it would be a good opportunity of seeing something of an English sea-captain and officers, who had been some time in this part of the world. On the whole, the advantages seemed to preponderate in favor of the Sea Queen; so I engaged my passage. She was advertised to sail June 18th, (Saturday.) I was informed, however. on Saturday morning, by a clerk of the owners, that she would not sail till Monday, P. M., which suited me very well. So I got a Chinese boat on Saturday morning to take the boxes and a keg of specie on board. The distance was four miles at least, wind dead ahead, and quite a heavy sea all the time; occasionally a sprinkling of spray came over me, as the boat had no shelter of any kind. It being impossible to sail against such a wind, the boatmen took their oars, and after two hours' hard pulling, finding themselves still half a mile from the Sea Queen, they laid them down and put up the sail, intending to beat out the rest of the way. They made two tacks, which occupied another hour, and gained only half the distance. A heavy rain came on, making it impossible to see anything; strong wind and heavy sea. The head man of the boat, who for some time had seemed disheartened, turned to me, and made a very significant gesture towards Macao. "No," said I, pointing to the ship, "there." "No can," said he, "no can, I go Macao; to-morrow go seep." "No, no," said I, "go ship now, there." "No can." "Yes can; put down sail; take oar; go ship," said I, explaining myself more by actions than by words. But the fellow grumbled and repeated, "No can do; no can do." "Yes, can do; *must* do; put down sail; take oar; go ship." All this in the middle of a soaking rain. After a good deal of persuasion, I at last succeeded in carrying my point, and the fellows put down their sail, took their oars, and, I must say, worked most heartily. In fifteen minutes, the rain was over and we were along side of the Sea Queen. I got my baggage safely stored, and being quite wet, I hurried on shore to get my clothes changed. The wind being quite favorable for going ashore, I got back in half an hour; got up to Mr. Brown's, and changed my clothes. Late on Saturday, word came that the "Sea Queen goes to-morrow morning at daylight, and you will have to go aboard to-night." There was no help for it; so I hastily packed up my

trunk, said good-bye to my kind friends, to all of whom, and especially Mr. and Mrs. Brown, I had become very much attached, and at half-past six, got aboard another Chinese boat to go out to the vessel. It rained several times pretty hard, yet we got out in two hours and a half. It was rather a stormy, uncomfortable preparation for the Sabbath; and I could not think without longing remembrances of the many pleasant Saturday evenings on board the Huntress, and particularly of the "preparation," as "the Sabbath drew near," at home. I wondered what you were all doing; and whether you had any idea of my situation,—alone, weary, and half despondent. However, my troubles seemed to be over when I got safely on board, and I thought I should now in these "splendid accommodations," have at least a quiet and pleasant voyage to Singapore. But I began to think very soon, that I had reckoned without my host. My room is a good, large, airy apartment, and high enough for me to stand upright; but it has no berth, though a large transom supplies the place of that; no table, no wash-stand; not even a wash-basin; no lamp, no shelves, only one or two hooks, and one stool; these are its "accommodations." The first thing I saw when I went in at night, was a host of large cockroaches, which made themselves perfectly at home there; a quantity of spiders and spider's webs in every corner; and a very unpleasant odor, caused, I suppose, in great part, by the cockroaches, to which, after three or four days' experience, I have not yet become accustomed.

We were to have sailed at daylight Sabbath morning, but did not get off till ten o'clock; had a head wind and rough sea; and by ten o'clock, P. M., we had gone only ten or fifteen miles, and had to anchor just outside of the great Ladrone Island. Next day we did very little better, and beat about in sight of land all day. Meantime I felt very poorly, Sabbath morning, though not unwell. I could not fix my thoughts on anything. The business of our mission, and various plans, kept crowding into my mind. I tried to read the Psalms, Life of Martyrs, &c., but could not with any ease or pleasure. Afternoon, my head ached, tooth ached, hands and face were sore from being sun-burnt the day before, and I had a good deal of fever, which kept on me for several hours. I was tired lying down, yet too weak to sit up; and it was too wet and unpleasant to be out. The officers were too busy to attend to me; and Chun Sing, who is going with me to Singapore, was quite sea-sick himself. Oh, how often I thought of the Huntress, with her nice clean sweet cabins, her kind captain, pious mate, intelligent and quiet crew, and pleasant passengers. Everything seemed different here. I could hardly avoid murmuring, though at the same time I felt that I had many, many more comforts and mercies than I deserved, and after a while I became rather more satisfied. Next day, I kept getting better; got several refreshing naps, and in each of them had a sweet and pleasant dream. I dare not tell you the first,—it would amuse you too much. In the second,

I dreamed that father and yourself had come out to Macao to see me. He wanted to go to Singapore in the Sea Queen, but I told him to go in the Huntress by all means. We had to part for a while, and I was very anxious for him to read the letters, and particularly the official one, which I had that morning left in the hands of a young friend to be sent to America by the first vessel. I hope you have got them before now. I had some trouble to get the letters for him in time, and just as I got them, I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Next day, Tuesday, I was better still; and to-day, Wednesday, June 22d, I am quite well, and have things a little more comfortably fixed. I have told Chun Sing to come to my room every day, and read the New Testament, and learn the Shorter Catechism, &c. This is the strength of the S. W. monsoon, so that we have the wind strong and right ahead, and shall have it so all the way. Consequently, we have to sail one hundred and fifty miles at least, in order to make fifty on our course.

Saturday, June 25th. Here we are still beating down the China Sea, but on the whole making very fair progress. As good success as we have had thus far would take us to Singapore in twenty days, and I should be pretty well satisfied to be assured we should be no longer. My situation, on the whole, is tolerably pleasant; though I do sometimes feel sadly out of sorts. In the Huntress, when I had no other employment, I could sit and watch our sailors; they were always busy, either working, or talking, or reading; and what they did, they seemed to do heartily. But these Lascars are the poorest set of human creatures I have ever seen; they are not to be compared to the Chinese. There must be near fifty of them aboard, though the vessel is not much more than half as large as the Huntress, which had only twenty men and boys; and yet these fifty do not do their work half as well as those twenty. So many of them seize hold of a rope, that they are actually in each other's way, and they pull as if they were afraid of hurting the rope's feelings. And then, so dirty; I have not seen one of them with a clean article of dress since I came on board. I must except the carpenter, who is a pretty decent-looking fellow. He is a Chinaman. It does me good to look at him. I do not want to see our butler at all, however, and least of all when I am eating,—with his soiled turban and faded shawl, dirty trowsers, and apparently unwashed face and hands. I was always fond of potatoes, but I like them now better than ever, for they come to the table with their coats on, and I am sure they are clean; cannot say the same of anything else at table. But, a man must eat, and there is no use of being so squeamish; besides, I am usually hungry at breakfast time, half-past eight, and at dinner, half-past two; and these are the only meals I eat. At tea I take but little, the tea is so abominable that I can not drink it. And the dry ship biscuit, the only bread we have, is not very inviting by itself.

I could bear these little matters, if other things were right. Our officers are to me quite gentlemanly, and personally, I have no complaint; but, they evidently consider the men as of an inferior caste. And the men feel that they are looked upon as such. Some of the men have rather fine countenances, but almost all of them betray vacant minds, or, at least, minds filled only with the least important cares of this passing and perishing world. How can I be sufficiently grateful that I am made to differ from them? As to religious services, at present there are none; and this, more than anything else, makes me feel alone. The most pleasant occupation I have, is to spend an hour every morning in teaching Chun Sing the New Testament, and the Shorter Catechism. And perhaps I may give another hour hereafter to other studies. Then I read Hengstenberg's Christology, History of Scotland, The Middle Ages, &c.; study a little Chinese, and about China, &c. I write some every day; expect to have a host of letters written when I get to Singapore; and if a vessel should be going thence to the United States direct, they will arrive sooner than those I wrote at Macao.

The thermometer has stood about 84° all week; to-day, 85°, but owing to the strength of the wind, the air has been quite pleasant. Numerous flocks of flying-fish are constantly starting up, as our vessel in her course disturbs them. What immense numbers there must be! We probably startle some thousands every day, and yet the course of our ship is a very narrow line in the midst of a very wide sea. Sea sights have lost much of their novelty for me now, and I have to seek amusement and employment principally in myself. It is well for me that I can do so, and still better that there is one above me to whom I can always go. For three or four days after the voyage commenced, I could hardly bear the thoughts of its lasting thirty or forty days;—but now I am disposed to say with cheerfulness, "The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice!" Let him hasten or retard the end of this voyage, as seems best to himself, for He doeth all things well.

Sabbath evening, June 26th. At the close of a silent Sabbath, my thoughts turn back to the land of my birth, and I cannot help asking, how are you all? And what are you doing? In a few hours I suppose you will be going up to the house of God. You have opportunities of communion with fellow Christians. Your hearts are cheered at the sight of churches, and though pained at the prevalence of wickedness, yet you can believe that the Lord has much people around you. It is not so here. I am alone, as far as Christian society is concerned, and almost alone as far as any society is concerned; surrounded on all sides by lands where there is no Sabbath, few churches, few Christians. In such a situation I find it a very hard thing to keep up the life of religion. At home one depends for the state of his religious feelings very much on the general tone of the churches around him; here there is nothing of the kind to depend upon. Perhaps this is an ad-

vantage, for it causes one to feel more entirely his dependence on God, the great Author of all true religious emotions; but it is hard at first, to become reconciled to such a state of things, and like David of old, I can well say, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." When you go up with the great congregation to worship God, do not forget those that are in the ends of the earth, and that are far off upon the sea. True, God, your God, is our confidence; but it is pleasant to think that we are thought of by you, in the midst of your privileges. The tears fill my eyes, and my heart is full, when I think of you and your enjoyments; but I have no wish to go back. Blessed be the name of Christ for that precious promise, "Lo, I am with you always."

And yet it is good to be in such circumstances occasionally. There are passages of Scripture that cannot be understood otherwise. I have often read over, and dwelt upon the eighty-fourth Psalm, and yet all my previous meditations, and all the commentaries I have read upon it, have not shown me its sweetness and beauty, so much as this day's experience.

Truly, "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising Thee." But those who enjoy these external privileges, do not monopolize all the blessings. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them." Even in the most unfavorable circumstances, when far removed from the refreshing dews of God's house, they shall enjoy his favor. "Passing through the valley of Baca (weeping, Bochim,) he maketh it a well; the rain also filleth the pools." ("As the rain cometh down from heaven, so is my word," &c.) Such are the consolations of wanderers here; and hereafter, after they have gone from strength to strength, "Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." Such truths and encouragements may well strengthen a lonely wanderer to run with patience the race set before him; and while he cannot but feel, that a day in the Lord's courts is better than a thousand, yet even here "the Lord God is a sun and shield; no good thing doth he withhold from them that walk uprightly." How far superior is such a lot to that of the proudest of this world's favorites; truly "my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour."

Monday, June 27th. I did not expect to have been becalmed in the strength of the monsoon; but we are. Have hardly gone twenty miles in the last twenty hours. I do not think, however, it will last long, but it tries the captain's patience a good deal. I have been busy to-day, and happy, though alone.

Tuesday, June 28th. We made eight miles yesterday, and from present appearances shall not make much more to-day; though a little squall we had this afternoon, may have carried us on perhaps five miles. I was very glad the squall came, for in the rain our dirty Lascars got a washing, that improves their appearance very much. I have now got to feel pretty well contented and at

home, but would notwithstanding be very glad to be at Singapore, and better pleased still to be at Macao, or some place nearer China.

As you wanted to know what we live on, I will give you the account of one day's fare. It has been precisely the same, every day since I came on board. Breakfast, at half-past eight; tea, fowl or duck, salt beef, salt tongue, potatoes, rice and curry, guava jam. Our only bread is ship-biscuit. For dinner, at half-past two; soup, commonly pea soup, fowl or duck, salt beef, salt tongue, potatoes, rice and curry, pudding, generally of some kind of dough and rather heavy, cheese, preserved ginger, or some similar sweetmeats. For tea, at six o'clock; tea and biscuit. I have a wonderful appetite at present, and eat my salt beef and potatoes with very great relish. I suppose the above bill of fare will last all the voyage, unless the fowls and ducks should happen to give out.

Wednesday, June 29th. With reading and writing and eating and sleeping, my time passes quite comfortably, though I often catch myself wishing to be at Singapore. Yet there is no use of being impatient. My principal reason for wishing to be at Singapore soon, is that I may the sooner be at my appointed business. But surely the Master on whose business I am sent, knows best when I ought to be there, and it is in his power to hasten or retard my arrival. He holds the winds, and can cause them to waft me on speedily, if He sees best. If He does not choose to have it so, certainly He has wise reasons for doing as He does, and I ought contentedly to submit. With such considerations, I try to allay the impatience I sometimes feel, at being delayed by these calms.

Saturday, July 2d. Still progressing slowly. Had calms every day of greater or less duration, from Sabbath till to-day. Though, as we commonly had a little wind at night, and that such a wind as enabled us to proceed directly on our course, we have probably gone quite as far as we should have done, had the monsoon been blowing in its strength. Yesterday we did uncommonly well. We had a good breeze during the night, that carried us eighty miles directly towards Singapore. To-day we are going perhaps faster, but not so directly; we are running now between south-east and south, or to speak according to the compass, we are going S. S. E. Having been pretty busy, my time has passed away rapidly and pleasantly, though I do at times feel the monotony of this voyage quite sensibly, and often think of the Huntress. To increase my pleasure, the captain said that two months ago, as he was going from Singapore to Macao, he was becalmed ten whole days in sight of a small island near Singapore, and he believed he was fated to make long voyages in the China Sea. There! while I am writing I see the sails flapping against the masts, and we are becalmed again! What is so helpless a thing as a ship at sea in a calm? How vain is all human power in such a case! and oh, how much more dreadful, is the spiritual case of those who are deprived of the influences of that Spirit, which is like the wind that bloweth

where it listeth! If Christians were half as anxious to obtain the influences of the Spirit, as sailors are to catch the breeze, what a different appearance the church would have.

Wednesday, July 6th. The calm I spoke of Saturday P. M. lasted but a few minutes, and we have had the monsoon strong ever since; strong wind, heavy sea, and slow progress. Yesterday we went fifteen miles west and fifteen south; to-day, thirty miles west and twenty north; so that, as far as latitude is concerned, we are worse off than we were two days ago. This morning the wind was so strong that it broke our main top-gallant-mast, and the men have been all day employed making a new one. There has been so much motion yesterday and to-day, and that of so unpleasant a kind, that I could not study Chinese. Just as I get my pencil ready to make a neat stroke, away goes the ship; and while I am busy holding to whatever I can catch, the ship staggers off, and leans over on the other side, and a wave rushes in at one of the lee ports. Still, on we dash on our foaming way, and as yet no harm has befallen any of us. My situation is as pleasant as that of any on board, indeed more so; a good large room, plenty to eat and wear, plenty of books and papers, and at present no responsibility. Yet I would like to be at the end of this voyage. We have now been out sixteen days, and are not half way yet.

These poor Lascars have rather a hard life; their only food is rice, with a very little curry. They sit on the deck, and eat with their fingers, three or four out of the same dish. They sleep on deck, in the open air, with only a coarse piece of flannel for a covering. No provision at all is made for their accommodation in the "country ships," no forecastle nor berths. If it rains, they must let it rain, and sleep through it, or else keep awake. All hands are employed all day, and no watches are kept, as on board vessels manned by English or Americans. They may sleep all night, unless they are wanted, when the "tindals," or overseers, of whom there are four, answering to boatswain and boatswain's mates, sound their whistles, and call all hands. Six of them, however, at a time, watch for two hours during the night, and when the bells are struck, every half-hour, the one nearest raises a yell, for I can call it nothing else, which is repeated by the next, and so on through the whole six. This is to show that they are awake; but, for all the watch they keep, they might as well be asleep.

The "*glorious fourth*" passed away without a word being said on the subject. I thought of it, and of the last fourth of July I had spent, at Marshall, Michigan, and how little I then expected to have ever been tossing about on the China Sea. Who knows what a day may bring forth?

Saturday, July 9th. The close of the third week of our voyage, and we hardly can say that we have gone half way! We have come ten degrees of latitude, but we have ten degrees more of latitude, and eight of longitude, still to traverse: if we run west, we

cannot go south; if we run south, we must also run east; thus making our distance in longitude greater. But why should I complain? If hope is deferred, should my heart be made sick thereby, when I know that a Father's kind hand defers it? I felt greatly reproved this afternoon, as I sat on the stern, and saw a large sea-fowl slowly sailing over the waters. Our Heavenly Father cares for it, and feeds it, even on these wide and rolling waters; am not I of more value than many such? Is not the work I am engaged in more for his glory, than the preservation and sustenance of the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea? And if he cares for them, will he not much more care for me and carry me on? Surely he knoweth what is best for me, and most for his own glory. I will therefore commit my way unto the Lord, and trust also in Him. He will bring it to pass. Forgive me, dear mother, if I bring these things improperly to your eye; I have no one here of kindred spirit with myself, and it is pleasant, even though on paper, and afar off, to give utterance to sentiments that I know will find a response in your own feelings. It seems to me, were I once more in the society of fellow-christians, I should prize much more highly than I have ever done, the opportunity of talking of these things,—of "speaking one to another."

Monday, July 11th. For two days we have been running west, and have made over three degrees; but a strong current yesterday carried us more than a degree to the north of our position on Saturday. The officers are beginning to shake their heads, and predict a long passage. We have all, I think, made up our minds to six weeks instead of four. The mate told me to-day, that the Sea Queen had never had a fair wind for a whole day since she was launched, about fifteen months since! However, I do not know but that this voyage will prove a very profitable one to me. It reminds me of several facts that had almost entirely escaped from my memory. I had quite forgotten that the Apostle Paul, after being in journeyings often, in weariness, in painfulness, &c., had also "thrice been shipwrecked, and spent a night and a day in the deep." So it seems even the best of missionaries did not escape from some troubles on the seas. I wonder if he had as fine a state-room as I have, and whether, in his voyages, he had to live on salt provisions and hard biscuit! We have no journals nor diaries and the like, from the times of the Apostles, to tell us how they managed on such occasions; but the more I think of the matter; the more I am inclined to believe that I am better off as to outward things, than Paul, or almost any of his fellow-laborers; and therefore, so far, I have not much reason to complain. Still, I must say, I should not be sorry to exchange this ship's fare for a short residence in Singapore. However, the Huntress has spoiled me. The Sea Queen is a great deal better ship than the Anna Watson, in which Mr. McBride went to Amoy.

I have since found a passage of Scripture much more to the point than the one above. Acts xxvii. 7. "And when we had

sailed slowly many days, and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us," &c. It has taken such hold of me, that I have laid it up for future consideration.

Friday, July 15th. Through the obstinacy and self-will of our captain, we have less and less prospect of a speedy voyage. He has taken a notion that he will not go to the eastward of long. 112°. A strong current has prevailed for some days, which drives us northward, and has almost totally rendered our tacks to the south useless, yet he persists in keeping the ship off to the west; consequently, for four days we did almost nothing. Last night the wind came out so strongly, that he could not go to the westward without going north of north-west, and after trying for six hours to go westward, he was obliged to give up, and put her head to the south-east; consequently to-day we have made nearly a degree of southing, and I hope are out of the influence of the current which we have felt ever since Sabbath afternoon. I am heartily sick of this ship. The mates are rather clever men, but so ill-tempered and obstinate a man as the captain, I have hardly ever seen. He treats me civilly enough, but I have little pleasure at table, from the severity of his temper towards the servants.

I am afraid you will think I make too much of these things, and I must confess, I never knew I had so impatient a spirit, as the delays of this voyage have stirred up in me. It has been a severe conflict within me, to overcome this impatience; but, through grace, I trust I am now in a great measure resigned to these things; and perhaps, on the whole, this voyage will be one of the most profitable I have ever made. It gives opportunities for solitude that I have not had for months past, teaches me how to value privileges I do not now enjoy, discloses myself to myself, and forces me to rely not on human, but divine strength.

We had quite a gale last night, with a very heavy sea; so much tossing and pitching, that I scarcely slept the whole night. For the time it lasted, it was more uncomfortable than the gale off St. Paul's, where we had to lie to for twelve hours. We were almost lying to, the greater part of the last night, but now (P. M.) we are going on rather pleasantly.

Monday, July 18th. About six A. M., on Saturday, the wind rose again with great force, and it was the middle of the day, yesterday, before it abated. In the gale on Friday, the wind split our fore-topsail and jib, and others had to be put up in their places. On Saturday the wind split the second fore-topsail, main-topsail, and spanker. Ship rolled prodigiously, and for a while things looked rather dark, as you may well suppose. A strong gale and heavy sea, and the wind dead ahead, are not very pleasant things. At the middle of the day on Saturday, we were not more than one degree further on our course than we were seven days before; with a slight variation, we might almost have adopted Peter's words: "We have toiled all night and caught nothing."

The captain's swearing and damning everything and every-

body, had been so trying to me, that I was greatly at a loss to know what to do. It was very unpleasant to hear him, and it seemed like "suffering sin in him," not to tell him of it; and yet, knowing his passionate temper, I felt afraid to say anything, lest it should only make him worse. However, I took the opportunity of speaking to him last night about it, when he seemed to be in a better humor than usual. I was most agreeably disappointed. He looked rather hard at me at first, but almost immediately said, "I know it is a very bad habit—a very bad habit. I feel it every time I do so. It must be very unpleasant to you. There is not a day I do not ask for forgiveness, but I can not break myself of it." We talked a good while about it, and I had the opportunity of dropping a good many truths to him, which may, perhaps, yet do him good. He said he had observed, that often when he was scolding and damning the men, I went down to my cabin. "I felt that, for I knew why you did it, and I am very sensitive to such things." He then tried to excuse it; did not think it was very wrong, for he did not mean anything bad by it, &c. I referred him to the words of the third commandment, "taking the name of the Lord in vain." To that he had nothing to say. He then said, one could not get along without it. "Here these men speak fifty languages: I can not understand them, and they can not understand me without I swear at them. They will not believe you are angry or in earnest unless you swear at them!" What a picture of the moral influence of nominal Christians over the heathen! and yet missionaries have to labor to convert the heathen who are employed by nominal Christians to work for them on the Sabbath day, and who can not understand a Christian, or believe him in earnest, unless he swears at them. Of course I protested against such an opinion, and said it could never be right or necessary to swear. We then talked about something else; and during a pause in the conversation, he abruptly remarked, "I know it must be very unpleasant to you, and perhaps you sometimes thought I did it intentionally, but I did not." I remarked I thought him too much of a gentleman to do that. He would not promise positively, but said he "would try to break himself of the habit."

The wind is such to-day, that we could go almost in a south course—S. by E.—but unfortunately there are a number of shoals in that direction, and this wind would carry us among them in twelve hours; consequently, we are obliged to put off to the north-west, and the wind being strong, we "lose a point" in our course, by lee-way. Such are some of the troubles of the voyager's life. Do not forget to pray for the sailor.

Tuesday, July 19th. Wind more favorable still; we can go south, and sometimes even S. by W., but being still too near the shoals have to run W., and N. W. by N., more than half the time. Yesterday was the best day's work we have made in a long time, thirty miles west and sixteen south, equal to about thirty-three on our course, i. e., if the captain's observation was a

good one, of which he is doubtful. We are now very seriously expecting that our trip will be of two months, instead of one month. But the Lord reigneth, I trust I can rejoice thereat. We certainly have evidence that He is watching over us. To-day, as I was lying on the transom, (there has been so much motion for a week, that it is very unpleasant to sit, and I spend more than half the time lying down,) very quietly reading one of Irving's sketches, I heard a great and unusual cry on deck. As it continued, I ran out and found a man had fallen from the bowsprit into the sea. Most providentially, he caught one of the ropes thrown to him, before the ship had gone too far, and was drawn in. The sea was so rough, that the captain could hardly have let a boat down for him. Had it been night; had the sea been rougher; had he fallen on the other side of the vessel, where the waves would have carried him from her; had he not been able to grasp the rope; in any of these cases he would have been lost. But the poor heathen, if he thinks at all about it, will ascribe his escape to chance, or to some of his idols, as blind and helpless as chance. These poor fellows have a great horror of the sea. It is only by high wages that they will serve as sailors. These men get fourteen rupees monthly, or nearly seven dollars, a large sum for such sailors; and after all, the greater part of the crews of the "country ships" are impressed by force, and carried off without their own consent.

July 21st. Here we are, fifty miles north and thirty miles west of our station, day before yesterday. Quite a gale came on yesterday afternoon, and we have been almost lying to for twenty-four hours. We have one duck, and ten fowls left, and nearly a certainty of having only salt meat for a few weeks to come, unless Providence so order it that we get to Singapore next week, which might be done, even in this monsoon, under favorable circumstances. The captain has begun to talk of allowances of wood, water and provisions. Outward things look gloomy. I do not say these things by way of complaint, for I feel less disposed to complain now, than at any previous part of the voyage, but to give you some idea of our situation. As to myself, I find the promises increasingly precious, and I think I shall soon have Acts xxvii. by heart. It becomes more and more instructive. Still, hope has not yet left me, that we may make a reasonable voyage as to time, though the prospect is more and more discouraging. Such times as these, head winds, tossing tempests, and adverse currents, make me think of that happy place, where "there is no more sea."

The most unpleasant thing about our present situation, is its uncertainty. We may have a favorable wind to-morrow, and soon reach our "desired haven." We may toss about here for weeks, and at last not be able to make the port after all. But "the Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice. Clouds and darkness are round

about him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

July 22d. Worse and worse; after running for eighteen hours to the N. W. and W. N. W., and six hours S. S. E., at the rate of four miles an hour all the time, we find ourselves twenty miles north, and ten miles east of our station yesterday! The current here must be tremendous. We are almost at our "wits' end." We have now been beating about for a week, most of the time under double-reefed topsails, and have made almost no progress. Indeed, we are very little farther on than we were two weeks ago. Yet I am thankful to find that my own mind is calm and peaceful most of the time. I should greatly regret to be obliged to put back to Macao; and should be most heartily glad to be at Singapore, or to be assured of getting there in three weeks; but it is the Lord who has "raised the stormy wind," and he has wise ends in view. It is not very comfortable being here. My health may suffer for want of exercise, there being so much motion, it is hardly possible, with safety, to take any; the affairs of the mission may be retarded somewhat by my detention; Dr. Hepburn may be in need of the funds I have with me, so may Mr. Buell. Our removal to China, should that be resolved on, may be delayed a good while, &c.; but all these things are known to Him who controls my course, and He will care for his own cause. Cowper's hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

is a very precious one, especially the last lines:

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

Saturday, July 23d. Twenty miles to the east of our station yesterday; same latitude.

"Woe is me that I dwell in Mesech, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar!" I pray God, my dear mother, that neither you nor any other of my friends may ever be placed as I now am, at least so far as society is concerned. I have spoken before of the captain's temper. To-day, both at breakfast and dinner, it has broken out against the servants in a most unpleasant manner. I had almost got up from the table before dinner was half over. I do not wonder that they try his patience, for such a set I never saw. We have three to wait on the table, besides the cook and the dish-washer, and this morning they complained that there was too much to do! There are but four of us at the table here, while in the Huntress two waited on eight, and did it incomparably better than these three, besides attending to the state-rooms, and keeping the cabin and all the dishes as clean and sweet as could be desired. These fellows never think of cleaning the cabins, and frequently I cannot find a clean tumbler to get a drink with! More than once I have been obliged to send away the knife and fork they handed me, and tell them to give me clean ones. Still,

it is very unpleasant to witness and be obliged to bear with such outbursts of temper. "Oh that I had the wings of a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest." Do not think me discontented. I have felt and enjoyed for several days past, the power of religion; and do generally enjoy great peace of mind, though at times I am "in heaviness through these temptations." How dreadful it would be to dwell forever in such society!

Monday, July 25th. I see the China Sea in an entirely different aspect this voyage, from what it was in May, when we went up. Then all was calm; now all is stormy. We are lying to to-day again, after splitting three or four more sails. Yesterday and to-day have been so cloudy as to allow no observation, and we know not where we are. I almost begin to doubt whether we shall arrive at Singapore at all, during this monsoon. We have now been out the usual time required to make the trip, and the prospect is darker than ever. The captain talks of going to Manila to lay in fresh stores. We shall be obliged to do this before long, if we do not soon arrive at Singapore, as we have provisions for but little more than a month longer. However, I am not discouraged. "*Jehovah Jireh.* In the mount it shall be seen." God is accustomed to reveal himself when his creatures are at their greatest extremities. I have been comparing my condition with that of the Lascars on board; ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-treated, working hard, few social, no intellectual, and, worse than all, no spiritual privileges. How much is my condition better than theirs!

Friday, July 29th. We are now near two hundred miles further north than we were last week, and about sixty miles further from Singapore than we were fifteen days ago. I thought that I undertook this voyage in obedience to the intimations of Providence, but hitherto they have almost all been against us. One gale this week drove us eighty miles to the northward in less than twenty hours; head winds and adverse currents make it nearly impossible to proceed. Our provisions will last us but a month longer, and it would require almost all that time in favorable circumstances to make the remainder of our voyage.

To be sure all anxiety, even on these points, is quieted by the recollection that Christ is "head over all things for the church," and that all things shall work together for good, to them that love God; but sometimes I forget these things.* I would not willingly undertake another such voyage as this, and yet I must say, so great have been the benefits which I have received from this trial, that they far more than counterbalance all the inconveniences hitherto endured. Still we are not required to seek afflictions, and I should greatly rejoice to be once more on solid ground; yet while detained I hope to be sustained.

Saturday, July 30th. The pleasantest day we have had for weeks; a light clear sky, blue sea, little motion, and pleasant

* I am not quite sure that I recollect right, but I think Bunyan makes Mr. *Forget-good* Mayor of Mansoul in place of my Lord Understanding, which is very appropriate.

breeze. At noon, the captain put his head into my room, crying, with great glee, "Hurrah, she springs it again! We have made ten miles southing!" The first time we have been able to get to the south for a week, though we have had more favorable winds. This is a "little reviving in our bondage," among these currents. If it will only continue! In a case like this, one is in danger either of building too much on such a prospect as we have to-day, or, on the other hand, of "despising the day of small things," and being cast down, because it is no better.

I was much struck with Isa. xxvi. 4, yesterday evening. The literal translation of the Hebrew is, "Trust ye in Jehovah even forever, for in Jah Jehovah is the rock of unending ages." No translation, however, can give the force of the original. It is, I think, even more emphatic than "the five negatives," Heb. xiii. 5, on which you may have seen some very delightful remarks in Nevin's Practical Thoughts. I think if I ever know enough of Chinese to be of any service in translating the Bible into it, I shall find it a very pleasant employment. I find that in proportion as I closely examine almost any passage, it presents gems more and more sparkling. Thus, in the above passage, in addition to the triple mention of the name Jehovah, the peculiar name of God, as the Covenant God of his people, the first "forever" is literally "eternities of eternity;" and the last expression is "the rock of everlastings." Well might the Psalmist (Ps. cxliv. 15,) say, "Happy is that people" (literally, O the blessednesses of that people,) "whose God is *Jehovah!*"

Monday, Aug. 1st. Delightful weather and fair progress; yesterday, forty-six miles direct; to-day, fifty-six to the east, and three to the south; and wind getting more favorable. If this weather continues, we hope to be in Singapore in less than three weeks.

Tuesday, Aug. 2d. Still progressing at a very fair rate. Saw the coast of Cochin China to-day, about thirty or forty miles off. It is high and mountainous, but we have not gone near enough to see its features very distinctly. The part we saw was Cape Varela, or the Pagoda Cape—so called from a very large rock on the side of the mountain, just behind the cape. It has a very singular appearance.

Saturday, Aug. 6th. After going on swimmingly for four or five days, we found ourselves beset by a current yesterday, which became very strong to-day, and has sent us a long way to the eastward. This casts rather a damp over our spirits. Where we are now, Lat. 11°, is the narrowest part of the sea, and if we meet a current anywhere it is likely to be here. Could we only get two degrees further down, we should probably be safe enough. To-day finishes our forty-ninth day, and yet we are hardly more than half way; yet the weather is fine, and we still hope for the best, though I assure you it is quite trying. What shall the end of these things be? Here I am all alone; no, not alone; for God is here, and He whose Providence did so remarkably arrest me a

year ago, and turn my course from Africa to China, and has brought me hither, too, will not now desert me. Nothing encourages me so much in regard to my labors in this mission, as the recollection that I have been sent here. I should never have come of my own free choice; and I am sure that He who has sent me has work for me to do, for which he will strengthen me. It may be He has sufferings for me to endure, and though the thought of them almost makes me tremble, for the rod I have felt on this voyage has been hard to bear, and for the present grievous, yet will his grace therein be sufficient for me. If he has neither work for me to do, nor trials for me to bear, then my course is almost done. And it is no further from this rough sea to heaven, than from the soft beds, and the kind and soothing attentions of home; and never, I trust, either in this world, or in the world to come, shall I regret that I have left father and mother, and brethren and sisters, for the kingdom of heaven's sake.

I could wish I had a Christian friend near. Even this communion with you on paper, with "pen and ink," when I "have many things to say," and can write but a very few of them, is refreshing. How often I think of you!—of the hasty breakfast that morning. How Reuben was like a silent cricket all the time; how Jane burst into tears when I came away; of the meeting in the Mission rooms, and the kind friends there; of the walk down to the ship, when the sun shone out so clear; of the crowd, and the bustle, and the hurry there; *the parting*. I can see you yet, waving your handkerchiefs for the last time; brother John's last blessing yet sounds in my ears; and I think how poor Elizabeth was watching over Samuel's sick couch at the time. Again, I see you, and father, and Reuben. Now, the ship has moved, and I see you no more! It is too much. I do not often weep; but sometimes: and yet they are not tears of sorrow, but of affection, and fond remembrance. In this world there is partings and sorrow. In this world there is perplexity and disappointment; in this world we "shall have tribulation." But in heaven there is no more parting, and "no more sea;" no more tribulation, for "sighing and sorrow shall *flee* away," not *go* away, but *flee* away.

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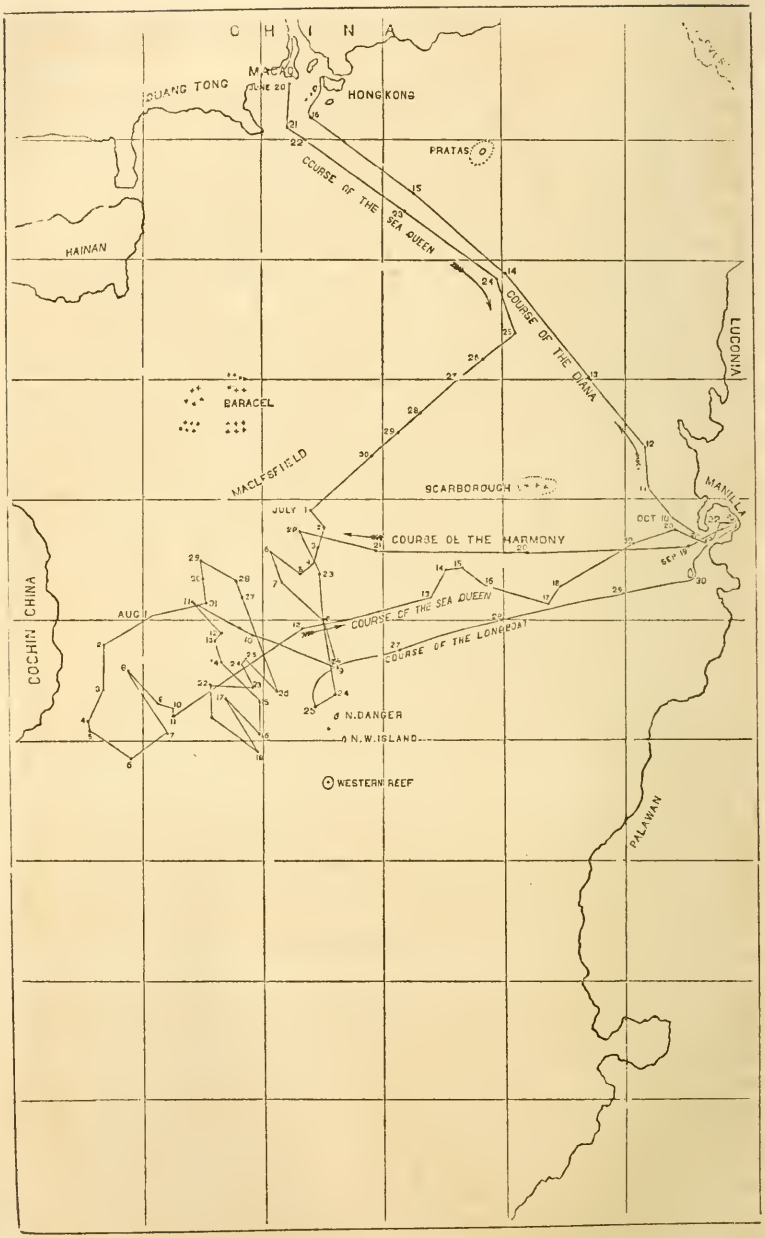
[The rest of this Journal was destroyed, as stated on page 130.]



COURSES OF THE SEA QUEEN, HARMONY AND LONG BOAT.

China Sea, June 27th, 1842.

Mr. John M. Lowrie—

My dear Cousin:—. . . I can, as yet, hardly enjoy the sight of anything I see, for the overpowering conviction, that the inhabitants of these lands are wholly given up to idolatry, and all going down to everlasting death. But I suppose in a few years, I shall acquire a sort of familiarity with such things, and look on them almost as matters of course. Here I am, urging my way down the China Sea, against the south-west monsoon. For a few days after coming on board, I felt very lonely indeed, but am now somewhat more reconciled to it. But I was hardly long enough on shore, (only three weeks,) to become ready for a month's constant application to books, and it requires some skill so to diversify my studies, as not to become wearied very soon.

In thinking over what would be most pleasant and profitable in a letter to you, I cannot think of anything that would probably suit you better than to give you some idea of my employment on the voyage out. As you may have yourself to make a voyage of the same kind before very long, it will assist you some in selecting the number of books you will want, and helping you to form some idea of what you may be able to accomplish. We were one hundred and twenty-seven days out. Of this I was sick a week, too sick to do anything. Another week was spent in recovering from sea-sickness, and getting in proper tune to study, &c., and another week was taken from study by storms, anchoring at Angier, and the like. This left about one hundred days that could be improved. I preached every Sabbath except the first, and once in April, when we had a storm, and commonly prepared the sermon in the week beforehand. . . .

I had about six hours daily on an average for my own studies. I may say here, that after the first two weeks, I spent near two months, with quite a zest in my studies. Then, as we were "running down our easting," in Lat 40° south, we had a great deal of very rough weather. After that the weather was warm; and I probably did less in the last two months, than in either of the preceding two.

During the whole voyage, I read Genesis, and twenty-seven chapters of Exodus in Hebrew; this always before breakfast. Went over Legendre's Geometry, and commenced Algebra; but found the Mathematics dry work, and gave them up. Read Edwards on the Will, twice; Hill's Divinity; Neal's Puritans,—had read half before, and finished now; Symington on the Atonement; Winslow on the Spirit; Smith on the Apostolic Succession; about half of Hume's England; D'Aubigné's Reformation; Jesse's Court of England; Bancroft's United States; Carlyle's French Revolution; Lockhart's Napoleon; Two Years before the Mast; The Retrospect; Phillips' Guide to the Perplexed; Lyell's Geology;

Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge; Pickwick Papers; Poor Jack; besides a good deal of miscellaneous reading, referencing, &c., and writing a journal of some two hundred and forty pages, letter paper, which I hope will be in mother's hands before you receive this. In addition, I learned the names and the positions of the principal fixed stars. This, I believe, comprises all I did, at least I do not now recollect of anything more. It is not vanity that has induced me to make this statement, for I do not think I did near as much as I might have done, and I would not have mentioned it at all, but that it may possibly be of some assistance to you hereafter.

I found our ship on some accounts a good place for keeping up the spirit of piety; on others, not so favorable. I was greatly favored in the fact, that the first mate was devotedly pious. I have seldom met a man more so; the rest of our company were all persons who regarded religion with respect. But in so small a place, one cannot be alone. I never could pray aloud in secret; could with difficulty keep a day of private religious exercises; and sometimes could hardly even secure a short time for solitude and meditation, except by shutting myself up in my little six feet by four room, which, with the thermometer at 80° and above, was not very pleasant. The mate was always ready and glad to talk with me on religion, and many a pleasant hour did we spend, leaning over the ship's side, with the stars shining above us, talking of spiritual things. But he, of course, could not counsel with me in regard to the affairs of our mission, and it was chiefly in this respect that I felt the want of a companion. The sailmaker, I think, is also a pious man, and I had several very pleasant talks with him. It has been on the whole a part of my life, to which I look back with a very great deal of pleasure. I do not expect often to spend my time with more of pleasure and profit combined.

I am now trying to study Chinese, but have not yet made a sufficient trial to speak with any certainty of my prospects. From all I could learn about it, however, from the missionaries and others, I do not feel discouraged. But I must close. The blessing of our common Lord rest on you evermore.

Your affectionate cousin,

W. M. Lowrie.

China Sea, August 16th, 1842.

Rev. T. L. McBryde—

My Dear Brother:—I left Macao June 18th in the Sea Queen for Singapore. We expected a short passage down the China Sea, and it never entered into my head, that we should be unable to accomplish the voyage. But I have sorely found, that the Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. . . . . After beating about for thirty-one days, we found our wood, water and provisions growing short, and as the current was then so

strong that we could make no progress against it, we very reluctantly turned about, (Aug. 11,) and shaped our course for Manila, meaning there to refit. But our troubles were not over yet. The wind, which had been directly in our teeth, when we tried to go to Singapore, now, when we wanted to go the other way, first veered about to S. E., and then fell a dead calm, and for three days we made very little progress. This, as you may suppose, was not very pleasant. We were three hundred miles from Manila, under an almost vertical sun, and our water not likely to hold out many days. It seemed for a while as though Satan had received permission to try us, somewhat as he did Job—first in our property, by delaying our voyage, and then in our persons, making us to apprehend suffering from thirst. However, to-day things look rather more favorably. We had hoped to be in Manila to-day, but these calms have delayed us a good deal. A moderate monsoon would carry us there in two days, but it may be a week yet before we get in. I have no idea how long we shall remain there; our captain is very undecided on that point; perhaps a week or two weeks, perhaps till the monsoon is over. In the latter case I am not able to say what I shall do, or which course I shall take.

As you may suppose, this has been a good deal of a trial to me. . . . . Besides, there has been the disappointment of being so long delayed; the fear lest you and Dr. Hepburn should become anxious about me; the fear lest inconvenience should arise to our mission from my detention, &c. And yet with all these drawbacks, perhaps I ought to say through all these, I have scarcely ever spent a time so profitably to myself. Being alone, at times in danger, and in trial and temptation, I have been obliged to flee "unto the rock, that is higher than I;" to examine more carefully the book and the ways of God's providence; to commune with mine own heart in solitude; and to learn and practise patience, submission, and the casting of myself, my friends, and the interests of the church on God. I find myself a slow scholar, and too often am like a "bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," yet I think I have already found that "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." And so fully am I persuaded, that all these things shall yet work together for good, both to myself and the interests of the church as connected with our mission, that I would not if I might have them otherwise.

Few reflections are more consoling to a Christian than this, that when he has diligently used all the means in his power to serve his master, he may safely leave the result with him, who overrules all things for his own glory. I should feel very unhappy at present, were it not for the belief in the doctrine of an overruling providence, which attends to all things, and without whose disposal no breeze can blow, no current run, and no disappointment occur. Whatever happens, He, who is "the Head of the church," will take care of the honor and glory of his own name, and we may well be satisfied with what he does, even though he

should not let us *now know* what his purposes are. Hereafter we shall know. . . . .

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Manila, September 1st, 1842.

My Dear Mother—

. . . When my journal comes to hand, which I hope it will before very long, you will have a fuller account of the various adventures and hair-breadth escapes, of the voyage from Macao to this place. It is rough and uncouth in many ways, but it has been a companion to me in loneliness and in dangers, and in pleasures. It made me think of home and of friends when the storm howled around me, and the billows tossed our ship as if they would overwhelm her and us in the black gulf beneath us. It made me think of home, too, in the calm sunset hour at sea, and it brought the tears to my eyes more than once, as the quiet hours of the Saturday and the Sabbath closed around me. I have laughed over some of its little tales, and wept over others, and insensibly it grew like a friend in whose welfare I was deeply interested, and when I sat in my silent cabin and was sorrowful that I had no friend to feel for me, or sympathize with me in my solitude, I laid my hand upon its pages, and said, wait awhile; when she to whom it is addressed has read it, I shall lack no sympathy, and the very anticipation relieved me. Thus, though in itself it has small merit, yet its associations and nameless influences give it a value in my eyes, that I trust will not be wholly wanting with you.

The houses here cover a great extent of ground, and are two stories high; the ground floor is used for offices, storage, servants' rooms, stables, &c., and the people live on the second floor. A verandah from four to six feet wide runs all round the second story of the house; about four feet of the verandah from the floor is boarded up, and the rest up to the eaves of the roof is occupied by sliding frames, which are glazed, if I may use that word, with mother-of-pearl shells, instead of glass. The shells are cut into pieces about three inches square, and being semi-transparent, admit abundance of light, even when the verandah is all closed up. Glass windows are not used at all, and as there is no winter here, there are neither stoves nor fireplaces. Just before my window there are two or three plantain trees, shooting up their broad leaves. One of the leaves before me, I should say, is nine feet long, and two feet and a half broad, of a beautiful green, and gently waving with the wind. By the side of the plantain is an areka tree, with branches of leaves of a much darker green, the branch of leaves being about half as long as a single plantain leaf. Half a dozen or more plantain leaves grow from the top of a plantain tree, and half a dozen branches of leaves from the top of an areka tree.

Among the leaves of the areka tree, a couple of little brown sparrows are now building their nest; beyond these are a few tropical plants, the names of which I do not know. By the side of the house, in front of my window, flows a branch of the river Pasig, in which I see a custom-house boat, with its sail-cloth awning; several bankas, or row-boats, with mat awnings; several canoes, and several heavy boats for carrying off cargo to the ships. On the other side of the water are several houses, with their shell-glazed verandahs, red tile roofs, and each house is surmounted by a cross; while over the roofs of the houses I see the high steeple of the Binondo parish church, once white, but now blackened and discolored by age, with grass growing out of the cornices, and several bells in the cupola. One of the houses opposite is the place for depositing cocoa-nut wine, where several large boats are loading and unloading. This being a government monopoly, several sentinels are keeping guard at the gates. This being one of the hottest parts of the day, eleven o'clock, A. M., very few Europeans are to be seen; but there are a number of native men about. They are very cleanly: dress consists of a pair of trowsers and a shirt, which hangs outside, and either a handkerchief or a hat on the head. They use a variety of colors for shirts and trowsers, but always very clean. . . .

Yours most affectionately,

W. M. LOWRIE.

Manila, September 8th, 1842.

REV. THOMAS W. KERR—

MY DEAR COUSIN:— . . . . My situation here is as pleasant as need be, except that I have nothing to do; which, as you probably know, is hard work. This is the rainy season in the Phillipine islands, and though it does not rain all the time, yet it does rain every day. Consequently, the roads are in a wretched state, and one can hardly go out at all. The merchants with whom I am staying, are very polite and friendly; but this is their very busiest season, and of course I cannot expect them to leave their business to attend to me. Nor indeed, if they were to leave it, could they do anything more for me than they do. But, dear me! what am I writing? The fact is, I have a touch of the blues this morning, and am forgetting that I live like a prince here. This is a delightful country; a perpetual spring prevails, and the richest fruits are found in abundance. I feast every day on oranges, plantains, mangoes, custard apples, guavas, lancones, &c.

The islands are under the government of the Spaniards, but the mass of the population are Malays. They are a very cleanly people. I have never seen any more so, and when once you get used to the color, which is very much like that of our Indians, they are tolerably good-looking. They are all Roman Catholics, and very much attached to their religion, but withal very superstitious, and

exceedingly ignorant. A beautiful custom, if it were only scriptural and sincere, neither of which is the case, prevails here among the people, as in all Roman Catholic countries. At twilight the church bells sound, everybody stops, and the streets which but a moment before were vocal with the rattling of carriages, and the hum of a thousand voices, become silent as a church. Each one repeats an Ave Maria; again the bells sound, and all move on as before. I have sometimes in the evening been startled from a reverie, by the sudden stillness, and on looking out, have seen the streets crowded with motionless forms; which, in a few moments, resumed their business as noisily as ever. But it is all a mere form, and has little or no influence on the heart. The priests are very bigoted, and the Protestants residing on the island are not allowed to have Divine service on the Sabbath, though no objections would be made to their having a grand ball on that day. The Sabbath is the great day for visiting and riding out, both here and in India, and in China. Oh, how I long sometimes for our quiet, hallowed Sabbath days at home.

Farewell. *Pray for me.* You have but little idea, at home, of the spiritual trials and privations of a missionary.

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Manila, Sept. 14th, 1842.

Dear Brother—

After spending about three weeks in Macao, and Hong Kong, very busily, but very pleasantly, and accomplishing all that seemed necessary at that time for the prosperity of the mission, a rather more than usually favorable opportunity of proceeding to Singapore was offered, which it seemed proper that I should embrace. It was a clipper bark, built near Calcutta, expressly for the trade between India and China, and intended to run up and down the China Sea, both with and against the monsoons. It is probably known to most persons, that the monsoons are periodical winds that prevail in the Bay of Bengal, and among the islands that separate the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. Those that prevail in the China Sea, are called the North-east and South-west monsoons. The north-east monsoon is commonly preceded by about a month of variable winds and frequent calms, and commences blowing from the north-east steadily in October. It continues till some time in April; then follows nearly a month of variable winds and calms, and about the first of May the south-west monsoon sets in, blowing till the middle or end of September, and sometimes to the middle of October. This is the general division; but these winds are subject to great irregularity in their commencement and termination. For example; when we went up the China Sea in May, in the Huntress, we expected to have had the south-west monsoon steadily, though gently, in our favor; but, to our great

disappointment, experienced calms and light and variable winds during the whole of that month. It was formerly thought useless for vessels to attempt a passage through the China Sea, against either of the monsoons, but of late years fast-sailing vessels, and particularly clippers, and clipper-built ships, have very frequently succeeded in making a passage in the course of from twenty-five to thirty-five and forty days. In the year 1841, several vessels passed down the China Sea, from Macao to Singapore, in the months of June, July, and August, without any difficulty. Among others, the captain of the Sea Queen, in which I took my passage, who was then chief mate of another vessel, had made the passage in thirty days, with delightful weather the whole time.

The prospect of another month at sea, after having just finished a four months' voyage, was not very pleasant; but the instructions of the Committee and the state of the mission seemed to require it, and full of hope, and anticipating a pleasant voyage, and safe arrival at Singapore, I embarked in the Sea Queen, June 18. Our progress for two or three weeks, though slow, was still tolerably good; and as nothing else of special interest occurred to occupy my attention, I had an opportunity of learning something of the character and regulations of a "country ship." This is a term applied, not to vessels belonging to the natives of these countries, but to vessels built in the East Indies, owned and commanded by Europeans, and manned by Hindus or Malays. The greater part of them are built in India, of the teak, and other hard woods of that country, and their cordage is made of the fibres of the husk of the cocoa-nut. They trade principally between India and China, touching, however, at the intermediate ports. They carry rice, opium, and other articles to China, and return with teas, silks, Chinese manufactures, and the like, to India; frequently making two, and occasionally three voyages in a year. . . .

It is of course necessary for the officers to acquire some knowledge of the Bengali language, as the crew cannot be expected to learn English. A very small smattering, however, commonly serves their purpose, consisting simply of the nautical terms necessary for the regulation of the ship: (*barra bras*, mainbrace; *garva bras*, topsail-brace; *deman*, sheet; *stringee*, clewline; *bobber*, weather; *barraka*, sea, &c.) The serang and tindals are supposed to know so much of what is needful, for the management of the ship, as to require but little direction from the higher officers. . . . . .

For ten days we made tolerably good progress; we then had a week of calms. Nothing is more trying at sea than a calm: yet it is true that scarcely any sight is so beautiful as that of the ocean in a perfect calm,—provided it does not last too long. The water then becomes of a blue color, as beautiful as that of a field of flax in bloom: a few light or golden clouds float in the sky, or mirror themselves in the sea: while all around the surface of the water is calm, and smooth as glass, varied only by a heaving, as gentle

as that of a sleeping infant's bosom. Now and then a faint light air causes a gentle *simmer* or a ripple on the water, like the smile on an infant's face when dreams are pleasant in its soul. Especially is the sight beautiful in the evening, when the sun's last rays are reflected from the resplendent wave, and a sea of liquid gold seems to mingle with the bending heavens. I have sat by the ship's side for hours, gazing around, and mentally exclaiming: No earthly painter, and no earthly pencil, ever drew such gorgeous, such delicate, and such beautiful scenes as these, and yet, they are but transient reflections of that glorious place, where, though "there is no more sea," such as here we cross, yet there is a "sea of glass, clear as crystal," and that glass not frail and perishable as ours; but "pure gold, transparent as glass." Surely to stand on that sea of glass, having the harps of God, and to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, will amply repay a few years of toil, and disappointment, and suffering, on the restless sea of life!

Yet, beautiful as were many of the scenes witnessed in the calms, nothing is more wearisome, and we were soon so tired of them, that we wished for any other kind of weather. The S. W. monsoon soon recommenced, and blew very strongly. The weather became unsettled, and during the course of a month, we had almost constant gales, during which we lost our maintop-gallant-mast, and had so many sails torn by the wind, that sometimes we had not a topsail to spread. In addition to the strong wind and heavy sea, (for three weeks we had not a dry deck to walk upon, on account of the constant breaking of the sea over it,) we were exceedingly embarrassed by adverse currents. Several days, when we thought we had made tolerably good progress to the south-west, we found, by observations, that we had actually been carried ten and twenty miles to the north-east. If our ship had not been almost new, she could scarcely have sustained the strain that came upon her. As it was, it was necessary to have the men at the pumps two or three times every day. As may be supposed, in such circumstances, our progress was exceedingly slow. We frequently lost as much in one day as we had gained in three or four; and after beating about for thirty-one days, we found ourselves, August 11, only one hundred miles nearer Singapore than on the 10th of July preceding. . . . .

It has often been said, and with truth, that no trial which a missionary experiences, is greater than that of being deprived of the advantages of Christian society, and of the privileges of the sanctuary. Such I found to be the case; and it was difficult at times to refrain from tears, when the Sabbath came round, and the recollection of its peaceful and hallowed scenes at home rose before me, in contrast with the solitude of the dark and foam-crested waves, where, alone, I had no fellow-Christian with whom to worship God. Truly, "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee." But it was pleasant to think, and to

experience that those who enjoy these external privileges, do not *monopolize* all the blessing. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them." . . . .

Finding at last that we could not make head against the currents, and that our provisions were nearly exhausted, we very reluctantly turned about, and shaped our course for Manila, where we arrived safely, August 3d, sixty-six days after leaving Macao. And yet, great as was our disappointment, we found abundant cause for gratitude. The bad weather we had experienced had extended over a large part of the China Sea. An English vessel had been wrecked, not far from ours. Her captain and mate were drowned, and the crew obliged to go to Manila, in their boats. Several other vessels had been driven back with damage, and almost all the vessels in Manila Bay had dragged their anchors, while one or two of them were driven on shore. Yet we had escaped without any serious injury.

I arrived at Manila a perfect stranger, not knowing even the name of a single person here. There were no Protestant missionaries in the Phillipine Islands, and Manila is almost the only port from Chusan in China to Calcutta in India, where I could not have found persons whom I knew, or with whom, from similarity of pursuits, I could not speedily have formed an acquaintance. Yet I had not been ashore an hour, before I found myself most perfectly at home in the house of Mr. Moore, a merchant from Boston, and at present acting as United States vice-consul.

Such, dear brother, is my story. It may give you an idea of some of the difficulties of the navigation of the China Sea, and lead you to unite your thanks with mine for the goodness of God which has so manifestly attended me. . . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. M. Lowrie.

SHIPWRECK ON THE HARMONY.

Having engaged a passage from Manila to Singapore in the Harmony, I went on board with the captain about noon, September 18, 1842, and found Messrs. M. and G., my two fellow-passengers, already there. It was quite calm, and we did not start till eight o'clock, P. M., when a fine breeze sprang up, and as the moon was shining brightly, we got under weigh, set studding-sails alow and aloft, and went off in full sail. The ship was deeply laden with more than six hundred tons of sugar, and drew nineteen feet of water. She was counted one of the fastest sailing British merchantmen in the Chinese waters; but with such a cargo the captain feared she would not sail as well as usual. However, she kept up with the Cecilia, a swift English bark, and not near so deeply laden. It was a lovely night, and everything looked so favorable that we were all in high spirits, and had great

hopes of a speedy voyage. By daylight next morning* we were fifteen or twenty miles outside of Corregidor, which was much better success than we had allowed ourselves to anticipate.

It was quite calm during Monday morning; but in the afternoon a breeze sprang up. The Cecilia had gone ahead of us; but when this breeze fairly set in we caught up with her, and in three or four hours had left her five miles astern. This settled the point of the Harmony's sailing, and gave us great hopes of her future performances. The breeze gradually increased to a gale, and on Wednesday morning we were under double-reefed topsails, with a tremendous sea astern. I was strongly reminded of the waves in a gale off the Cape of Good Hope. The vessel being very deeply laden, shipped a great deal of water: immense waves piled themselves up several feet above the bulwarks, and came tumbling in on deck, and the cabin was flooded with water several times. I was standing by the cabin door once, when a sea came over the ship's side, and before it was possible to escape, the water was up over my knees. The gale increased to a storm by noon, (Wednesday,) and though we were going right before it, its violence was so great that we were at last obliged to lie to, under a close-reefed main-topsail, and foretopmast-staysail. Being from the east, it had helped us on wonderfully in our course.

The gale moderated during the night, and the sun shone out the next day, though the sea continued rough. Friday was a pleasant day; and my sea-sickness being now over, everything was agreeable. Being now pretty well acquainted with the ship, the comparisons I made between her and the Sea Queen, in which my last voyage was made, were by no means favorable to the latter. The Harmony was a superior vessel in every respect, except that her cabins, though all on deck, were not so well ventilated as those of the Sea Queen. But the masts, rigging, and sails of the Harmony were stronger and neater. She was a better sailer; her crew were Englishmen, and her steward (an important consideration to a passenger,) though by no means a neat, driving fellow, was so far superior to the filthy butler of the Sea Queen, that the two should not be named on the same day There were a few cockroaches, but no ants or centipedes. Her captain was a stout, hearty, good-humored Scotchman, with somewhat of the Scotch pronunciation and accent. He was an intelligent and independent man, a perfect sailor, full of sailor phrases, and as fond of his ship as if she were his wife. He was kind and yet strict with his men, and therefore liked and obeyed by them. He used no profane language, (certainly never in my presence,) and was very attentive to the wants of his passengers.

* We sailed on Sabbath, September 18th. It was *Manila Saturday* and I observed Monday, September 19th, as Sabbath. The day before had been observed as Sabbath by the men who had nothing to do except to get the ship under weigh in the evening. As we sailed on Sabbath the "morning" above mentioned was Monday morning.

Saturday, September 24, was a cloudy day, wind from the west, and our course nearly south. The captain could not get an observation of the sun, but, by his reckoning, we were at noon in lat. 11 deg. 53 min. N., and long. 114 deg. 20 min. E. This was a very unpleasant position, being but fifteen or twenty miles north of the North Danger—a small island, with not a tree on it, and a reef all around, which marks the north-western limit of the dangerous archipelago of shoals in the China Sea. Accordingly, every effort was made to get to the westward, but the wind now became unsteady, veering about so much, that it was hardly possible to keep the ship on any course, except to the north-east, which was directly contrary to the course we wished to go.

Sabbath morning (Sept. 25) was dark, cloudy, and squally: there was a heavy sea, and a rolling ship, with frequent showers, a hazy atmosphere, and exceedingly baffling winds. About ten o'clock, A. M., the wind became steady at S. W.; ship went off W.N.W. five or six miles an hour, under double-reefed-topsails, and the weather began to look less threatening. At noon the captain came down and changed his wet clothes, being the third time that day, and said the prospects were more favorable. We had tiffin, and he remarked incidentally, that he had just been sending men aloft, but no dangers were to be seen, as the sea was clear on all sides. We were all in excellent spirits, and amused ourselves with conjectures as to the probable length of our voyage. After tiffin the captain took his segar and went on deck, and the passengers exchanged a few more sentences as to the time of arrival at Singapore, and were about quietly reclining on the sofas to read, when the ship struck against some obstacle with tremendous violence. It impeded her onward motion in a moment. We started to our feet; again she struck, and again she reeled like a drunken man. The deck quivered beneath our feet; and on going out we found the men running about, the officers giving their orders, and the terrified steward groaning and wringing his hands at the cabin door. So violent were the strokes, that I was apprehensive of the ship being broken to pieces, and ran to get my life-preserver. By the time I had it half inflated, the ship had beaten over the shoal, and I went up on the poop-deck. The captain had changed the ship's course, and I found him giving his orders, and pacing the deck in great agitation. The shock had been so sudden and unexpected, that he, as well as every one else, was taken completely by surprise. I had scarcely time to speak to him, or to reply to some observation that he made to me, when the vessel struck again with even greater violence. The sea was boiling in short uneasy waves on all sides, and we seemed to be above some deeply sunken rock, on which the ship's bottom was dashed every time she sunk in the hollow of the waves. Through the violence of the blows, large pieces of her keel were broken off, and rose to the surface; and the copper was torn off in masses from her bottom. At one time we could both *see and feel* the

middle of the ship *rising up*, while her stem and stern *sank down*. In sailor's phrase, her "back was broken," and for a moment I fully expected she would break in two.

It was an awful time: a strong wind; a heavy rain falling, and an unquiet and restless sea; yet there were no breakers and no discolored waters—the usual signs of a shoal,—and although in the intervals of rain we could see at least ten miles on every side, yet there was neither island, rock nor breakers in sight; nor any other sign of danger. Of this I am certain, for the captain requested me to look round and see; nay even when we were upon the shoal we could see nothing, for I looked over the ship's side when she was striking most heavily, and nothing was visible beneath the dark waters. Such shocks must be as dreadful as those of an earthquake, perhaps more so. They were the blows of an unseen enemy, and we could not tell at what moment we might receive another which should send us at once to the bottom.

The pumps were immediately manned, and the water that came up tasted sweet; it had already reached the sugar in the hold. On sounding the well *three feet* of water was found. The four pumps were kept constantly going, the main hatchway opened and sugar thrown overboard to lighten the vessel, but this was soon abandoned. Some of the men were employed in getting the boats ready in case of emergency; we packed up a few clothes and valuables in as small a compass as possible, and waited in suspense for the result. As you may well imagine, I saw on my knees more than once. It was a solemn time: but my mind was kept in a calm and composed frame.

We struck about half-past one, P. M. In less than an hour the vessel had three feet of water in the hold. In two hours more it had increased to six feet; in less than another hour there was seven, and in twenty minutes more *seven feet and six inches;* and this though the four pumps were kept constantly going, and all drawing well. It was now near five o'clock, P. M., and it being evident that the ship must sink, the pumps were abandoned and the boats got ready. It was very providentially ordered for us that the masts had not fallen when the ship struck so violently, as, in that case, it would have been difficult to get the long boat out. It was after dark, perhaps nearly seven o'clock, when the boats were ready, and we found it a work of difficulty and danger to get into them; for with the heavy sea running they rose and fell more than ten feet every minute. It was arranged that twenty-one, including the captain and passengers, should go in the long boat, and the mate and seven men in the jolly boat. We managed to get in about seven o'clock, and pushed off from the ship. She was then settling fast in the water, which was already nearly on a level with her deck. The lights were left burning in her cabin, and the noble ship, which on that very day one year before commenced her first voyage, was left a shattered, sinking wreck. We

wanted to see her go down, but as the sea was rolling heavily, wind high, and a drenching rain falling, it was neither comfortable nor safe to stay by her, and we kept the boats before the sea by means of small pieces of canvass. They had four oars in the jolly boat, and we had had as many, but three of them were broken in keeping the boat from dashing against the ship's side: thus we found ourselves in the open sea, four hundred miles from land, with only a single oar. A heavy rain fell almost constantly till midnight, from which we could have no protection, and in a few minutes we were drenched with the rain and the spray, which every now and then dashed over us. The boat, with so many persons in, was very deep in the water; and to add to our discomfort and apprehensions, leaked a good deal, so that one person was constantly employed in bailing her out. About midnight the wind and sea abated somewhat, the clouds dispersed a little, the moon dimly glimmered in the sky, and we kept on slowly to the north. Owing to the weather I had slept almost none the night before, and exhausted with want of sleep, anxiety and fatigue, I managed to rest a little towards morning, though how or where it would be hard to say.

On Monday we rigged a couple of masts, and with a royal studding-sail, and main-skysail, which had been thrown into the boat, we mustered a very respectable foresail and mainsail, using our whole oar, and one of the broken oars for yards. The boat was then lightened, by throwing overboard everything that could possibly be spared; the baggage and provisions were packed as neatly as possible, and a man and boy taken in from the jolly boat, which made our whole number nineteen men and four boys; a large number for a boat only twenty-one feet long, and eight feet broad. The provisions were then examined, and we found there was bread enough to last a week or ten days, but that we had a very small quantity of water. There could not have been more than eight or ten gallons. This was a cause of no little anxiety, for by our calculations we could not be less than four hundred miles from Manila, (whither we now directed our course,) and at that season of the year, calms, and even head winds, which would make our passage long, were not unlikely to occur. Accordingly all hands were put on an allowance of *half a pint* of water daily, and bread in moderation. The water was served out twice a day in a cup which held a gill, and all drank out of the same cup. I had put a little keg of crackers on board, which kept dry when all the rest were wet with rain and salt water, and also a small box of raisins, which proved very acceptable. We had a few cheese and some cocoa-nuts, the milk of which served us for two days, thus making a great saving in our little stock of water.

This (Monday) was a tolerably pleasant day. Pieces of canvass were nailed round the sides of the boat to keep out the spray, and having a fair light wind, we made some progress on our course. The sun shone out brightly in the afternoon, and dried

our wet clothes, and most of us slept well that night. We began to cherish hopes of arriving at some land ere long.

Tuesday was a terrible day. Not a cloud in the sky; scarcely a breath of wind, and the hot sun of the torrid zone beating full upon us. There was but one umbrella in the boat, and we could not hoist an awning: but being sunburnt, and even blistered, was the least evil. Half a pint of water on such a day, when tantalized by the sight of an ocean of water, so clear but so salt, was a small allowance, and I almost prayed to be swallowed up in the raging sea, rather than be suffered to linger in so dreadful a condition. Yet there was no murmuring, and we all kept up our spirits.

As the jolly boat sailed much faster than ours, it was thought best she should go on ahead. She could be of no service to us, nor we to her, by keeping company, and by going on, she might escape danger, and even find means of assisting us. Accordingly she left us this afternoon, and we afterwards regretted deeply that she had not done so sooner. This night I slept badly; the baggage had been shifted to put the boat in better sailing trim, and there was not room to place one's self comfortably; lying down was at any time out of the question, for want of room. A fine favorable breeze sprang up soon after dark, and we made good progress.

On Wednesday the breeze became stronger, with a heavy sea. We went rapidly on, and in our lonely course found amusement in watching the large flocks of boobies that in some places almost covered the sea. They came around us in great numbers, and alighted on the yards, and even on the sides of the boat. In his eagerness to catch one the boatswain fell overboard, affording us all a hearty laugh at his expense. Several showers fell near us about dark, and we hoped to have caught some water, but could not. Slept miserably. In the part of the boat where I was, which was about six feet by eight in size, there were four persons to sleep, and one constantly employed in bailing out the water.

Thursday morning commenced with rain, which soon wet us to the skin; but we did not mind that, for we caught several buckets-full of water, which, in the low ebb of our water-cask, gave us great joy; and we ate our breakfast in high spirits. For fear of suffering from thirst, I ate but little, seldom taking more than three small crackers a day, and a mouthful of cheese with a bunch of raisins.

From the progress we had made the night before, we had great hopes of seeing land either to-day, or early on the following, but we soon began to think of other things. About ten o'clock the wind rose, the sea ran very high, and frequent squalls of wind and rain darkened the heavens and drenched us to the skin. The captain sent the best helmsman to the tiller, and sat down himself by the compass, and for eight long hours he did not move from his seat. Conversation ceased; and scarcely a word was uttered

in all that time, except the orders from the captain to the helmsman, "Port! Port your helm, quick! Hard a-port! Starboard now! Mind your port-helm," &c. Many a longing, anxious look did we cast before us to see if there were any signs of land; but still more to the west, to see if the gale gave signs of abating. But no! Darker and darker grew the heavens over us; higher and higher rose the sea; louder and louder still roared the waves as they rushed past our little boat, and faster fell the rain. If a single one of those waves had come over the boat's side, it would have overwhelmed and swallowed up the boat, and every one on board; and it was only by the utmost care and skill that she was kept before them.

Death never seemed so near before. An emotion of sorrow passed through my mind, as I thought of my friends at home who would, probably, be long in suspense in regard to my fate; and of regret, as I thought of the work for which I had come; but for myself, my mind was kept in peace. I knew in whom I had believed, and felt that He was able to save; and though solemn is the near prospect of eternity, I felt no fear, and had no regret that I had perilled my life in such a cause.

Thus the day wore away, and night approached without any signs of more moderate weather. The wind was now so strong, and the sea so high, that it was with the utmost danger that we could hold on our course. Everything was wet, and we tried in vain to get a light for the compass; besides, by our calculations, we could not be more than thirty or forty miles from land; and at the rate we were going, should reach it about midnight; but to attempt to land in such a sea, in the dark, would be madness itself. What could we do? Backwards, or sideways, we could not go, on account of the sea; to go forward was to throw our lives away; to remain where we were, *even if it were possible*, seemed to be remaining in the very jaws of death. It was, however, our only hope, if hope it could be called, and accordingly preparations were made for heaving the boat to. The foresail was taken down, and securely fastened to the yard; the largest cord we could muster (about thirty fathoms) attached to this and to the boat. The mainsail was then lowered, and watching our opportunity, the foresail was thrown overboard, cord paid out, and the boat's head turned to the wind. This last was a most perilous operation; for had a wave struck her while her broadside was exposed to it, all would have been over with us. The plan, however, succeeded admirably. The little foresail being between the wind and the boat, it served to break the force of the waves; and as it lay flat on the water, it was not acted on by the wind; and thus served also as an anchor to keep the boat's head to the wind. We then had the mainsail hoisted up in the form of a staysail, to keep the boat steady, and thus we were hove to.

For a while, the result was very uncertain. The wind howled past us with a force that made every plank in the boat quiver; the

rain fell in torrents, with the violence of small hailstones, nearly all the night; and we could hear the great waves as they formed and rose away ahead of us, and then rushed toward us, with a sound like the whizzing of an immense rocket. Sometimes they would strike us as if with a heavy hammer, causing the boat to jump bodily away; and then again, their white, foaming, phosphorescent crests would be piled up by our sides, as if, the next moment, they would dash in and overwhelm us in an instant. There we lay, packed together so closely that we could scarcely move; while every now and then, a dash of spray came over us, covering us with pale phosphoric sparks that spread a dim and fearful light for a few inches around. Oh, it was a dreadful night! There was distress and perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear.

Not one of our company, I will venture to say, had any expectation of seeing the light of another day. For myself, I thought deliberately of each and every member of our family, and breathed a silent farewell to each: of many of my friends by name, of former scenes and seasons: of various missionary fields, and offered prayers for each and all: of my own past life, and of the certainty, for so it then seemed to me, that in a few hours I should enter on the untried realities of which I had so often thought. I know not that my mind was ever in a calmer state, or that I could more deliberately reflect on what I wished to fix my thoughts upon: and though I could not feel those clear convictions of my safety I have sometimes felt, yet my faith was fixed on the Rock of Ages, and death seemed to have but few terrors for me. In such a night, and with such expectations, it was wrong to sleep; and though benumbed with the rain and cold, and almost exhausted for want of rest, I did not close my eyes during the whole time. Many precious Scripture truths passed through my mind; such as—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," which I applied to myself in a spiritual manner; for, situated as we were, I could scarcely expect to have them literally fulfilled. I know not when I felt more strongly the delightful sublimity of the expression, "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand," or the feeling of security even for the body, which for a moment it gave me.

As you may suppose, there were few words spoken. and the only sound we heard, besides the wind and rain and the roaring sea, was that of the boys bailing out the water. Towards two or three o'clock in the morning, (by our conjectures, for we had no light to see with,) the wind and sea seemed to abate, and finding we shipped very little water, we began to hope that our lives might yet be spared. The morning slowly dawned, but as it dawned the wind and sea increased. As soon as we could see, the foresail was hauled in and hoisted to the wind, and the mainsail spread, and we commenced again our perilous course. Soon the cry, "Land ho!" was raised, and when the morning had fairly dawned, we

saw it stretching along right before us, about ten miles off. We must have been driven many miles during the night to be so near it. Soon our hopes were greatly excited, for the land had the appearance precisely of that about the entrance of Manila Bay. We could see what we took to be Point Hornos, Mount Mariveles, the island Corregidor, and the Lora Mountains; and we were filled with joy at the prospect of so soon ending our voyage.

We steered directly for the land, meaning to get behind some projecting point, and wait till the sea became calm. Meanwhile, however, the wind and sea rose again; the heavens became black behind us, and there was a great rain. To our sorrow, also, we found that we had mistaken the land, for none of us had ever seen it before. But it was too late to go back, the squall was upon us; and though the rain fell so fast that we could not see more than twenty yards, yet on we must go. There was a little island on the right, and the captain was on the point of steering the boat so as to get round under its lee, when we saw heavy breakers right ahead. We turned off to the left, though at an imminent risk, for this brought our broadside to the sea, and several light waves dashed over us. There were breakers on the left too, but we were directed in a channel between them, and rounding a projecting point of rocks, we saw a little cove sheltered from the wind, and as smooth as an inland lake. Soon our boat touched the bottom, only a few yards from the shore. We jumped overboard, secured her by ropes to two or three trees, and we were safe! It was a time of joy. With one consent, we gathered together under the trees, and offered up our thanksgiving and praises to God, with prayers for future assistance and protection. It was a scene worthy of a painter's skill,—our little boat fastened to the trees, our scanty baggage piled upon the shore, and ourselves under the custard-apple trees, standing with upturned faces, while the rain dropped upon our bare heads, as we lifted up our voices, and I trust our hearts also to that God who had held the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, and had brought us through dangers which we never expected to survive. It was well we came in when we did, for it was then high tide, and a few hours later the channel through which we had passed, was itself one mass of breakers. Our boat would inevitably have been dashed to pieces there, and some, if not all of us, would have perished among the waves.

After all due attention to our boat, and having refreshed ourselves with biscuit, raisins, cheese, and *plenty of water*, (for there were several streams only a few yards from our landing-place,) our next care was to find where we were. We knew it to be an island, for as we came in we had seen land at a great distance eastward, which we supposed to be Luconia; but we were not certain whether we were north or south of the entrance of Manila Bay. From a little point hard by the landing-place, we saw a telegraph station on a hill, and thus concluded that the island was inhabited, and

probably by Spaniards. Accordingly, Captain Smith, Mr. G., (who spoke both Spanish and English,) and myself, started to discover what we might. Chun Sing brought me a cutlass that had been saved in the long-boat; but being a man of peace, I told him to take it to the captain, and armed myself simply with a walking-stick. Thus accoutred, we set off; but Mr. G., weakened by exposure and want of food, broke down in less than three hundred yards, and declared he could go no further. He went back to the company we had left by the boat, and the captain and myself went on alone to the telegraph station. We found it deserted. Thence we kept on, and soon saw a bullock tied by the nose, a pile of boards and some paddy fields; sure signs that inhabitants were near. We were now joined by about a dozen of the sailors, two of whom had cutlasses, and the rest walking-sticks, and a Portuguese, who had been in the long-boat, and spoke a little Spanish and English. Altogether we were a remarkable looking company, and being high in spirits from our late wonderful escape, we went on right merrily, save that our mirth was often checked by allusions to the other boat. We all thought she was lost, judging it impossible she could have weathered such a gale, and that all on board must have perished.

Finding a narrow path we followed it over a hill and down a little valley, and presently came to a pumpkin field, in which was a little native house, and some Indians eating boiled pumpkins. They very kindly gave us some, and one of them who spoke Spanish told us there was a village about a mile off, where the Resguardo, (an officer under the Spaniards,) would receive and entertain us. He went along to show the road, and off we went, but instead of one mile it must have been three. We crossed hills, went through valleys, picked our way among bushes, through mud half-knee deep, and along the sea-shore, fording a great many small brooks, and being wet several times with rain; but we were used to the rain, and did not regard that. The sand got into my shoes, and I had to go barefoot most of the way. We passed several natives cutting wood; met several riding on bullocks, one of whom was so polite as to take off his hat when he saw us; and at length came to the village. It was a collection of some twenty or thirty huts by the sea-shore, and all the windows and doors of the houses were crowded with women and children, who gazed at us as if we had fallen from the skies.

Our guide led us to the house of the Resguardo, when who should come running to meet us but Mr. Fillin (the mate) and one of the men who had gone in the jolly-boat. "Oh, captain," said the former, "is this you? How many of you are saved?" "Thank God, we are all safe, but I thought you were lost! Are you all alive?" "*I've lost four men, sir!*"

They had arrived in sight of land the previous afternoon about four o'clock, and when some four miles off, a tremendous sea came upon them, turned the boat clear end over end, and threw them

all into the sea. Two or three clung to the boat, but were washed off by the waves; another (the best swimmer in the ship) tried to swim ashore, but must have been dashed against the rocks and carried out by a back current; while the mate and this other man, taking each an oar, had made for the land, and succeeded in getting ashore, through the surf, though with great difficulty and danger. Mr. F. was much bruised and cut about the feet by the coral rocks, and for two or three days was scarcely able to move. They had spent the night upon the rocks near the place where they landed. The next morning they found their boat and the oars, but saw no signs of their companions. They then started to find a house, and after several hours of very laborious walking, arrived at this village, only half an hour before we did, and were just telling the people they supposed all the rest of the ship's company were lost, when we came in sight. It was a joyful, yet a sorrowful meeting.

The people of the house received us kindly, and gave us hot coffee, eggs and sweet cakes, which, in our condition, dripping wet and cold, were very acceptable indeed. After coffee they gave us cigars. The house was crowded full of people, old and young, to gaze at us, and a big Manila bloodhound in the corner gave us surly growls by way of music. It was Friday, Sept. 30, when we landed. We stopped in the village of Loc, island of Luban, at the house of Señor Nicolas Perralta, the chief man of the village, and an Indian, there being no Spaniards on the island. We stayed there two days, and were treated with much kindness by Señor Perralta, who gave us his own best room for our lodging. It was not furnished with beds, but we slept on the bare and not very even floor with much comfort, when we compared it with the crowded rough bottom of the long-boat. The inhabitants were poor, and we bought our own provisions, which our own cook and steward prepared for us.

But my story is growing too long, and I must draw it to a close. We remained in Luban two days; then hired a potine, or native schooner, with "mucho mulos velos!" amazingly torn and ragged sails, for $100, in which we left Luban on Sabbath morning, Oct. 2, for Manila, (according to Manila time, which we then used, it was Saturday.) We reached Manila about two o'clock, P. M., the next day. The silly captain of the potine had almost wrecked us again in a squall off Corregidor at midnight, and had it not been for Captain Smith's presence of mind, who sent one of his own men to the helm, and took command himself, we should certainly have been cast away on the rocks of Point Limbones.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mr. G. Sturgis were seated at the fruit table when I re-entered their house. For a while they could scarce believe their eyes, and it was not till I spoke that they could believe it was the same person who had left them only two weeks before in full hope of a speedy voyage to Singapore. They received me most kindly. Great was the sympathy expressed by

all classes in Manila. The news of our shipwreck and wonderful escape spread like wildfire, for every one had seen and admired the Harmony, and every one knew and liked her captain. I received my full share of sympathy; but as an offset to this, had also the satisfaction of hearing that many of the sailors in the harbor attributed the loss of the vessel entirely to her having that —— clergyman on board! The long-boat was visited and inspected by many in Manila, who could scarce believe it possible that twenty-three persons had been stowed away in so small a space; and how we weathered such a gale, which was severely felt in the roads at Manila, where many ships had dragged their anchors, was a wonder to all. Captain Cole, of the Delhi, a large American vessel, which had been obliged to lie to in the same gale, told me he considered our escape little less than miraculous. Indeed the more I have heard of the ravages of that gale, the more am I astonished at our escape. During the very time we were most exposed to its fury in the long-boat, a Spanish vessel was driven ashore on Luconia and lost, and the Conrade, an English vessel, was thrown on her beam ends, dismasted and finally foundered, while one-half her crew were drowned.

When I look back and consider how many wonderful circumstances conspired to secure our safety in the midst of most imminent danger, it is hard to believe that it has been a reality. It seems, even now, like some terrible dream from which I have hardly yet awaked.

It was most providential for us that the ship struck by day, and not by night; that her masts did not go overboard when she struck, as they certainly would have done, had she not been a new and strong vessel; that we got safely into the boats in the dark with that heavy sea running; that we had provisions enough, and sails when our oars were broken; that we weathered that severe gale; that by daylight we were so near the land; that we escaped the breakers by coming in at high tide; that we found that little sheltered cove; that we met such kind treatment at Luban; that we arrived safely at Manila, notwithstanding the dangers of Corregidor, and that none of us (so far as I know) have suffered any serious inconvenience from so much exposure to sea, and sun, and wind, and rain. All that I experienced was a soreness in my limbs and a slight fever for several hours after we landed on Luban. I cut me a walking-stick the day we left that island, which has been mounted and sent to my father as a memento of that wonderful deliverance, and I am sure that you and all our family will join me in the prayer, that the life thus spared may be devoted to Him who first gave it to me, and now has rescued it from the engulfing sea; that though I shall not attain to the eminence of that Moses who was drawn out of the waters, I may yet, in some humble degree, be like him—a leader to rescue God's chosen people in China, and lead them like a flock in the green pastures of his Holy Word.

I must not omit to mention two other items of great importance, in which the hand of God was manifested for our preservation; the first was that the cord, which, by means of the foresail, held the boat's head to the wind, did not chafe or give way, notwithstanding the constant strain upon it. We were very apprehensive of this, for it was not as thick as a man's thumb, and our lives seemed to depend upon that little cord. The second was that the heavy gale we had on Thursday and Thursday night was *from the west.* Had it been an easterly gale, like the one we experienced in the same place only nine days before, it would either have entirely overwhelmed us, or else have sent us half way to Cochin China. Even the heavy rain, uncomfortable as it was, tended to our safety, for it kept the sea from raging as it would otherwise have done. A heavy rain has something of the effect of oil on the waters. It keeps the waves down.

As so many persons were to go in the long-boat it was impossible to save anything, except absolute necessaries and valuables of small size. All I saved, therefore, was my watch, my pencil case given by Mr. B., what little specie I had in the vessel, (about $100 in gold,) the clothes on my back, and a few other articles of dress, my Bible, and my cloak. Everything was wet through by the rain and salt water, except my Bible, which I had taken the precaution to envelop in the thick fold of the cloak, and which was thus only slightly damp. Everything else was abandoned. Fortunately I had but a small part of my books with me, perhaps one-fifth. Among these were all my Chinese books; a volume of Flavel, which I prize above its weight in gold; a number of valuable papers, and all my written sermons. With my clothes and other articles thus abandoned, were some parcels sent from the missionaries in China to their friends in Singapore, Bangkok and Malacca.

Arrived at Manila, it was with some difficulty I could muster a suit of clothes to "go ashore." I had my coat and pantaloons, a pair of slippers, a shirt without bosom and collar, a pair of woollen stockings, and a cap that barely covered my head. I had no vest, but that was concealed by buttoning the coat; collars are not indispensable, and I borrowed a rusty black cravat from Capt. Smith, who happened to have two or three. In such a suit, with my sunburnt face, (from which the skin all peeled off in a few days,) my Luban walking-stick, and my cloak on my arm, I set foot in Manila again. But I was among kind friends. Mr. and Mrs. Moore supplied every want.

I was at some loss, then, what course to take, but finally thought it best to return to China. Mr. Elgar, the brother of Mrs. Moore, gave me a free passage to Hong Kong, in a vessel of which he was part owner, and for that place I embarked October 10th, with several fellow-passengers. When we left Manila, in the Harmony, the port-captain, who came off to give the ship her clearance, was very merry, and said to me, "Ah, senor padre, vergas cesar senor

Moore!" (Ah, sir priest, you only came here to marry Mr. Moore.) But when he came to give the Diana her clearance, his manner was quite altered, and almost melancholy, as he said, "Ah, senor padre, no otro matrimonio! no otro matrimonio!"

We reached Hong Kong safely, though after a rather rough passage, on the 17th of October; just four months after I had left Macao for Singapore. Through what varied scenes I had passed, yet out of them all the Lord delivered me. In the Sea Queen I had an opportunity of studying the first part of Acts xxvii. From my experience on board the Harmony, I have come to a better understanding of the latter part of the same chapter.

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgivings, and declare his works with rejoicing. They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters, *these see the works of the Lord*, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet. *So he bringeth them to their desired haven.*"

W. M. LOWRIE.

Hong Kong, November 9th, 1842.

TO THE SECOND PRESBYTERY OF NEW YORK—

FATHERS AND BRETHREN IN THE MINISTRY: It is now just one year from the time when I received the solemn rite of ordination at your hands. Although nothing was said to me in reference to holding a correspondence with you, yet I have thought it would be agreeable to you to receive occasional communications from me; and I am sure it will be profitable to myself to receive the advice, the warning, and the encouragement, which your letters to me would contain. Far separated as I now am from the kindly influences of a Christian land, and finding but few among the few Christians near me, who care particularly for the discipline of our beloved Church, I shall highly prize, and, I trust, profit by, anything that shall remind me of my connection with a branch of the Church, whose doctrines I consider as founded on the Scriptures of truth, and whose form of government I have always preferred as being the most scriptural and the most practically useful. Surrounded as you are by influences that bear upon this subject, you can hardly conceive how necessary it is for us who are separated from you in these ends of the earth, to have our minds stirred up by way of remembrance, by communications from the

ecclesiastical bodies with which we have been connected in our native land.

The members of the Presbytery are probably all aware that my departure was delayed much longer than was anticipated after my ordination. The time thus spent in the United States was not wholly unemployed, as I had several opportunities of preaching on various subjects, and presenting the cause of foreign missions in several churches. I left New York in the ship Huntress, January 19th. The whole number of persons on board the vessel was thirty-one; and to these I had the privilege of preaching once every Sabbath on the voyage, with the exception of two days, when ill health and stormy weather prevented. The attention manifested was remarkably good almost all the time. After landing at Macao, May 27th, I preached twice in that place, and once in Hong Kong, during the three weeks I then spent in China. Following the instructions of the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions, I left Macao June 19th for Singapore, and have not, since that time, had more than one opportunity of preaching the Gospel. The vessel in which I left Macao was manned by persons who did not speak English. After being detained in her by contrary winds for sixty-five days, we were obliged to go into Manila for provisions. I remained in Manila about a month, but owing to the jealousy of the Roman Catholic priests had no opportunity of preaching there. There has never been a Protestant service on the Phillipine Islands.

The vessel in which I left Manila was shipwrecked, and the passengers and crew were obliged to escape in the boats. For four days and five nights we were on the deep without shelter, and part of the time "we despaired even of life." After several very narrow escapes, we arrived safe at land. Nothing but the hand of God could have delivered us from the imminent dangers to which we were exposed; and I trust the Presbytery will join with me in the prayer that the life thus spared may be more entirely devoted to the service of God than ever before. I then returned to this place, where I arrived October 18th, and have since that time been busily employed in making arrangements for the permanent location of our missions in China. Thus far, however, little has been done. The Providence of God has, during the past summer, greatly hindered the plans both of myself, and of each of my colleagues in the mission, and at times we have felt almost discouraged. I trust, however, that matters are now in a fair way to be settled, and hope yet to see the Presbyterian Church in China joining with sister churches in spreading the pure light of the Gospel over this long-benighted empire. But how great is the work! and how few are the laborers! while the propagators of error are many and strong. The country is opening wider and wider every day, but there are few to enter.

Fathers and brethren, allow me to suggest to you, and through you to the churches over which you are placed, a few ideas that

have occurred to me while contemplating the field I am sent to cultivate, and a few facts which have fallen under my own observation.

Of the importance of speedily communicating to China the light of the Gospel, I suppose no doubt can be entertained. This is admitted by all, and, for more than thirty years past, efforts have been made to accomplish, or at least to commence this work. The contest of the Gospel with error, has thus been going on for many years, and has been watched with interest by at least a few; but is there not reason to believe, that the Christian church is carrying on this contest with far less vigor than she ought? Nay may I not affirm, that instead of coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, almost the whole Christian church has been slumbering in regard to China, and manifesting a most culpable inattention to the whole subject? It may assist our views, to consider for a moment the present state of affairs in China. The eyes of all the world are turned to this empire at this moment, and the facts that I mention are known to all. There is then, at this time, a two-fold contest going on in China. One is conducted by the British nation, the other by the Christian world. The object of the former is to open China for commercial purposes, in order that a market may be found for manufactures and productions, and a mine be opened from which the inhabitants of other nations may dig stores of this world's treasures, which all perish in the using. The object of the latter is to overthrow the power of Satan in this empire, to scatter the beams of Heaven's own light on the thick darkness that envelops it, to save the souls of our brethren who inhabit these ends of the earth, and to increase the declarative glory of our glorious God and gracious Saviour, by the building up of a holy temple to his name, where Satan's seat now is. Suppose that in each of these contests the results aimed at should be gained, will any one say that the former are of equal importance with the latter? Will any one look far down into the ages of eternity, and estimating the value of the results as they then appear, seriously affirm that the former deserves half the labor and sacrifices and expense that the latter does? Surely not. Yet how are these contests carried on? I wish I could show you what I now see before my eyes. The door of the room where I am writing commands a full view of the city and harbor of Hong Kong. I can point you to tens and hundreds of houses, large, massive, and expensive, erected more or less directly to further the first contest; but I can point you to only five erected to carry on the second, and of those five only two are finished. In the harbor I can point you at this present moment, to no less than four ships of the line, several other vessels of war, and nearly fifty transport ships, sent at great expense from the other side of the world, filled with men and valuable stores, commanded by able and experienced officers, to carry on the first contest, and these are hardly a moiety of the ships and men and money employed: but when you ask, where are the ships and the men employed in the

second? alas, I can hardly answer you. I take my glass, and slowly scanning the large fleet before me, at last point out to you a merchant ship. "In that vessel a solitary missionary went to Amoy and Chusan during the last summer, to prepare the way for a station at one of these places, but as yet he has not fixed upon any spot." By the side of that vessel is another; "In her, a few months since, three missionaries went to Amoy, where they now are." By the side of that vessel is another; "In her one missionary with his wife, expects before long to proceed to Chusan." Are these all? Yes. Out of the hundreds and thousands that have left this harbor since May of this year for the northern ports, only these five were missionaries; only these five have gone, or are going, as the representatives of the Christian churches in England and America. Lest any one should charge me with concealing a part of the truth, I must add that two other missionaries were previously stationed, one at Amoy, and one at Chusan. These seven are all that are engaged for the northern ports, while in Hong Kong and Macao, are in all only nine more. These sixteen are all that the whole of the churches of Protestant Christendom have now employed in China, to carry on the great contest between Christ and Satan; while the English nation alone has employed this year, more than fifteen thousand persons to secure some few commercial advantages! Has the Christian church done her duty towards China?

Some men talk of the immense sacrifices of life and money, in carrying on the work of missions! Why, the English government has spent more money and lost more men, during this last year of her contest with China, than the whole Christian church has done in any ten years, in all the heathen world together! From the room where I sit I see the burying-ground, and evening after evening, as the sun goes down, I hear the solemn martial music, and the last salute fired over the new-made grave of one, and another, and another, who have died of wounds received, or diseases contracted in the civil contest of the past year; while during that time, but one of those engaged in the other contest, has gone to her long home. Fathers and brethren, are you prepared to say that while so much has been done for purely worldly ends, and so little for purely spiritual objects, the church in general, or yourselves in particular, have done all that should be done for China? Do you still wonder that so little has been done to Christianize the mass of this great nation? and yet I have not told you all that is discouraging, nor even what is most so. It is sad to see so little good done, but still sadder to see so much error propagated. From the room where I sit, I can see almost every house in Hong Kong; and what, suppose you, is the most conspicuous object there? A Roman Catholic church and monastery! These buildings, from their commanding position and large size, being the largest in Hong Kong, are the first that attract a new-comer's attention; more money has been expended on them during the past twelve

months, than on all the buildings of all the Protestant missionaries in China! Would that this were all I had to say, but I have more. The Roman Catholic missionaries in China are more than ten times as numerous as the Protestants, and they are receiving large annual accessions, while with us the number of accessions scarcely equals the diminution by death and removals. While a single Protestant missionary was struggling to maintain himself in Chusan during the last year, nine Roman Catholic priests came and settled there at one time! When I was in Manila, in September, fifty-two Roman Catholic priests arrived there from Spain in a single vessel, some of whom will probably find their way to China. There are hundreds, aye, and thousands, of Roman Catholic priests in the Phillipine islands, who could be transferred to China almost at a moment's notice; but where, where shall we look for Protestant missionaries for this great empire? I do feel at times discouraged; my heart does at times sink within me, when I look back to my native land, and hear how few are willing to come out; how few are earnest in prayer for us; how few act as if they believed the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Since, then, the work is so great, since the laborers are so few, since men of this world are so zealous to secure a little more of this world's goods, since the disseminators of error are so numerous and so rapidly increasing, I call upon you, my fellow-workers in the ministry, and co-presbyters in the Church, to use your influence in furtherance of the cause of Christ in China. It is but a little time we have to labor, and we have no time for trifling or delay. Could you but see the half of what I see every day,—the idols under every green tree, and on every high hill; the incense and offerings burnt to the devil; and the thousand unnamed and nameless proofs of the prevalence of mind-debasing and soul-ruining idolatry; you would need no inducement to urge you on to greater diligence and exertion. Pardon the freedom that your youngest brother thus uses. I am sometimes sad, and my heart is sometimes sick within me; and therefore I thus write. Pray for me, teach your people to pray for the heathen, and for your brethren that labor among them. I hope to hear from you soon. In the meantime, I remain your brother in the Lord,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 9th, 1842.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . I am lonely, and am besides rather perplexed with the affairs of our mission. However, I do not think it will be so long, and besides I trust I have learned to say—

I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup,
To show that never was it his design,

Who placed me here, that I should live at ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth then
It matters not, if storm or sunshine be
My future lot; bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray, God fit me for my work!
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife! Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path
Till I my weary *pilgrimage* have done.

December 13th. The Sea Queen has at last arrived at Singapore after being out forty days from Manila, and in all one hundred and twenty from China. I am glad she has got there, but hope to be excused from ever making a passage in her again. The navigation of the China Sea is exceedingly uncertain. A vessel which left Macao August 16, arrived in Singapore October 16, being sixty days on the way. Another vessel, an American, which left Macao October 8, arrived at Singapore October 18, being only ten days on the way! I mean to patronize American vessels hereafter. I have been greatly struck with that text, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." The reason why I went in the Sea Queen rather than in the Oneida was, that it was expected that the former would arrive much sooner than the latter. I should have got to Singapore and might have come back in the same vessel to China almost as soon as I did. She left China nearly three weeks after the Sea Queen, got to Singapore before we got to Manila, stayed there two months, and came back here in November. It might have altered the whole course of my future life, had I gone in her; and would probably have saved me an amount of suffering, bodily and mental, that few are called to endure in so short a time. But what is past cannot be recalled, and though I have suffered, I should rather say because I have suffered, I trust I am a wiser, and a better, and an humbler Christian than I was; and if I am not happier now, I may be hereafter, on account of what has happened.

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

. . . I am at present just like a man who has stopped at an inn, to wait for letters to direct his future course, and often feel very deeply that "I am a stranger in the earth." Of one thing, however, I am truly glad, nothing has yet occurred that makes it necessary that I should leave China, or that makes it at all probable that I shall have to do so; there is scarcely anything that I dread more than the idea of leaving my missionary work. . . .

I remain affectionately yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 17th, 1842.

My Dear Father—

The Bazaar arrived here to-day from Singapore, of which I was informed by having a packet of letters sent to me. Opening it, I found letters for Mr. Buell, Mr. McBryde, Dr. Hepburn, and, to my great satisfaction, two for myself, one of which was from you, dated May 12th. I read it very speedily, and could hardly refrain from tears as I did so. Had you known precisely my feelings at the present time, you could hardly have written anything more appropriate than its conclusion. It was written to encourage me in trials, and to point me to the sure source of consolation. Trials have come upon me within the last twelve months, wave after wave, and each one, like Job's messengers, more severe than the preceding, and for awhile I thought I could hardly sustain them. My leaving home was a trial, but for that I was prepared by long expectation, and sustained by special communications of grace. My delays in the Sea Queen, and the exceedingly unpleasant accommodations there tried me much more severely; but it was profitable, and taught me many useful lessons, the benefit of which I experienced when shipwrecked in the Harmony. Besides these outward trials, I have experienced much anxiety in deciding on the best course to be pursued in relation to the China mission. In these circumstances you can scarcely understand how much I was encouraged by that train of thought which connects our tribulations here, and our poor weak services, with the glory of the Saviour, and the inconceivable displays of his wisdom, justice, love, and mercy, as manifested to the universe on the judgment day!

. . . . The Foreign Missionary pleases me much. I determined, soon as I saw it, to write something for its pages, and hope to be able to send you some little articles soon.

As to the brethren who have decided not to come out here without wives, I suppose the best way is for each one to be well persuaded in his own mind. I have seen enough to make me think that most missionaries ought to be married, provided they can get suitable wives. If they are not provided in that respect, by the time they are ready to leave, and there is a call for their services, it might be a question whether they are not called to go out alone. As far as I am personally concerned, I am satisfied that the course I took was the best, and I should probably act in the same way, if in the United States again. . . .

Affectionately your son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 24th, 1842.

My Dear Mother—

Yesterday was a happy day for me. You know how I have been disappointed hitherto about getting my letters. They had

all gone on to Singapore, and when the Bazaar came up, and did not bring them, I was afraid that I might have a long time to wait yet, before they came to hand. Yesterday morning Mr. Bridgeman's servant came over from Hong Kong, and brought me a packet that had been sent there by mistake. I opened it, and behold, one, two, three, four, yes, fourteen letters, from father and mother, and John C., and Elizabeth, and John M. I put up my Chinese books in all haste, and sent off to tell my teacher he "need not come to-day," and then—did not I have a feast? You do not know what a letter is worth in the United States. When you are separated only a few hundred miles, and have regular mails, it is nothing very special to have a letter once a month or so. But when the sun is shining on you, while your friends are sleeping on the other side of the world, ah, that is a different thing. My first emotion was one of sincere gratitude for such a favor; and my second, perplexity which to open first; and you would have been amused could you have seen me, while I was reading. Sometimes I laughed till the tears came into my eyes; sometimes a sentence brought *other* tears, and yet not tears of sorrow these; and sometimes a sigh escaped me, as I thought of the blasted hopes and disappointments implied in some of the various items of news that met my eye. I seemed to be among you again, and lived over the day of parting, and the few preceding weeks. And yet, eleven months and more have passed since then! and what remarkable things have happened in that time! at least to myself, for as far as I can gather, you have had but few important changes since I left.

If you think I am going to be tired of the length and commonplaceness of your letters, how am I to suppose you will receive my voluminous journals and letters? Inasmuch as I have the vanity to suppose that the latter will be all read, notwithstanding their prodigious length, you need not suppose I shall "skip" any of yours.

. . . . I am well, and contented, and happy, though still somewhat lonely, and occasionally perplexed. My future movements are still uncertain.

With much affection, and many fond remembrances,

I remain truly yours,

W M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 27th, 1842.

James Lenox, Esq.—

My Dear Sir:—I have lately received, by the Bazaar, a volume of the British Reformers, which my father informs me is from yourself. The receipt of it gave me much pleasure, not merely on account of the intrinsic worth of the book, but principally because it assured me I was still kindly remembered in a family, with which my intercourse, though short, was very pleasant.

A missionary to China, I find, has need of a good many qualifications; and at present it seems probable that one qualification of which he will find peculiar need, is a thorough acquaintance with the writings and spirit of the ancient reformers from Popery. One of the very greatest difficulties with which we shall have to contend, will arise from the opposition of the Roman Catholics. It is impossible to say how many native Roman Catholics there are in China. Probably the accounts their priests give of their numbers are exaggerated; but it is certain there are many. Their priests, too, are far more numerous than the Protestant missionaries; and being all unmarried, and many of them zealous, and active, and enterprising, they bid fair to go far ahead of Protestant missions. I do not think that their celibacy is any advantage in the long run, nor would I wish to see many unmarried Protestant missionaries here; but a few of the right spirit are greatly needed. If we had some twenty or thirty single men, of thoroughly cultivated minds, and prepared to submit to trials and privations to which a lady ought not to be exposed, I should not, humanly speaking, be much afraid of the contest with Popery in China. At present, however, there is no prospect whatever of such a band coming out to join us; and the few who are here are scarcely able,—indeed we are not able,—to occupy the ports already thrown open, but must stand still and see the Popish priests go, not two and two, but by sixes and tens, and establish themselves in every place where a foothold can be gained. Already they have erected a bishoprick at Shanghai, though I have not heard that a single Protestant missionary is going there. I do not think that many of the priests in China, or in that swarming Romish hive, Luconia, are men of much ability, or of extensive acquirements. Some of them, however, are; and they will easily make up in numbers what they lack in mental culture, while the perfect subordination of their system gives them advantages which we look at, but cannot hope to equal. There is, indeed, scarcely anything in reference to China that gives me so many distressing apprehensions as the activity of the Romish priests, contrasted as it is with the apathy of Protestant churches in England and America. England has only three, and America only thirteen missionaries actually in China; and if the whole number laboring for China were collected, they would not amount to thirty, of whom not more than one-half are qualified by acquaintance with the language for efficient labor. It is true that the God we serve is able abundantly to produce the greatest effects by the fewest and simplest means, but the time does not seem yet to have come when a nation shall be born in a day; and till that time comes, perhaps I should say, in order that it may come, we must use means in some degree proportioned to the results we hope for. But I have filled up my sheet with what, perhaps, will not be very interesting to you. I had no intention of writing at all on this subject when I took up my pen, but the mention of the British Reformers led my mind to

a subject that often has a painful interest to me. I cannot see through it, but I feel that we who labor in China will have great need of the "faith and patience of the saints" of olden times, if we expect to maintain our standing here against the last efforts and long-protracted dying agonies, for such I believe they will be, of the man of sin.

I often think of you, and of the pleasant Sabbath I spent at New Hamburgh. It would give me great pleasure to hear from you at any time; a *letter*, in these ends of the earth, is an object of great value. . . .

I am, with much respect and esteem, truly yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 29th, 1842.

My Dear Father—

Since my letter of December 17, sent by the Delhi, I have received yours of February 22 and March 12, May 3, and June 4, for all of which I am under very great obligations to you. It is a little remarkable, that though you have probably less time for writing than any of the family, yet you have written more than all the rest of them put together, and given me more news. Many particulars in your letters have interested me very deeply, particularly those concerning the funds, and your efforts to increase them, and your accounts of Princeton students, and the prospect of more missionaries. As to the former subject, I fear it will be many years before the Church comes up even in a moderate degree to her duty. Indeed, I have long thought, that the present generation of Christians will never do all that may be expected. As long as a Christian man is allowed to give five dollars for his annual subscription to the missionary work, and the next day buy fifty dollars worth of tulips, and yet retain his standing in the church, I have little hopes of seeing the right spirit prevail. I have thought, therefore, for years, that our hopes are in the Sabbath schools. None are so easily interested in missions as children, and none may be so easily trained to proper principles as they. I have sent by the Akbar four letters to Sabbath-school children. They are just such as I used to speak to the children of my Sabbath-schools, and nothing that ever I said interested them so much. They are intended for the Foreign Missionary, and I shall probably send some more soon. If they are judged suitable, I can furnish a good number of them gradually. Of course originality is not the main thing in such articles, although I know that to four-fifths of the Sunday-school children, in our churches, even to those at your very doors, the facts I have stated, and may yet state, will possess all the freshness of some new discovery. I have seen a whole school staring with eyes and mouth both, at the narration of the commonest facts in regard to the heathen; and it is mainly for want of early instruction and training in regard to the facts and principles of

missions, that you find it so difficult to bring the churches to give freely of their substance to further them. This opinion is formed on a more thorough knowledge of the real state of the case, than is generally possessed. I hope to send soon some thoughts on this subject, founded mainly on facts that I have seen, and inferences that seem to me to be justly drawn from them.

In regard to the students at the Seminary, I am greatly pleased to hear that so much of the proper spirit prevails among them. Nothing further occurs to me in reference to the propriety of men waiting for wives, when they are in other respects ready to start, in addition to what I have said before. I should be sorry to do it, but let every man be well persuaded in his own mind . . . . . I am very anxious to have —— and —— here. I knew them both, particularly the former, in College, and know of none at present in the Seminary, so well qualified for this field. After we are fairly established here, we can find work and places for a good deal of variety in the character of our missionaries. At present, however, we are very much in need of some six or eight of the "first chop;" as a Chinaman would say, "No. 1, good;" and until we are established, others would be rather in the way.

. . . . I propose to study Chinese pretty diligently for the next three months; by that time I hope to hear from you, and to know definitely who is coming, if anybody, and when. After that I may have to go to Hong Kong, as all the missionaries will probably leave this place in March.

With much love for yourself and all the family,

I remain your affectionate son, W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 29th, 1842.

Mr. John Lloyd—

My Dear John:—Though I have several friends, who, if they knew I were writing to you, might think they had a prior claim to yours just now, yet the associations and recollections of this day lead my mind most strongly to yourself; and though I have written one letter of some length to you since I came out, yet I feel as if I wanted to send another. . . .

This day is the anniversary of my spiritual birth; eight years ago to-day! What would I not have given eight years ago, to have been assured that I should persevere thus long in the Christian course? If any one had shown me all the temptations and trials I was to experience in that time, and then assured me that I should survive them all, and be the better for them, I could scarcely have believed him. Yet it has been so, and having obtained help of God, I continue to this day, and humbly hope, that through him I shall persevere even to the end. I trust he has taught me to look upward both for strength and for happiness, and more so lately than ever before. My soul doth, therefore, magnify the Lord.

I spent the greater part of this afternoon in reading over your letters. I wish I had yourself here to talk to, for I sometimes feel a little lonely; especially as both my colleagues are at present at other stations, and it will be some little time before we can get together.

So many things crowd upon me, that I hardly know what to write about. I could easily tell you a long story of adventures and perils, and strange sights and scenes, and wonderful deliverances, but I have not time for that, and you will probably see some of them in the Chronicle. Many of them I must reserve for your private ear, "when we meet in Pekin, China," as you said in one of the letters I read this afternoon. I am now devoting some five or six hours daily to Chinese; and though as yet I have made little progress, (it is only a month since I commenced it regularly,) yet I feel somewhat encouraged. It will be long, however, I fear, before I can speak it at all; and I fear that at best, I shall have to speak "with stammering lips and another tongue, to this people." Owing to uncertainty as to my future location, I have thought it best to commence the Court dialect, (commonly called the Mandarin,) which is not spoken, except by the literati and public officers. My progress will, on this account, be slower at first, but I think more rapid, steady, and successful in the end.

I know you are anxious to know how I feel about matters and things in general, and though it is yet too soon to speak definitely, yet to you I can speak freely; for you will know how to account for it, if I should afterwards change my opinions. So far, my fears have been mostly disappointed, and my expectations more than realized. I think that for two or three years before leaving the United States, I had as little romance in regard to missions, as any one could have, who had never been actually on heathen ground. Consequently I have not been disappointed. Parting with friends was a sore trial, but I had so long expected it, and prayed for sustaining grace, that I found it far less difficult to bear than I had anticipated. It was a great relief to me that it was quickly over. The ship left the wharf at half-past twelve, and I was truly glad that none of my friends came with me to the Hook. I have at present no wish to return. Since I landed in China I have, as you are aware, had a pretty full share of trials. Now no chastisement for the present is joyous but grievous. So I found them. Nevertheless, although the remembrance of them is yet fresh, and the unpleasant effects of them still continue to a degree, yet from what I have already felt, I am fully assured that "afterwards they shall yield to me the peaceable fruits of righteousness." In general the year, (it is nearly a year,) which has past since I left New York, *has been one of the happiest I have ever spent;* and I now look back on it with as much satisfaction as any other equal portion of my life, perhaps I should say with more satisfaction. I came out almost unwillingly. I felt loath to leave a field I had

long desired to occupy : I have not found everything here arranged as I desired, nor have I been able to accomplish all that I wished. I have been in unpleasant society : I have suffered in body : I have hung in the jaws of death for hours together, not expecting to live from one moment to another : I have been obliged to wait for months and months for letters from home, and I am now in a station where I have no colleagues in the same mission, and do not expect to have for some months ; and yet with all these adverse circumstances, I am glad I came, and pray that I may be suffered to remain. The work is great ; there is plenty of it. A wide and effectual door is opened, there are few to enter, while the enemy is very busy sowing tares. I do not think there is that promise of immediate usefulness here that there is in many other places. I hardly hope to see such churches formed here soon as have been formed in Africa, and in India, and in the islands of the sea. Indeed, I may never have the privilege of seeing any Christian church formed here ; yet, notwithstanding all this, I think the prospect of usefulness is very great indeed ; and for men of the right spirit and qualifications, who are willing to wait for the fruit of their labors till they enter heaven, if it be their Master's will that they wait thus long, I know of few fields so inviting. At present, I think the great difficulty is the language ; but every year this difficulty is becoming less, as new facilities in the way of books for its acquisition are being prepared, and places are opened where free intercourse with persons who speak it in its purity is allowed. In a few years I think it will not be considered a very difficult task for persons of good common sense, perseverance, and ordinary abilities to acquire it. At present, however, let nobody who cannot study Latin and Greek, and who is subject to the dyspepsia, come out to China. They had better go elsewhere. Such being my views, dear brother, I have some commands to lay upon you,— the first and chief of which is, get ready to come out here as quick as you can. I am going to write to father, and tell him to catch you by the back of the neck and put you down in the hold of one of Mr. Olyphant's ships, if you ever talk of going to any other part of the world. I'll take charge of you out here. Seriously, though, I want you and ——— to come out to China ; and if either of you do not come, I shall expect a very satisfactory and lengthened communication from you, showing good reasons for not doing it. I speak of you two in particular, because I think you as well qualified as any of the missionary students I know in the Seminary, for this field. The second command is, to pay considerable attention to the Roman Catholic controversy ; you may find need for it here. Thirdly, in regard to wives ; if you can get good ones, get them by all means ; but I beg you not to delay coming for want of them. Shall the heathen perish, and your period of active labor, short at best, be rendered still shorter, because you cannot come alone to labor, where merchants spend their ten, twenty, and thirty years, in celibacy, for the sake of

gain? . . . Spend your vacations in looking for wives, (Dr. ——'s advice to the contrary, notwithstanding,) but do not keep the ship in waiting. I do not know how I shall get along without one. There is at present no prospect of my getting one, but I am not sorry that I took the course I did in this matter. My opinions may change hereafter; when they do, perhaps I'll tell you.

I could write much more—indeed, I feel loath to stop, but I must write another letter or two to-night, as the vessel goes soon. Dear brother, how often I think of you, and long to see you! The memory of joys that are past is sweet to my soul.

That the richest of heaven's blessings may ever rest upon you is the prayer of

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

CHAPTER V.

1843.

RESIDENCE IN MACAO—VOYAGE UP THE COAST—DESCRIPTION OF AMOY AND CHANG CHOW—RETURN TO MACAO.

In the early part of the year, Mr. McBryde and his wife were obliged to leave China on account of the failure of his health; and in the summer, Dr. Hepburn and his family arrived at Macao, from Singapore. Mr. Lowrie spent his time chiefly at Macao, engaged in the study of the Chinese language, and preaching on the Sabbath to the American and European residents of that place. In August he commenced a voyage to the north, with the intention of visiting all the newly-opened cities, to make inquiries as to their relative advantages for missionary labor. His description of Amoy and Chang Chow, will be found in the following journals. Proceeding from Amoy to the north, owing to contrary winds, the voyage was slow, and they were several times driven to seek for shelter on the coast, by stress of weather. After almost reaching Chusan, the vessel was driven back by the northeast monsoon, and the voyage was then relinquished.

In the mean time the Executive Committee had decided to occupy three stations in China,—one in the Canton province, one at Amoy, and the other at Ningpo or Shanghai, as might be found most eligible. Dr. Hepburn was assigned to Amoy, and after being once driven back by a severe gale, he reached his field of labor in October.

During his residence at Macao, the correspondence of Mr. Lowrie with the Executive Committee at home was very full, and contained much information of great service to them in deciding on the various questions relating to the missionary work in this great field of labor. Active preparations were made by them during this year to send out a large missionary force, which will be noticed in the proper place.

At the close of this chapter will be found a proclamation of

Sir Henry Pottinger, "Her Britannic Majesty's plenipotentiary, &c. &c.," censuring the visit of Messrs. Abeel and Lowrie to the city of Chang Chow. This proclamation, and the letter to the Chinese authorities, are extraordinary papers, in more respects than one. They were uncalled for,—no complaint had been made, and Sir Henry himself became the informer. They were insulting and arrogant, for he censures American citizens, who were in no respect amenable to him, or subject to his jurisdiction. They were based on a false assumption, for the supplementary treaty had not then been published, and no law or regulation had been infringed. The inference that they passed themselves for Englishmen was equally gratuitous, and was contradicted in the very account that drew forth his impotent rebuke. There is something ludicrous, moreover, in the charge that two unarmed and peaceable men had forced their way among fifty thousand men, and there bearded their highest officers. Mr. Abeel was absent, and the duty devolved on his associate in the alleged trespass, to assert their rights as American citizens, and to decline the jurisdiction so arrogantly assumed. Had he used much stronger language, few of his countrymen would have been displeased.

Macao, January 27th, 1843.

Rev. John M. Lowrie—

My Dear Cousin:—The greatest difficulty now is with the language. . . . . I am by no means discouraged, and, if my life is spared, hope that I shall yet be permitted to do something in this great field. But alas for these millions that are going down to death! Who shall break unto them the bread of life? There are only sixteen Protestant missionaries actually in China, and the half of these know too little of the language to be as yet of any direct service. Like the two loaves and the little fishes, what are these among so many? Oh for the presence and blessing of that Saviour who can multiply the bread of life, thus spread before the multitude, till they shall all eat and be filled!

It requires a great deal of faith and grace to be a missionary. Here I am away from Christian privileges, and precluded, in great measure, except by writing, from opportunities of direct usefulness; removed from the kindly influences of Christian public opinion; surrounded by everything that is calculated to deaden the Christian graces; and engaged in a study in itself exceedingly dry, and which, in addition, promises to keep me for several years before I can call myself a proficient. I know not how I shall bear up against these adverse influences. Hitherto the Lord has sustained me, and I know that his grace is still more than sufficient. Thus

far I have enjoyed great peace of mind and satisfaction in my course. The only thing I have to complain of, is my want of more love to God, and zeal in his service. Oh, it is a sad thing to see these poor heathen blindly going on in their errors, and yet not be able to say a word to warn them of their danger. This is especially sorrowful, because this sense of inability is apt to make one careless. It is a temptation that comes with strong force at times, "Since you can do nothing, why trouble yourself about their condition? Why should you feel sad, when your sadness will not help them?" Yet it is not so; because, if the heart is affected for them, it will prompt to greater diligence in laboring and praying for them.

The thirtieth of this month is the Chinese new year—a time of great festivity and rejoicing, of firing of crackers and offering of incense, of sending presents and displaying finery; and the people around seem to be making great preparations. Nearly all the shops are gaudy with tinsel and pictures, and gaily painted lanterns, and toys of various kinds, though there is not nearly so much show and display here as in Canton.

My impressions of China, as a field of labor, have been much improved since I came out here; and after we once get free access to the people, I do not think the language will be found to be a very formidable obstacle. It will always be difficult, perhaps more so than any other spoken language; but I am inclined to think its difficulties have been greatly overrated. The tones, which are now so formidable, will, I think, be found to present but few difficulties, when the restrictions to free intercourse with the people, which have hitherto been so great, are removed. But prayer and patience, as Elliot says, will accomplish all that is needed, though in each of these I am but too deficient.

You will see from this letter, how much my thoughts are running upon one subject. Indeed, I do little else but think about the language, to which I give the best part of each day. I commonly commence about nine o'clock, and study as constantly as I can till four, P. M.; though there is always an hour or two of interruptions. I do not think it wise to give more time than this, though I often feel as if I should like to *live* in Chinese. Pray for me; I am in great need of help from above.

With best wishes, I remain,

Your affectionate cousin,

W. M. LOWRIE.

Macao, February 3d, 1843.

MY DEAR MOTHER—

Why does not the Morrison come in? We have heard three weeks ago by overland mail, that she was to leave September 17. If so, she ought to have been here ten days ago. I have gone up to the upper terrace in our garden every day, and looked out to

see if any ship was coming in; but not one. She ought to bring three months' later news, and letters in any quantity.

I often wonder what sort of letters I shall get, when the news of my disasters shall have reached you. For a while my letters went like Job's messengers, each one worse than the one before. Whether the worst has come yet, I do not know. Generally I am quite cheerful, and the little folks take great liberties with me, to my great "contentation." But sometimes I am melancholy, often sad, and occasionally an undefined anxiety clouds my mind. Who knoweth what a day may bring forth? After what I have already experienced, how can I tell whence the next storm shall arise? But the "Lord reigneth. Let the earth rejoice." Hereafter we shall see perfectly. . . . .

Truly yours,
W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, February 24th, 1843.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . I have just heard that Mr. Canfield [of the African mission,] is dead. This was unexpected and most distressing news, though I never thought that either he or Mr. Alward would endure that climate as well as I probably would have done. If the hand of God's providence had not so remarkably brought me here in spite of myself; and preserved me through dangers, when time and again it seemed as though I should be overwhelmed in the waves, I should almost wish that I had gone to Africa. The curse seems still to rest on Africa. Ethiopia stretches out her hand, but her teachers are removed far off. She still sits in darkness. Oh that light may speedily arise upon her! At times I can hardly help wishing myself there, if it were only to escape the drudgery of this terrible language. Yet I do not see much reason for discouragement so far; counting up the other day, I found myself master of more than *six hundred characters*, which, for only three months' uninterrupted attention, is pretty good progress; better than I expected. By the time the Chinese tailor "rubs a crowbar down to a needle," I hope to understand the language pretty well. But when will that be?

February 25th. Saturday night! How many, many thoughts of former days and former joys crowd around me, as I lay by my books and papers, to prepare for the coming Sabbath! How the time rolls on! It seems but a day since the ship left the wharf, in my own native land; yet more than a year has flown away, and I have passed through scenes that make me feel as if many years had been crowded into one. I have seen joy and sorrow since that time. I have felt my heart unlifted as on eagles' wings, and again it has sunk to the earth. I have looked upon the ocean when calm as a sleeping infant's slumbers. I have laid my hand upon its foam-crested waves, and felt that a half-inch plank and

a slender cord alone preserved me from going down like lead in the mighty waters. I have seen plan after plan fail, and hope after hope disappointed. I have stood a solitary stranger amidst thousands who spoke a different language, without being able to utter a word that they could understand. Again and again have I been taught to say, "I am a stranger in the earth." Yet, withal, light has arisen to me in darkness, joy has come to me in sorrow, and hope has sprung up after disappointments; for "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." The love of God is shed abroad upon me, by the Holy Ghost, and the grace of Christ is sufficient for me. Would I go back? no! Do I regret that I came? no! Lonely I am at times; sorrowful often; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed. The past is gone, but its pleasant remembrances and painful lessons remain; and deeply as some of them have been felt, already I can say,

"The sunshine to the flower may give
The tints that charm the sight,
But scentless would that flow'ret live
If skies were always bright.
Dark clouds and showers its scent bestow,
And purest joy is born of woe."

The future is still future, long or short, happy or mournful, "all to me unknown;" but I know what is far better, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." . . .

Yours affectionately,
W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, April 9th, 1843.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . Saturday night again! more than one-fourth of this year is already gone. It sometimes seems to me that I shall welcome with joy, the time when the shadows shall stretch out and the evening draw near. Yet how soon it may come! Three weeks ago, Mrs. Dean had as good prospects of long life as any of us; but the grass is already growing over her grave, and her labors and toils are over forever. She is in the haven, while her fellow-voyagers are still buffeting with the stormy sea. She is singing before the throne, while we hang our harps upon the willows and weep. Farewell.

Affectionately yours,
W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, May 14th, 1843.

My Dear Mother—

. . . It is Sabbath night, and though I do not often write letters on this day, yet occasionally I feel it a privilege to spend a part of

this day in epistolary correspondence of a particular kind. I do not do it for the sake of saving time, but on the same principle that would induce me, if in America, to diversify the exercises of the day by Christian conversation with those around me. Before breakfast this morning, a Chinaman came to my door with a couple of letters, sent to me from Hong Kong. They were from father, dated Aug. 30th and December 13th, 1842, both overland, but delayed a good deal in arriving. After breakfast, I spent some time in preparing for preaching. I preach now every Sabbath in the chapel here, being the only clergyman in Macao except Mr. McBryde, who is not able to preach. Just as I was about to go to the chapel, a bundle of letters and papers from the "Paul Jones," came in. I had a week ago received half a dozen letters, and supposed there were no more; these had gone to Canton by mistake, and now were returned. It was quite a temptation, but I left them unopened till I returned from church, and then found one from brother John, one from father, and one from yourself, dated December 28th and 30th. Dear mother, I cannot express my thanks to you sufficiently for that letter. You seemed to fear that it would afford me little gratification, but it has been the most interesting letter I have yet received from you. I like "news" very well, but I like kind words and warm expressions of affection a great deal better, when I *know* that they come unstudied from the heart. I cannot describe to you how much I value such a sentence as "It is past nine o'clock and all are waiting for me for prayers, where we always remember 'him in a *foreign* land.'" It brought the warm tears to my eyes, (I can hardly see now,) pictured before me—oh, how distinctly! the scenes of other days, when I too knelt with you, and when my voice was heard among you. I could see again the quiet room with its cheerful fire, and the table with its well-remembered cover and lamp, and the family Bible with its broken binding, and each familiar face, aye, and the accustomed seat in which each one sat. I could hear the voice that read; I almost fancied I could join in the familiar tune that was sung—*and so I can*, though separated from you by half the circumference of the world. The praises we sing, though sung on opposite sides of the globe, ascend to the same gracious God, and the prayers we offer reach the same mercy-seat, and the same grace that sustains you is sufficient, more than sufficient, for me. Tell Mrs. C. if you see her, that it has greatly cheered me to hear that her prayers have been offered for me, for I have learned to place a high value on the prayers of others, however unknown they may be to the world. How do we know but that in the world to come, we shall find much of our usefulness attributable to the prayers of those who remembered us, when we knew not that they ever thought of us.

"Little Sam is gone, and you are gone, and soon it will be said, they are all gone;" and if *soon*, why regret that one has finished his journey a few hours sooner than the rest, and another gone by

a different route? Are we not strangers here, and do not strangers sojourn but a short time in the land of their pilgrimage, and are not pleasant companions often obliged in their voyages to pursue different roads? When the journey is over, we will recount our toils, and how we have been led by ways we knew not. Oh, how true is that! I have been led like a blind man, by a way I knew not, but already, if I am not mistaken, I see it was the best way.

My journal has afforded you pleasure, more than I thought it would; but in heaven we shall need no journals, and shall then rightly estimate the importance of every step we took. We shall then see through what dangers we have passed, when we least suspected they were so near; we shall see how an angel was sent in this place to sustain us, and in that an evil spirit driven away. We shall see how influences that we did not dream of were directing our course, and as we contemplate the wonderful network of our history, we shall more and more admire the wisdom and goodness of Him by whom our bodies were so "curiously wrought," and our actions so carefully ordered. We shall be at home then, and shall "go no more out."

How pleasant is the Sabbath! It comes to me in this heathen land, to tell me that even here God is gracious; but there where one unending Sabbath prevails, there shall be no painful sights of unhallowed desecration, no strivings with inbred sin, no weariness; we shall go no more out, nor wish to go, for there is fulness of joy in the presence of God, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore. I sometimes feel as if I did not want to live any longer; surely "I would not live always;" but when I look round and see these poor heathen, I think that perhaps I may do something. I am willing to stay, and when I think of Him who hath done so much for me, I am dumb. Here am I, Lord; do with me as thou wilt.

But I must close for the present.

Affectionately yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, May 17th, 1843.

Mr. John Lloyd—

My Dear John:—Your long, long expected letter reached me eight or nine days ago. I was very glad indeed to hear from you, for I had not expected to be sixteen months without a letter from my old crony. But no matter, I'll pay you for it when you come out here. I shall expect to see you in China before the end of next year, without fail. The various items of your letter were very satisfactory to me, as they recalled many old associations. I proceed to answer some inquiries you have made. . . . As to the Chinese climate, I have not as yet sufficient experience to speak fully about it. I have been nearly a year here, and during that

time have not had one day's sickness, and have taken only one dose of medicine. I think it probable, however, that new comers will be liable to fever and ague in most of the new ports, until they become acclimated. The heat of summer is great; the thermometer now ranges above 80°; but it is not as bad as that of India, and we have cool and bracing winters. There is not commonly any frost or snow in this latitude, or at Amoy, but ice and snow are both found at Chusan, Ningpo, and Shanghae, where I think we shall have our principal stations.

As to the language, I suppose it pretty certain that the Chinese is the hardest language in the world, except the Japanese; which is harder, because one must learn Chinese in order to learn Japanese. But then a good many considerations remove the terror that some of the Singapore missionaries were so anxious to excite on this subject. 1. The language has been learned, and spoken fluently and intelligibly, though not of course perfectly, by a number of persons within the last forty years; and I have yet to learn that any one of those persons possessed any remarkable talent for learning languages. My impression is, that not one of them possessed such a talent to any great degree. 2. The facilities for learning the language, in the way of elementary books and free access to the people, are vastly better than they were twenty years ago; and every year they are getting better. 3. The dialects spoken in the north, are said to be easier, decidedly, than those spoken in Canton and Fokeen provinces; and it has been with the dialects of the two latter, that foreigners have been most conversant. Several of those who have learned Chinese, were over thirty years of age before they commenced it; two, I believe, were over forty; yet they are making progress. I have not made any "considerable attainments" yet. Owing to my various wanderings, of which you have heard somewhat, it was six months after I got here, before I began to study regularly. I have now been studying regularly for about six months. I can read easy sentences; can talk a very little with my teacher; and I look forward with hope to the future. Yesterday I told my teacher that the Chinese was a hard language to learn, and I feared it would take me four or five years to talk it well. He said, no, it was not hard; and that in one year I should be able to converse satisfactorily. I told him he was flattering me; but he said, "No, I am a very old man, why should I flatter you?" So I said no more. I only believe the half of what he says; but even that is better than I expected. At first the study was *prodigiously* dry—worse than anything I ever undertook; but now I begin to feel a good deal of interest in it. Come out and study with me, and I can give you a good deal of assistance. I am obliged to study with almost no assistance from others, as the Pekin dialect, to which my attention is now directed, is not attended to by any of the missionaries whom I have access to. With your talents, I know you need not be afraid to commence the language. Tell Hugh Brown I expect *him* to come

here also; and I wish you would turn the attention of Br. Culbertson to this field. A person, however, who does not make pretty reasonable progress in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, had better not come to China for the present. The case may be different a few years hence, when a greater variety of missionary labor can be employed than is at present practicable.

I am serious when I say that I wish you and Brown and Culbertson to regard this letter as a direct call to each of you to take China into careful consideration before you conclude to go elsewhere; and I trust you will be well satisfied that it is your duty to do so, if you decline coming here. I would not speak so decidedly if I did not think I had grounds for my opinion; but knowing you three, and this field as well as I do, I think it has very strong claims upon you.

I recommend you to learn the radicals immediately, so as to be able to write the whole of them off, and give the name and meaning of each, without once looking on the book. You will find it of incalculable advantage. I speak from experience. I also advise that by all means you learn to speak in the way that —— recommends, i. e., by using the abdominal and intercostal muscles. I am convinced that if you do so, it will facilitate your progress in the most difficult part of the spoken language, the tones. The reason why we find it so hard to use the Chinese tones easily, is because of our habit of using the lungs instead of the abdominal and intercostal muscles. I wish I had known this in America. The time you spend in learning this will be by no means lost, while, if you neglect it, I fear you will always regret it.

But it is past ten o'clock, and I must close for the night. Would that I could see you. Pray for me; but I know you do so, and I thank you for it. It does not surprise me to hear that I have fallen into the general mass, and only come in under the general prayer of "Lord bless the missionary." It was to be expected. But there are a few who, I trust, will not so soon forget me. The Lord ever be with you, and keep you, is the prayer of your friend and brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, May 27th, 1843.

My Dear Mother—

One year ago to-day I landed in Macao. How it has flown away! It seems but as yesterday when I left the ship, feeling that I was a stranger going into a strange place, and my heart almost sunk within me at the prospect before me. It seems but as yesterday when I found myself suddenly among friends who had been anxiously expecting me. The long and tedious voyage in the Sea Queen is like a dream of the night that quickly passed away; the sojourn in Manila like a tale that is told; the remembrance of the shipwreck in the Harmony, and the storm in

the long-boat, returns only to call forth feelings of gratitude. I thought after that, that my mountain would stand strong; but it was not so. I thought I might hope for many years of pleasant intercourse with a colleague in the mission, but in a few days he will have left the country. How rapidly have the last five months passed away! If the time to come flies as rapidly, I shall not soon think myself an exile. But I do not feel like one, for things around begin to wear a familiar face, and though they may never excite all the emotions that some remembered scenes do, yet here would I live.

I have felt a great deal more of satisfaction since receiving answers to my letters from China. It seems now as if a real correspondence had commenced, and helps me to judge better how the time passes. It gave me quite a new idea to think that I had received letters dated three months after my shipwreck.

Ever truly yours, W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, June 30th, 1843.

My Dear Father—

The treaty between England and China was formally ratified on Monday of this week (23d) at Hong Kong. A great deal of hilarity and good feeling was said to prevail; and the English officers predict, with the utmost confidence, the permanence of the friendship thus commenced. It is our prayer that it may be so; but I have judged incorrectly of the Chinese character if they do not now feel very sore on the subject. You will, of course, hear the most contradictory reports on this subject. It is one on which even here it is almost impossible to form a correct judgment. It is sometimes amusing to hear with what perfect scorn the English scout at the idea of the Chinese ever taking arms against them hereafter; while, on the other hand, some of our American residents, and some of the best informed among them, predict with almost equal certainty the speedy rupture of the present treaty. I am inclined to think the truth lies between the two. As long as the opium-smuggling continues—which, I suppose, will be as long as men love money more than they fear God,—there will be occasions of difficulty. How these difficulties are to be settled, will depend very much on the officers whom the British Government and other foreign nations may send out; but it is too much to hope that they will always be settled peaceably. It is a great comfort to be persuaded that the Lord reigneth, and that he holds the hearts of the kings in his hands. If I may conjecture as to the future, it is that there will be great changes in China ere long. I do not see how it can be otherwise. The new influences that must now be brought to bear upon them; the new and strange sentiments that must now disturb the long-settled train of their thoughts; the various impressions of foreign men and foreign things, that must now circulate through the land, slowly, perhaps,

but certainly, cannot but excite thought; and God only knows where it will end. "I will overturn, overturn, overturn; and it shall be no more: until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him." In the mean time, while the field is open, let us enter in; while the ground is ploughed up, let us cast our seed with a liberal hand. We may not see its growth, but the word of the Lord shall not return unto him void. There can be no fears as to the final result, though we can know but little of the intermediate steps. . . . .

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, July 20th, 1843.

My Dear Father—

. . . . I find myself obliged to confess that the warm weather has its effects upon me. For a month after it commenced I felt as strong and as much disposed to study as ever; but, for the last two weeks, I do not feel able to sit at my books nearly so constantly as before, nor to take such long walks as usual. I have lost a good deal of my appetite, and they all tell me I look pale, and thinner than usual. Such is the worst side of the picture; on the other hand, I am not sick, not low spirited, suffer no manner of pain, can read and write, and laugh and talk as usual, and do anything that does not require long and close mental effort. I sleep soundly, and the time passes away rapidly. I don't expect to do much studying for a couple of months to come. I had hoped to be on my way to visit Amoy and Chusan ere this, but have not yet found a suitable vessel, nor do I know of any. If one does not offer soon, I shall be obliged to postpone it till some time in September or October. . . .

Your journal of a day interested me very much. I would give you something of the kind in return, but am really so ashamed of each day's work for the present week, that I would rather not. I managed to keep up what little I know of Chinese, and to add a little to my stock; to read some; and write some; to take a walk every day; and to preach once a week to the English and American residents. As I have not yet brought myself to read other men's sermons, I have commonly to prepare one every week. This takes a good deal of time and thought, and I sometimes feel as if I ought not to do it, as the strength thus employed could be used in fitting myself for my missionary life. Yet as there are some who seem to feel an interest in attending, and as I am the only minister here, it does not seem right to neglect them altogether. I should like to be among the Chinese.

Your suggestions about a Chinese dictionary are important, but I hardly know what to say in regard to them; it will be time enough for me to think of such a thing, when I can call myself a Chinese scholar. I make no pretensions to that name now, nor

can I even guess when I shall deserve it; and if I ever do deserve it, I may prefer some other kind of labor, besides dry dictionary making. Still, I consider it a duty to keep something of the kind in view. You of course will not mention that I do so, as I do not wish it to be known. The thought that I may perhaps be of some assistance in that way, is one thing which, with others, induces me to study the Mandarin, and to prefer one of the northern ports.

I cannot tell you, my dear father, how much I value your letters. The spirit of kindness and affection they breathe, is to me most truly refreshing and delightful, and I sometimes almost feel as if it was worth while to be separated from you in order to enjoy them. But I do not altogether give up the hope of seeing you again, though I have little expectation of seeing you in the United States. When I get into my own house at Ningpo, or some other regular Chinese place, I mean to send you and mother a special invitation to come and see me. I rather think, too, that you will find it hard to refuse my invitation. With many affectionate thoughts of you, and of all the members of our beloved family, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

JOURNAL TO AMOY AND CHUSAN.

It appeared very desirable, that some member of our mission should visit the ports of China, recently opened for foreign commerce, and make inquiries as to their suitableness for missionary operations. Accordingly, I made such arrangements as would allow me to be absent from Macao, for about two months; and having engaged a passage in an English vessel going up the coast, I left Macao in the latter end of August, expecting, as the wind was then favorable, to reach Chusan in ten days. We were, however, very unnecessarily delayed several days in Hong Kong; and after getting out to sea, found, to our surprise, that the vessel was very badly provided for a sea voyage, having no chronometer on board, and a very insufficient supply of water and provisions. We succeeded in reaching Amoy, and went some distance beyond it; but having been detained too long in Hong Kong, the monsoon changed before we could reach Chusan, and our ill-provided vessel was unable to make headway against it. After beating for several days and making no progress, we found our provisions were running short, and seeing no prospect of soon accomplishing our voyage, the passengers requested the captain to return to Amoy. This was done, and the time for which I had made arrangements to be absent, being now more than half elapsed, I thought it better to spend a few days in Amoy, and then to return to Macao, rather than to attempt to proceed against the monsoon to Chusan, which would have been not only tedious, but very uncomfortable. In consequence of this disappointment, it was not possible to gain all

the information that was desired—still, however, many things of an interesting nature came under my observation, and perhaps the best way of presenting them, will be to give them as they stand in a journal kept at the time.

August 26th. Left Macao in the morning, in the schooner Thomas Crisp. She is to call at Hong Kong, stop a day at Amoy, and then proceed to Chusan. The price of passage for the whole voyage is one hundred dollars. There was quite a strong wind shortly after we left Macao, and the weather becoming very misty, we could not see our course among the islands, and were obliged to anchor at the western end of Lantas, about twenty miles from Macao. We remained at anchor nearly twenty-four hours.

August 27th. Sabbath—a beautiful day, and a favorable wind —reached Hong Kong about three o'clock.

The vessel should have sailed on Monday, but was very unnecessarily delayed until Thursday morning. Having occasion to go about from one part of Hong Kong to the other, and not wishing to expose myself to the sun and rain, which at this season of the year must be carefully avoided, I engaged a boat to be at my complete control, (for a dollar a day.) The boat was long and narrow, being perhaps fifteen feet in length and six in width in its broadest part; it had one mast with a mat sail, which could be raised or lowered in a moment. It was owned by a man and his wife, who made it their home, and gained their living by carrying passengers and going of errands. They form part of the *boat population*, which is so remarkable a feature in the aspect of this part of China. At Macao, Hong Kong, and many other places in the Canton province, and particularly at the city of Canton itself, there are immense numbers of people who spend their whole lives on the water. They are considered by those who live on shore as an inferior race, and are scarcely allowed to form connections by marriage, except among themselves. The size of their boats varies very much, though the greater part of them are much smaller than the one I had now engaged. At Whampoa I have seen hundreds of their boats, each the habitation of a family, that were not more than ten feet in length and five in breadth. In these they are born—here they live—they marry and are given in marriage, and here they die. The number of people dwelling in boats in the river near Canton, is estimated at near one hundred thousand. Their boats are called Tan-kea boats, or egg-house boats, because when covered, as they usually are, with a mat roof, they bear a great resemblance in shape to an egg. As may be supposed, they are generally a very degraded and ignorant race, and their ideas on religious subjects of the very lowest order. Yet, there is not one of these boats, however poor in other respects, that has not its little shelf or little apartment with an idol, and a censer—or if too poor for that, at least a bit of red paper with mystical characters inscribed, and a few glittering ornaments, before which incense sticks are daily burned.

The boat I had engaged had a covering over the central part, beneath which the family slept. In front, the man stood to row, and behind there was space for four or five persons to seat themselves comfortably, besides allowing the woman room to scull the boat. Underneath this part were the cooking utensils, fire-place, and provisions; in the *house* was a little cupboard, perhaps two feet square, and a roll of mats for a bed, and beneath the front part, where the man stood, was a place to hold wood and water. The back part where the passengers sit is covered with a mat awning, forming an excellent shelter from sun and rain, and allowing a free circulation of air. When the wind was favorable, they hoisted the sail and the woman steered. When there was no wind, the man rowed and the woman sculled.

They had two children, one a boy about three years old, and the other a girl of seven months. The boy had no playmates, few playthings, and but little playground, yet he seemed quite happy and contented. Sometimes he sat by his mother and gazed at the passenger; sometimes he took the little hatchet and chopped wood or hammered a stone; and sometimes he lay down in the little house and slept. But his chief amusement was to stand by his father when rowing, and lean upon the oar. He thus acquired without effort all the motions necessary in rowing. He was especially delighted to stand on a little footstool and have it turn over and throw him down, and when he succeeded in falling he laughed most joyously. By way of precaution, a piece of light wood was attached to his back, to keep him afloat if he should chance to fall overboard. As for the little girl, her mother strapped her on her back, and there she hung, her bare legs dangling out, and her head swinging to and fro with the motion of her mother's body as she sculled the boat. The couple seemed quite happy, and were very civil and obliging. I frequently left articles worth many times more than all the compensation they expected from me, for hours together in their boat, and never lost anything.

August 31st. Got under way from Hong Kong about nine o'clock, A. M., but having light and unfavorable winds, made very slow progress. Obliged to come to anchor at night opposite Chek Chu, on the southern side of the island.

Hong Kong is a small, irregularly-shaped island. Its entire circumference is about twenty-seven miles, and a more hilly, rocky place, can hardly be imagined. It seems on first sight almost impossible to discover a place suitable for a residence, and it is only by cutting down the hills and levelling the ground, that suitable building sites can be obtained. This levelling of the ground is one of the causes of the great expensiveness of building in Hong Kong; for it frequently costs from three hundred to a thousand dollars merely to remove the stones and prepare the ground for building. The great reason why this island was selected by the English, is found in the harbor, which is one of the finest in the world. It was first taken possession of in January, 1841—and

was officially acknowledged by the Chinese, and received by the English, as a dependency on the British crown, in June, 1843. Its population when taken possession of at first was about four thousand; but it very soon increased wonderfully, on account of the demand for laborers on the roads and houses, and the shops that were established. Its present population must be near twenty thousand, who are principally of the lower orders, though there are some of the more respectable classes, and their numbers are said to be increasing. It is to be feared that the island of Hong Kong itself will never be a very good place for direct missionary labors; but its commercial importance, and the large number of natives residing in the neighboring islands, and on the shores of the main land adjoining it, will always make it an object of importance to have at least one station there. Nor should it be forgotten, that Hong Kong is in a manner the key of Canton province, which contains a population of nineteen millions of inhabitants,—being more than the whole population of the United States. Should China be thrown more widely open than it now is, (and he who has opened it so wide already can as easily open it wider,) all this vast number of people will be accessible to the missionary, and it is chiefly from the stations at Hong Kong, that they must be supplied.

During the voyage from Hong Kong to Amoy we passed in sight of three of the great opium depots along the coast. These three were Tong-san, How-tow-san, and Namoa. At these three places, the opium dealers in Canton and Macao, have ships constantly stationed to keep supplies of opium, and to them the smaller vessels, or "opium clippers," as they are called, resort for cargoes, which they carry to different parts of the coast and dispose of always for silver. The number of vessels employed in this traffic is very great. A single mercantile house in Canton and Macao, employs about fifty vessels, ships, barks, brigs and schooners, while another house has thirty or more.* These vessels carry almost nothing but opium, and receive almost nothing in return but silver. The laws of the Chinese against the introduction of opium are very severe, but at present they are a mere dead letter; the opium smugglers laugh at them, and carry their vile drug recklessly to all parts of the coast, where it is purchased by the Chinese, and carried into different parts of the country. The Chinese officers themselves, instead of striving to prevent its introduction, connive at it, being frequently bribed for that purpose by

* The amount of capital embarked in the opium trade is enormous, as may be judged of from the number of vessels employed. The smallest of these vessels probably costs the owners upwards of $5,000 annually. A schooner like the ——— or ——— costs from 800 to 1200 dollars a month merely for her sailing, i. e. wages, wear and tear; so that the annual expense of one of the least of these messengers of evil, is greater than the whole expenses of our mission in any year since its commencement; while the brigs, barks, and ships cost still more. This is merely for wages of the men and officers, and the wear and tear of the vessel, and is exclusive of all the money expended in purchasing the opium, storing it, and packing and repacking.

the smugglers. One of the very greatest difficulties in the way of Christian missions in China, arises from the prevalence of the use of opium; and it is to be feared that it will long continue in the way. When a man acquires a taste for opium, there is nothing he will not do to gratify it; and its use is most deleterious. It injures his bodily health, it stupefies his mental powers, and it deadens his moral feelings, and when the habit of using it is once confirmed, it is almost impossible to abandon it. The fondness for opium is one of the strong chains in which Satan has bound this great people, and it is a heart-sickening reflection, that this evil luxury is supplied to them by the merchants of the two nations which profess to be actuated by the purest Christianity. It is almost impossible to find a vessel going up the coast, which does not carry it.

September 5th. Reached Amoy, and was received with a hearty welcome by the Rev. Mr. Abeel and Dr. Cumming. They were the only missionaries then residing at Amoy, or rather at Kulangsu, which is a beautiful little island not more than one-fourth of a mile from Amoy. The Rev. Mr. Boone of the American Episcopal Board, and Rev. Mr. McBryde of our Board, were both at this station for some time, but have been obliged to return to the United States on account of ill health. It is the expectation of each of them to return again, if health be restored.

In the evening after reaching Kulangsu, Dr. Cumming and myself went over to Amoy to see the place. We crossed from Kulangsu to Amoy for ten cash a-piece, (it takes eleven or twelve cash to make a cent.) The boats in the Fuhkeen province are few compared with those in the Canton province, and are not at all to be compared with the latter, either for beauty, neatness or comfort. The men in the small row-boats here reverse the usual order of proceedings, for they stand up in the stern of the boats to row, and place the passengers in the middle and bow of the boat. The floating population in this province is small, and the boats are seldom rowed by women. The people in general seemed to have more prominent cheek-bones and flatter noses than those I had seen in other parts of China; perhaps their flat noses give them some advantage in uttering the abundant nasal sounds of the Fuhkeen dialect.

We went first through several streets in the suburbs of the city, then into the city itself, and walked half round it on the city wall, which is wide enough for three or four persons to walk abreast, and returned to Kulangsu a little after dark. "Multitudes, multitudes," was the impression that forced itself upon me in walking through the crowded streets, and looking out over the close-built environs of this great city. The suburbs are much larger than the city itself, and most of the merchants' shops are there. Each street, both within the city and in the suburbs, is closed at each end by gates every night; all are narrow, and all are dirty. It is hardly possible for foreigners to live in the close filthy quarters generally occupied by the Chinese. We can live in houses like

theirs with but little difficulty, but their position is generally low and damp, and their being so dirty and so closely crowded together, combine to render them unhealthy.

There is but little luxury observable in Amoy, or splendor in their shops, like that seen in Canton, where the foreigners have so long resorted. Almost all that was exposed for sale consisted of the necessaries of life, articles to eat and drink and wear. There were but few women in the streets, but many of them gazed at us from the back doors of the houses as we passed. It seems to be an almost universal custom in this province for the females to wear flowers in their hair; the custom is not so prevalent in Canton province. If we stopped a moment in the streets, crowds gathered around us. The children clapped their hands, and the men gathered around us to examine our dress, and seemed especially to admire my stature, but all were perfectly civil. We stopped to ask the price of a picture. "A dollar and a half," was the ready answer. "Oh, no!" said another, "don't you see they are teachers." "Well you may have it for one hundred and fifty cash," equal to twelve-and-a-half cents!

The country back of Amoy consists almost entirely of hills, the bleakest and stoniest I ever saw. Except in the little secluded valleys, not a tree nor a blade of grass was to be seen; but in every little valley where there was fresh water and a few trees, there were sure to be villages, and in proportion to the size of the valleys did the villages increase in size. The green rice fields at the foot of the bare and barren hills contrasted beautifully with the rocks around them. The population of Amoy is variously estimated, but two hundred thousand for the city and the suburbs in its immediate vicinity, is the most common, and probably the most correct estimate. The number of villages in sight from Kulangsu is wonderful. Whence does all this vast population draw its subsistence, for the country around does not appear capable of sustaining the tenth part of those who live here? Partly from the sea, partly from commerce, and partly from the interior of the country which receives many foreign commodities from Amoy. The Fuhkeen men are the New Englanders of China, and their vessels make long voyages, going to all parts of the Chinese coast, to Manila, to Borneo, to Singapore and to Java, but not often venturing as far as India. A great part of the rice used in other provinces is imported from the island of Formosa, which lies about seventy miles to the eastward.

Nine opium ships were anchored close alongside of Amoy, and also *two* vessels that had no opium on board. I was told, on good authority, that every man in Amoy who could afford to buy opium was in the habit of smoking it. The Chinese officers make no effort whatever to prevent its introduction, and I saw opium pipes openly exposed for sale in the streets. A few years ago it would have been almost as much as a Chinaman's life was

worth, to have been detected in the sale of anything used in consuming the prohibited article.

The next morning (Sept. 7) Mr. Abeel and myself rose early for a walk round the island of Kulangsu. It is about three miles long, not quite a mile broad, and is wonderfully diversified with hill and dale. Small as it is, I have never seen so many beautiful prospects in the same space. Every hill-top is crowned with black and naked rocks, while every spot of ground that can be cultivated is used (or rather *was* used, for the Chinese are not now allowed to reside on the island, while it is occupied by the English troops,) either for houses, or rice grounds, or tombs. The population, previously to its being occupied by the British, has been commonly estimated at five thousand, but judging from the houses still standing, and the ruins of those torn down, I should say, this was a very moderate estimate. There may have been eight or ten thousand persons, and from the style of the houses, it may be inferred that many of the wealthier inhabitants of Amoy had their common residences on this island. There are a number of noble banyan trees, and my impressions of the island were very favorable.

It was beautiful exceedingly. Perhaps it appeared more beautiful from its dissimilarity to the bare and rugged hills of Hong Kong and Macao, but it reminded me strongly of many scenes long since, perhaps forever, passed. It was melancholy to see the ruined houses, and to meet the English soldiers at every step, for they told of violence and war. It was sad to look upon these multitudes, all accessible, *full three hundred thousand souls,* who might be visited by the missionary between sunrise and nightfall, without his ever spending a night from home, and instructed about the way of life; but who is there to break to them the bread of life? One poor almost broken-down minister, and one physician, who with stammering lips set before them the way of truth. Dr. Cumming's time is fully taken up in attending to the cases of disease that are brought to his house, and Mr. Abeel daily converses with them, and distributes religious tracts, besides having a service on the Sabbath for all who choose to come. The attendance on Sabbath varies from thirty to eighty, and the names and objects of the missionaries are now well known, and they are treated with much favor both by the rulers and the common people.

Infanticide is very common in this province; very many inquiries have been made by the missionaries, and all the testimony goes to prove that it prevails to a fearful extent. It is not saying too much to affirm, that in the districts around Amoy, one-fifth, or one-sixth of the children perish by the hands, or with the consent of their parents. One poor man said to Mr. Abeel with an air of the greatest simplicity and sincerity, "Teacher, before you came, I killed five of my children; I would not do it now, for you have showed me that it is wrong, but before you came I did not

know that—who was there to tell me?" Alas! who was there to tell him? The opium smugglers are dealing their poison all around, but very rarely does a missionary appear amongst them, and those who do come, have difficulties to contend with as they sit upon the damp tiled floors of the native houses, and breathe the unwholesome air of the swampy fields, such as rarely enter into the minds of those who dwell in their ceiled houses, and talk in their own native language.

I visited the grave of Mrs. Boone. It is in a beautiful quiet garden, a little tree stands at the foot, and an immense banian spreads its shade over the whole. She died August 30, 1842. It was a time of sadness and sorrow when that first member of the missionary band here fell; but I could not regard her lonely grave in any other light than as a pledge that the kingdom shall yet be the Lord's. For not alone shall that Christian wife and mother sleep here; others of the missionary circle shall also toil, and lie down here, and around them shall sleep those saved by their means, and sooner or later we shall look upon graves, even in this heathen land, with the same feelings of calm and joyful hope with which we behold them in Christian lands. May the Lord hasten that time! for it is a sorrowful thought as we look upon the countless graves that throng every hill-side around us, "Not one of all these myriads ever heard the name of Christ—where now are their souls?" It was a pleasant thing in my native land to go to the grave-yard on Saturday evenings, or the Sabbath morning, and sit upon the tombs, and think of heaven; but I cannot do that in China.

We left Amoy on Thursday, September 7, about noon, and after beating out some six or seven miles, had a "slashing breeze" in our favor. Our course lay to the north-east, along the coast of China, too far off to see minute objects, but near enough to distinguish its outline and general features. From Hong Kong to Amoy, a distance of over three hundred miles, the coast is remarkably rocky, bold, and mountainous, hardly a plain was to be seen. But immediately after passing Amoy the appearance of the coast changed. It became level with gentle elevations and depressions, and this lasts for nearly two hundred miles, when it resumes its rocky character. I could scarcely take my eyes away from the first of the gently rising hills that was seen. It was so different from all that I had witnessed for nearly twenty months, and reminded me so strongly of objects seen in my own native land, that it required but little stretch of fancy to cover the scene with the peaceful homes, and smiling villages, and solemn churches of America. But, alas, how different the reality! Multitudes, multitudes of immortal beings, but all ignorant of the truth! An opium clipper followed us out of Amoy, and being a faster sailer than we, soon passed us on her way to Chimmoo Bay, another great opium depot. It reminded me sadly of the truth that the men of this world are wiser in their generation than the children

of light. But I found consolation where I had not looked for it. We were sailing on the wide sea. The whole expanse of the Pacific Ocean, with its unfathomed depths and uncounted waves, was rolling on our right, and its waters washed the shores of the most populous empire on the earth. Behold! "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord *as the waters cover the seas*," Hab. iii. 14. What though men, for the sake of gain, follow practices that injure their fellow-men, and impede the progress of the Gospel, it shall not always be so; for thus saith the Lord, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," Isaiah ix. 11. With such an assurance from such a source, what more do we want to confirm our faith and encourage our hope?

Friday, September 15. When within one hundred and twenty miles of Chusan the monsoon changed, and after beating about for several days, and making no progress, we anchored at the Island of San-pan-shan, in order to replenish our water-casks, and wait, if perhaps the weather might become more moderate. The island of San-pan-shan is in north lat. 28 deg. 5 min., and east long. 122 deg.

The passengers went ashore to-day for a stroll over the island, and at the beach where we landed, we found about a hundred men collected. They spoke a dialect that none of us understood, and our only intercourse with them was by signs, and the few Chinese words we could pick up. There were twelve or thirteen small Chinese vessels, junks as they are here called, in a little cove on the side of the island opposite where we had anchored, which had probably gone there to escape the bad weather. We saw about two hundred persons in all, a part of whom doubtless belonged to the junks in the little bay. I doubt whether the whole population of the island amounts to one hundred persons; there were very few women, and very few children. The people seemed to be very poor; dwelt in miserable huts, and raised a very few vegetables; there were no rice-fields, but there were plenty of sweet potatoes, which seemed, indeed, to be almost the only vegetable cultivated. I suppose the people were principally fishermen; they were of small stature, and very dark complexion, and spoke a dialect much resembling the Fuhkeen.

The island is small, and of a crescent shape: it is, perhaps, two miles in length, and three-fourths of a mile in breadth, with two or three smaller islands near it. Its foundation is the solid granite rock, which is quite bare for many feet above low water mark. Like all Chinese islands that I have yet seen, it is hilly; but the hills, though high, are not quite so abrupt as those on the islands farther south. On the top of the very highest hill was a heap of stones piled up and about four feet high. When or why built I had no means of ascertaining.

Just above our landing-place, and near the principal collection

of huts, was an idol temple, dedicated to Ma-tsoo-po, a favorite Chinese goddess. There was nothing remarkable about it, except its filthiness, and two figures about two-thirds the size of men, standing on a block of wood near the door. They were painted black, with red and glaring eyes, and horribly-distorted mouths, all begrimed with smoke of incense-sticks, and dirt; they were fit representations of the horrid character of him whom this deluded people worship. There were several brazen incense-stands on the altar, one of which I wished to take away, but the people would not allow of it. "No, it was Ma-tsoo-po's." I would give a good deal to be able to transport the two black images as they are, to the Mission House in New York.

In one of the huts a dozen men were busy gambling: so intent were they on their game, that they scarcely looked at us as we passed, though they had probably never seen a foreigner in their lives before. Here, as everywhere else, the people knew the foreigners only by what is evil. One of the men, who seemed a little more respectable than the rest, and to whom, after making sure that he could read it, I gave a Chinese tract, finding I knew a little Chinese, asked me something I did not understand. He then invited me into his hut, begged me to be seated, and wrote down in Chinese the question, "How do you sell your opium?" Two or three men were smoking opium at the time. As well as I could, I expressed my dislike and abhorrence of the practice, and went out, greatly to his surprise. Going past the temple, as we went back to our boat, I looked in again, and there were six or eight people stretched on the floor, and drawing away at their opium pipes; some of them were already half stupefied by it, and the place was filled by the fumes of the sickening drug. Popery and opium will be the great opponents of the missionaries in China. There is not a place to which we can go, where the opium-dealer has not already gone, and there is no moral sentiment in China to second the efforts of her rulers to banish the baneful luxury from her borders. I could almost fancy that the horrible images in the idol temple looked with complacency on the prostrate forms of the smokers at their feet; and sure I am that the ruler of the spirits of darkness and evil rejoices in the diffusion of opium in China.

Wednesday, September 27th. Finding that our vessel was in no condition to beat against the monsoon, and that our prospect of reaching Chusan in her was very poor, we reluctantly turned about, and arrived at Amoy yesterday. It is a mysterious dispensation of providence, but doubtless He who holds the winds in his fist has wise ends in view, in disappointing my hopes: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Sitting in Mr. Abeel's house this morning, about a dozen very respectably-dressed Chinese from Tung-an, the capital of this district, came in. After making some remarks to them on the nature of the Christian religion, and of the plan of salvation, to which they listened with interest, interspersing remarks of their own by

the way, he asked them of their customs, particularly in regard to infanticide. One man said they "destroyed more than half the female children," (the boys they never kill.) The rest of the company corrected this, saying, "No, formerly we did, but now we destroy about one out of three." This is the common answer given by hundreds of persons. As soon as a girl is born, if they do not wish her to live, she is suffocated. Want of natural affection, and an unwillingness to encounter the expense of supporting the children, are the reasons for this cruel procedure. They acknowledge it to be cruel, but seldom seem to think it is wrong.*

September 28. Walked out before sunrise to the top of the highest hill in Ku-lang-su. It is crowned by several rocks, two of which are of great size; one of them is more than one hundred feet long, at least eighty feet broad, and eighty feet high, all above ground. The view from the top would have embraced the whole circumference of the horizon: but not being able to reach it, I was obliged to content myself at its base; still, by changing my position, I could see on all sides. The hills of the main land, and of the islands in sight, rose, as they always do in this part of China, steep, bare, and barren; and the spots of fertile ground were few and comparatively small. But wherever a clump of trees grew, a village was sure to be seen. I counted more than twenty villages, all in full view, and none more than ten or twelve miles distant: besides the city of Amoy itself, all of these are perfectly accessible to the missionary; he may go to any of them without let or hinderance, and preach or distribute books, and for the present at least, he will be sure of crowds of attentive hearers. There is very little that is inviting in the appearance of Chinese towns. The houses are all low, and few or none are distinguished by any architectural beauty. They are built without taste, and it is seldom that any flowers are cultivated by the sides of the poorer people's houses; they are commonly built so close together, that at a short distance you see nothing but the weather-worn roofs, but occasionally some beautiful scenes meet the eye. I scarcely know a more romantic spot than the Western village, on the island of Ku-lang-su. Just fancy a little valley containing several acres of ground, rather long, and opening out like a fan, hemmed in on all sides but one by steep and rocky hills, and facing a sheet of water studded with islands. It has several noble banian trees, and fifty or sixty Chinese houses very neatly built, and dispersed at the foot of the hills, between the trees. The houses, however, are now uninhabited, and most of them are in a sad state for want of attention.

The Chinese do not use gunpowder in blasting rocks, but split the largest of them simply by the use of wedges. I saw a rock that had been split in two, and the part that remained was fifty feet long and thirty feet high.

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* See the Chinese Repository for Oct. 1843.

Took a boat and went to see a Budhist temple some two or three miles south-east of Amoy. It stands at the foot of the high ridge of hills running from the city of Amoy into the interior of Amoy island, and is about half a mile from the shores of the bay. In front of the temple is an inclosure containing four open buildings, in each of which are two gigantic stone tortoises six feet long and four feet broad. Each tortoise supports a white stone tablet, ten feet high and four feet broad, and covered one with Chinese and the other with Tartar inscriptions; the Chinese characters are certainly very well adapted for inscriptions, and I have rarely seen any specimens of cutting in stone so beautifully executed as these are. The purport of the inscriptions seemed to be maxims and moral sentences; but as to their particular meaning, I forbear to interpret it. Directly behind these tablets was the entrance of the temple, with all its array of dingy paintings, grotesque carving and queer dragons above the door. On entering, the first object seen was a gilt statue of Budh, of gigantic size, with a green veil over the window of the inclosure where he was seated. Behind him was another gigantic image, and on either side were two other giants; on one side a male and a female with a guitar in her hand, and on the other side a female, and a black and horrid-looking male attendant. Each statue is said to be eighteen feet high, and of one solid stone. I did not think them so high, and thought they were made of clay; but a railing in front prevented a close examination. Passing beyond the gilt image, there was an open court with four trees; on each side of the court was a square tower, the second story of one of which contained a drum, and of the other a bell. Beyond these, and in a line with them, were two long galleries, each containing nine gilt images of Chinese sages, some of which were decorated with blue beards. Between the two galleries was an octagonal tower, the upper part of which was composed of a large number of pieces of wood carved of various shapes, with painting and gilding, and dragons and images scattered about. The roof was supported by eight stone pillars, round each of which twined an immense dragon. The interior of the temple contained a number of images, the principal of which was Kwante, seated on the lower half of an immense pine-apple, with a gilded frame behind her resembling the rays behind the Speaker's chair in the capitol at Washington. She was surrounded by half a dozen other images, large and small; incense was constantly burning before her, and on a frame numerous printed prayers were suspended. Behind this tower were three apartments, stretching across the whole breadth of the temple, and in each of them were three images, one principal and two subordinates. One of the principal images was Kwante, another was Ma-tsoo-po; the name of the third I did not learn. Here we were met by two of the priests, pale in countenance, dressed in white, and of rather pleasing manners. Only one of them said anything, but he was quite talkative. They gave us tea without

sugar or milk, and promised to call at the mission house in Amoy, after which we left them.

Near this temple, I saw what is rather uncommon in China, regularly-inclosed graveyards. There were a great many uninclosed tombs all around, but here were three graveyards; each of them had a large tomb in the centre, and a great many of common appearance regularly arranged around, completely filling up the inclosed spaces. The burying-grounds were all small, but extremely full. The largest was only one hundred feet square, and yet it had three hundred and fifty graves in it, all of which seemed to be of about the same age. It is not known to foreigners, and not to any Chinese of whom we made inquiries, who are buried there. The inscriptions at the entrance of each would perhaps tell, but it requires time and patience to copy and translate them. Just within the entrance of each was a stone with the inscription *fuh shin*, happy spirits! Alas! are they happy? None were children's graves.

October 1, Sabbath. In the morning attended Mr. Abeel's Chinese service; about twenty were present, which is a smaller number than usual. Among them was a Budhist priest, and several very respectably-dressed gentlemen. Most of them attended well. In the evening preached to the soldiers; owing to the sickness prevailing at present, the congregation was small; only about seventy were present, yet it was the largest number I have preached to at one time since leaving New York.

October 2, Monday. Monthly Concert to-night. I conducted the services and made the first prayer, then read Psalm lxviii., and made some remarks on the frequency with which the promises of the conversion of the world are followed by glorious ascriptions of praise to God, as shown:—Ps. lxviii. 31, 32, Is. xliv. 23, and xlix. 12, 13. Mr. Roberts then prayed, and made some remarks on the necessity of faith in Christ, and of entire dependence on his grace, rather than trusting in feelings and frames of mind. We sang a hymn, and Mr. Abeel prayed. It was a pleasant time.

JOURNAL TO CHANG-CHOW.

October 3. Mr. Abeel and I have been talking for some days of making an excursion into the interior, some thirty or forty miles, and to-day we went off to engage a boat. There are so many rivers and streams along the coast of China, and the Chinese so commonly live near the water, that almost all travelling is in boats. Hence the expression, Haou fung shwuy, literally meaning a fair wind and tide, is equivalent to saying, "Good luck go with you," or "May you have a prosperous time." After a deal of chaffering and bargaining, and being almost deafened by the noisy Chinese we had to talk with, (when talking earnestly, the common people actually *shout* their words,) we arranged with an old man to be taken to Chang-Chow, a city of the second order,

and said to be twice as large as Amoy, for three dollars and a half. One of our Chinese friends promises to accompany us.

As we came back from the boat, we met a whole fleet of fishermen coming in from the sea, though it was but three o'clock, P. M., and the day was fine. It seems, however, they anticipated bad weather, and came into the harbor for shelter. The knowledge of the weather possessed by Chinese boatmen is really wonderful, —one of them is almost as good as a barometer. Their boats had hardly reached Amoy, before it began to blow quite fresh; and, doubtless, out at sea there was a heavy wind.

Wednesday, Oct. 4. After a hasty breakfast, started, and our boat, which was of about twenty tons burden, got under weigh at seven o'clock. The tide was against us, but the wind was favorable, and we speedily reached and passed Pagoda Island, which is about two miles west of Kulangsu. Passing the island on the north, we entered a noble bay, some ten or twelve miles long from east to west, and four or five in breadth. It was surrounded on all sides by the high, steep, barren hills, so common in Chinese scenery; with plains of greater or less extent at their bases. From the deck of our small boat, it was difficult to judge correctly of the size of the plains, though some of them must have been large. The shores of the bay all around were lined with villages, few of which were three miles apart; I counted more than twenty, and our boatmen said that the whole number was above thirty. Allowing a thousand souls to each village, a very moderate allowance, here are thirty thousand souls around the borders of that bay. Every one of these villages is perfectly accessible to the missionary. He may leave Kulangsu in a boat after breakfast, visit any one of them he pleases, spend an hour or more, and return to his house before sunset. Not one of these villages is included in the "more than twenty," mentioned under date of Sept. 28.

Our course lay directly through the bay from east to west. At its western extremity we found several immense tracts of land reclaimed from the waters, and occupied as rice-grounds. A river comes down from the north-west, and the land about its mouth is low and flat, covered with water at high tides, and dry at low tides. The greater part of this has been banked in, and thus many hundreds of acres recovered, and made highly productive, which would otherwise have been a barren, noisome waste. It was a beautiful sight to look over these extended grounds, with the little canals winding through them, and to see the smooth green fields, with the large trees scattered here and there, and the Chinese houses underneath. A few buffaloes were grazing about, or rolling like swine in the muddy shores of the river, and several Chinese were gathering a large kind of rush which grows plentifully on the river banks. It is dried in the sun and made into floor mats, and similar articles. Some idea of the quantity gathered may be learned from this fact, that the mats

made in this region alone are sold every year for several tens of thousands of dollars. The western end of this bay is about twelve or fifteen miles from Amoy. The river which enters it comes from the N. W. and some two or three miles from its mouth is the walled town of Hai-teng, which is on the left, or southern bank of the river. It was about ten o'clock, A. M., when we passed Hai-teng, and our course still lay up the river to the N. W. The valley of the river was low and flat, and not very broad, while on either side rose the steep, bare, unequally-elevated hills that mark nearly every Chinese prospect I have yet seen. Villages uncounted were seen in every direction, noble trees and houses among them, cattle in the fields, and boats in the river. Oh! how beautiful it was! Four or five miles N. W. of Hai-teng, and on the same side of the river, was the town of Chobey. It is a much more business-like place than Hai-teng. Numerous boats were in the river, many lumber-yards were along the banks, and many people were seen in every direction. On the opposite bank of the river is a collection of villages, eighteen in number, and known by the general name of Ota. We were spied by a good many of the people here, who crowded down to the banks to see us as we passed.

The river here becomes shallower, and the boat in which we had come thus far drawing too much water, we entered a smaller one to proceed the rest of our way. It was about the size of a common whale-boat, had a square mat sail, and being provided with awnings, was very comfortable. The wind being favorable, we went along finely; but small as our boat was, it required some knowledge of the river to avoid the shallows, and we touched the bottom several times. The water of the river we found to be delightfully soft and sweet, and, as the Chinese said, it was excellent for making tea. The river had no general name; altogether we sailed on it about twenty miles, and in that distance found that it had three separate names. When we first entered it, it was called the Cho-bey river; a little further on, the Sanche, and at Chang-chow, the Nan-mun. These names literally translated, are, Stone-horse, Three-branches, and Southern-gate; I have since seen it called the Chang-river: this name is given to it by the Jesuits in their account of China.

After proceeding about five miles from Cho-bey, we went ashore, and looked about a little, but found there was little of interest to be seen. A couple of coffins with dead bodies in them, were lying in the open air under the shadow of some trees. They were to remain there until a propitious day, and a favorable spot for their interment should be found. Bodies are thus left uninterred often for years; one of these coffins had been so long exposed that it was falling to pieces for very age; but the superstitions of the Chinese do not allow them to bury their dead, except at lucky times, and in places pointed out by their astrologers. It is probable, however, that the astrologers very easily find a place, and

suitable time, for the burial of the poor. It is only those who are able to pay that are kept waiting so long. Rice-grounds, fields of sugar-cane, and brick kilns with *red* bricks, (the bricks in Canton province are all *blue*,) were nearly all we saw. We stayed ashore hardly five minutes, and yet in that time a score of persons were running to see us. Not wishing to attract attention before reaching Chang-chow, we pushed off and proceeded. Brick kilns now became very numerous on each side of the river; the bricks are tolerably well made, and are about as thick and as long as those made in the United States, but rather broader. A great article of manufacture at these kilns is the tile, which is very extensively used for the floors, and entirely for the roofs of houses in China. Those for the floors are from eight to twelve inches square, and nearly an inch thick; those for the roofs from four to six inches square, and not quite half an inch in thickness. They are laid on the rafters three and four deep, and are joined with a little plaster; but the work is commonly unskilfully done, and many of the houses are leaky.

The greenness and beauty of the fields and the valleys, which occasionally extended back among the hills, were so different from the barren appearance of the sea-coast, as to call forth frequent expressions of surprise and delight. We passed many villages. Two of them were pointed out to us as being the residence of Roman Catholics. The account the Pagan Chinese gave us of them, was, "*They have a goddess whom they worship, and whom they call the 'Holy Mother.'*" The Chinese call one of their own favorite divinities, Ma-tsoo-po, the "Holy Mother." What, then, must they think of the Christian religion, when almost the only form of it which they see, allows the use of many of their own ceremonies, and precisely their own forms of speech! The similarity between the Romish and Budhist religions is so great, that some of the early Roman Catholic missionaries to China could account for it only by supposing that the devil had induced the Chinese to frame a religion very like theirs in order to cast suspicion and discredit upon them! These Roman Catholic Chinese are very little different from the Pagans around them, and though their profession of the Christian religion is contrary to law, yet it is overlooked by the officers, and perhaps is unknown at Pekin. They are occasionally visited by the priests, who secretly enter the country, and hastily visit such places as these to confirm the people in their faith.

About one o'clock, P. M., we arrived at the city, with but little warning, from the boats or other appearances indicating a large population, that we were near it. The first distinct intimation we had of being near it, was the sight of a long high bridge over the river. A number of the people on shore had already seen us, and by the time we landed, quite a crowd of men and boys gathered around us. They were civil, but evidently greatly astonished, as we were almost the first foreigners who had ever been there.

Two small parties of English officers had gone there a few months previously, but one of them was not allowed even to enter the city, and the other saw only a very small part of it. We were the first Americans, and the only Protestant missionaries, who had ever been there, and we felt some little anxiety as to how we should be received. We could not have complained of the officers if they had utterly refused us permission to enter, or had even insisted on our immediate departure. But we were determined to see the place, and make inquiries concerning it, if we could peaceably do so. Accordingly the boatmen carried our luggage, and our Chinese friend conducted us through the suburbs by a *near cut*, and we were soon in the city. He then led us, as he said, towards a house appropriated for the reception of officers from the other provinces.

It was soon evident that we were something "uncommon." Numbers of people came in with us, and as we passed through the streets and were discovered by those ahead of us, the wonder and the crowd increased. Our complexions and dress, our stature, and my spectacles, at once drew the attention of everybody. The shopkeeper turned away from his customer, the carpenter dropped his plane, and the shoemaker his last, the tailor his needle, and the apothecary his pill-box, and even the beggar forgot his vocation; the women peeped out from the doors, and the children ran on before and stopped to have a good look at us; old and young, high and low, were filled with one common feeling of surprise, and gazed at us as if we had fallen from the clouds.

Our guide professed to know the road, but soon showed he was ignorant of it; and after leading us through several crowded streets in the hot sun, brought us at last to a little low dirty tavern, instead of the house appropriated to the reception of foreign officers, where he had intended to take us. However, there was no help for it, and to make the best of the matter, we had our dinner prepared. In Chinese taverns, nothing is provided except the bare walls, the traveller being expected to carry his own bedding and procure his own provisions, though the landlord finds a place to cook, and perhaps gives some little assistance in the way of service. On going into the house we shut the door to keep the crowd out, but they were not so easily satisfied, and being old and crazy, they actually broke it open. One of us was obliged therefore to stand by it, and let them gaze while dinner was in course of preparation. They made no effort to molest us, being, on the contrary, quite good-humored and civil; but certainly in all my life I never was so stared at before. On man, all smiles and politeness, came up, and begged leave to examine my dress, at the various parts of which he expressed the most unbounded admiration. My cap was much better than his, the buttons of my coat were *kaho*, *kaho*, very much better. My pockets were an admirable device, while the shoes were a perfect gem! He was even proceeding to open my shirt-bosom, and pull up my

pantaloons, but on being told that it was not polite to do so, he desisted, and with many bows and smiles departed.

While we were eating our rice and eggs, in came an officer with a crystal button and peacock's feather.* He was rather rude at first, and made a very slight salutation. He spoke only the Mandarin, or Court dialect,† and had an interpreter, who seemed to be his principal business-man, and with whom we had afterwards a good deal of intercourse. He was an active man, chewed a great deal of betel-nut, which made his mouth always red, and was exceedingly polite. Whenever anything was said, he was all smiles and attention, shut his eyes and shook his head, and laughed most heartily; he could stop laughing, too, just as soon as he commenced, and could, on occasion, assume a very grave air and severe tone. On the whole, I liked him pretty well. The officer asked our names, profession, age, object in coming, &c., and advised us to go away; but, after a few minutes' conversation, his manner changed a good deal, and he became much more polite, and was even curious to inspect our knives and forks, and articles of dress. While we were engaged with him, in came another officer, a tall, slender, gentlemanly man, and, probably, a Tartar. He, likewise, wore a crystal button; his robes were beautifully clean and neat; and his manners were exceedingly polished, amounting in some respects almost to over-refinement. He was dressed in his official cap, and black satin boots, which came up to his knees, a beautiful blue silk robe reaching beneath the knees, and over this a dark maroon-colored silk-garment, reaching to the waist, with bright gold buttons in front. He also had six or seven attendants, one of whom was the tallest man I have seen in China. He was over six feet two inches in height, and appeared quite out of countenance when we remarked on his stature. The Tartar officer bowed to us most politely, and begged us to be seated, then bowed to the first officer, and we talked a while. Presently in came a third officer, bearing a gold button, with another crowd of attendants. One of the attendants carries a note-book, another the indispensable tobacco-pipe, a third an

* The button is a round ball, a little larger than a pigeon's egg, on the top of the cap. A gold (or gilt) is the mark of the lowest grade; an opake white one, of the second; and a crystal button of the third. There are six other grades still higher, each distinguished by different colored buttons. The peacock's feather is a bunch of three or four feathers in an ivory handle, hanging down behind from the rim of the cap, which is commonly given as the reward of some eminent service. This man was a stout, thickset person, with mustaches, and half a dozen attendants. The cap they all wore was the summer cap, made of plaited straw and of a round conical shape, with long red silk threads hanging down from the top all around. His differed from those of his attendants, only in the fineness of the materials, and in the button on the top.

† All the *civil* officers speak Mandarin. They are never appointed to office in their own province, and frequently cannot speak the dialect of those they rule over; in consequence an interpreter always forms part of their train. The *military* officers, on the contrary, are commonly appointed to command in their own provinces perhaps that they may fight the more bravely, since it is "pro aris et focis," or as Joab said, "let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God."

umbrella, and so on. This man was of moderate size, not stout, of a cheerful expression of countenance, extremely active, and almost *fussy* in his manners. There was quite a specimen of Chinese etiquette on his entrance. The other two rose up, bowed, and begged him to be seated; he in like manner bowed, and begged them to be seated. They bowed again, and all got ready to sit down, but no one would sit down first; after standing and looking at each other till I could not refrain from a smile, they all sat down together. It was then the old scene over again, who we were, why we came, what we wanted, and the advice to be off, it was against the law for us to come, &c. We replied we could not go, for we wanted to see the city. This they said could not be allowed without the consent of the chief local magistrate, who had been sent for, and for whom it was necessary to wait.

In the mean time the attendants got their pipes ready for a smoke, and the Tartar officer who sat next me, and appeared the most collected and cool of the whole of them, very politely offered me his. I begged leave to decline, whereupon he took a few whiffs in a very good humor, and presently with a graceful bow went out, and we saw him no more. The little fussy officer smoked a good deal, making frequent remarks to the first one, to which he responded briefly but politely. While waiting for the local magistrate, another gold-buttoned officer, who spoke the broad Pekin dialect, and had a hard, coarse, cunning face, and an opake white-buttoned officer with a very ordinary cast of countenance, came in. They smoked and talked, and Mr. Abeel gave each of them a tract, which they received very politely. The crowd at the door was now large, and as the officers' attendants, and even the officers themselves, had very little command over them, it was evident they were becoming uneasy. While thus engaged, in came, or rather rushed, the local magistrate. He was a tall, stout man, wore a gold button, and was a good deal excited. He was quite rude at first, did not salute us at all, and scarcely bowed to the five officers already present, but began in a loud blustering tone to declaim about the impropriety of our coming to Chang-Chow, of its being contrary to the treaty, and that we must depart immediately. Mr. Abeel remarked mildly, but firmly, that though the treaty allowed foreigners to *trade* at only five ports, it did not forbid their *going* elsewhere; that we were Americans; that we were well-meaning persons, who did not come to trade, but to look around, see the country, cultivate friendly feelings, and do good. The old man quite altered his tone, "Oh! I know that you are men of politeness, we are not afraid of you; but if you come, others will make it a precedent. You are Americans, and the Americans and the Chinese are all the same as so many brothers." He then gave us quite a rhapsody on the Americans. He had been to Canton, knew them well, and greatly esteemed them, and wished to have them always for friends; "Well," said Mr. A., "this is a strange way to treat your friends and brothers. We

come to see you, and you turn us away without allowing us to become acquainted with you; as to our coming being a precedent for others, they will come, whether you wish it or not, and it is better to have 'men of politeness' come first, rather than others." This puzzled the old man, and he did not know how to answer it. At last he proposed to us not to stay inside the city, but to go on board a boat, and spend the night on the river. He said he was afraid the crowd would rob. or ill-treat us. We said we had no fears, and were willing to risk that. He then said, he feared the crowd would quarrel among themselves; but we said, no! they were not given to quarrelling, and we did not think them such fools as to do that. He then said the house we were in was pre-engaged for some stranger of distinction, which was a most palpable lie, and if we wished to occupy it, we must draw up a petition to him for that purpose. This would take some time, and he thought, therefore, we had better go on board the boat. He would find a very good one for us, would send us down in chairs, would give us a guard during the night, and in the morning would send chairs and an officer to take us all round the city, wherever we wished to go. We saw that he felt anxious, and as it would be really more comfortable to spend the night in a boat than where we were, we almost concluded to accept the offer, but hesitated for fear all this should be only a scheme to *float* us off during the night. It was amusing to observe how he answered this, "Oh, no, not at all;" and he put one hand on his own heart, and one on Mr. Abeel's, (who was the speaker all this time, as my own slight knowledge of the language did not qualify me for saying anything,) and declared that he was sincere, "Let there be confidence between friends." Tea was now brought in, and he poured out a cup full, and emptied it into three cups, drinking one himself, and giving one to Mr. A., and one to myself. We drank a cup all around, and to his great gratification accepted of his offer. It was now nearly dark. They had our luggage sent down to the boat, had chairs brought to the door, and escorted us down to the water-side. We were carried through several streets, one of which was covered over with yellow and red cloth, and ornamented with numerous lighted lanterns of all sizes, shapes, and colors. It was a celebration for the continuance of peace, and a return of health. We were told on the following day, that the cholera has prevailed this summer to a frightful extent in Chang-Chow, as many as two hundred persons sometimes dying of it in a single day.

A boat was speedily selected, of tolerably large size, though not the cleanest or most comfortable I have ever seen, and we duly deposited ourselves therein. The local magistrate then called the owner of the boat, who went and knelt down on the ground before him, and received his orders to treat us well, and to suffer us to want for nothing. The officers then all went away, and as it was growing late, and we were heartily tired, we prepared for rest. But before we had lain down, who should come in but the inter-

preter; he came from the local magistrate to beg us to go away that night. The Yo-tae, or highest officer of the place, had said that we must not remain. We laughed, and told him this was ridiculous, that the local magistrate had given us his word and honor that we should stay, had put his hand on his heart, and told us there must be confidence between friends, and was this the way to show it? The interpreter was a shrewd, sensible man, and seeing we had the best of the argument, and were disposed to maintain it, did not press the matter. He laughed in his peculiar manner, and saying that he would come early in the morning to accompany us around, he departed, and we lay down to sleep.

Thursday, Oct. 5. The morning being bright and pleasant, we started for a walk before breakfast, and the lower bridge being hard-by the place where our boat was anchored, we went there first. It is built on twenty-five piles of stone about thirty feet apart, and perhaps twenty feet in height, above the surface of the water. Large round beams are laid from pile to pile, and smaller ones across in the simplest and rudest manner: these are then covered with earth, and the upper part is paved with bricks or stone. One would suppose that the work had been assigned to a number of different persons, and that each had executed his part in such manner as best suited his own fancy, there being no regularity in the paving; bricks and stone were intermingled in the most confused manner, and the railing was sometimes of wood, and sometimes of stone. The length of some of the stones used in paving the bridge was very remarkable; some of them were eight, others eleven, others fourteen, and three of them eighteen paces each, in length, so that these last must have been about forty-five feet long, and two or three broad. They were of unhewn granite, but from the constant crowd of passengers for a hundred years or more,* were worn quite smooth. The bridge averages eight or ten feet in width, and about one-half its length on either side was occupied by shops in which various articles, principally eatables, were exposed for sale. I may remark here that the short account of this city contained in the work of Abbe Grosier, on China, which is compiled from the memoirs of the Jesuit missionaries, contains several mistakes. The work referred to speaks of but one bridge, whereas, there are two; it gives that one bridge thirty-six arches, whereas there are but twenty-five, and they are not, in any sense of the word, arches, being simply timbers laid from pier to pier. It also speaks of the "two ranges of shops furnished with the most precious things of China, and the rarest merchandises of foreign lands." If this account were true in the days when the Jesuits went through the land with the utmost freedom, it is not so now, for the articles we saw in these shops were of the commonest and coarsest kind. It also says, that since "the tides reach regularly to Chang-Chow, this place has become

* We did not learn when the bridge was built—but the natives told us it was *repaired* in the time of Kang-he, more than one hundred years ago.

the resort of a multitude of vessels, by means of which a commerce is held with Amoy, Pow-hou, and Formosa, and from hence depart all the Chinese who go to traffic at the Philippine islands:" —all this is to be taken with large allowance. The tide does reach Chang-Chow, but even at high tide, only the smallest vessels can come up so far—and when the tide is out, a common whaleboat is in danger of grounding. I take it for granted, therefore, that no vessels go from this city, either to Formosa or the Philippine islands; and certainly, though there are a goodly number of small boats in the river, there are no vessels there fitted to encounter a sea voyage. From Amoy vessels do go to all the parts mentioned above, and to many others, and the goods they bring back are conveyed in smaller vessels to the city of Chang-Chow; but the statements just referred to (see Grosier's "La Chine," vol. 1, p. 96,) are not sanctioned by what we saw. If the accounts the Jesuits have given of other cities of the empire, are equally defective and erroneous, we have small reason to thank them for their contributions to our stock of knowledge of China. The reader of Abbe Grosier will not find one of the particulars of the following account in his work.

There were many persons passing and repassing, as we crossed the bridge, and the various odors that filled the air were not the most agreeable. A person who wishes to live among the Chinese, and in daily contact with them, will do well to ponder the advice given by Sir Astley Cooper to a young man who wished to attend lectures on Anatomy and dissection. "The first thing you must learn, sir, is to disregard your nose." Having crossed the bridge, and passed through a village at the end of it, we went along the southern bank of the river to the second bridge, which is about a mile from the first, and similarly constructed. On coming to it, our guides pointed a little further, and told us there was a temple there worth seeing. We accordingly kept on, and were soon well repaid for our additional walk, by a sight of one of the oldest buildings I have ever seen. It was a temple said to have been built in the Suy dynasty, about twelve hundred years ago. The various gateways and small buildings usually found in front of Chinese temples, were decayed and in ruins. Two pools on either side of the main entrance, were covered with the broad-leaved water-lily. The main building, which is of wood, is very high, and every pillar, board, stone, and tile, bore the marks of extreme age. On going in, we were utterly astonished. Seven gigantic images, in sitting or standing postures, gilded and painted, but faded and dusty, and tarnished with age, were arranged across the middle of the temple; while on either side was a row of fifteen Chinese worthies, either sitting or standing, and as large as life. Behind the seven first images were three others: the very smallest of the ten was at least eight feet in height, while the largest, if they had been standing, would have been fifteen or eighteen. An immense drum occupied one corner of the room,

and a bell another. The roof was most curiously composed of carved wood, and inscriptions in various styles of Chinese writing were painted, and gilded, and carved on the pillars, walls, ceiling, and tablets of the temple. It had been repaired in Kang-he's time, though it was now in a sad state from age and neglect. It was sickening to look on the gloomy monsters whom this people worship as their gods, and to witness the ingenuity and expense lavished on these dumb idols, and to think of the dreadful degradation of the people that can worship such works of their own hands. Yet it is also cheering to think that their superstitions are old, and many of them seem almost ready to vanish away. Not a great many new temples are built, and those already existing are often in very poor repair. The people appear to have little reverence for their idols, and their worship consists of little else than a heartless round of unmeaning ceremonies. Oh, for that time when idols shall be utterly abolished!

From the main temple, we went to a small side building, which contained a single idol, standing, with one hand folded on the breast, and the other hanging open by the side. I got up on the pedestal, which was three feet high, and reaching with my umbrella, could barely touch the hand that was laid across the breast. The open hand was two feet long, and the whole image could have been little less than twenty feet high. It was cut out of one solid rock, which formerly occupied this spot; without removing it, they hewed out the image and erected the house over it. We returned to the main building, and standing directly in front of the images there, Mr. Abeel addressed the crowd in their own language, on the folly of worshipping idols that could neither see, nor hear, nor speak; telling them, also, of the way of life, through Jesus Christ. About three hundred persons were present, many of whom listened with attention; some questions were asked, and they assented very freely to the truth of what was told them. While thus engaged, we were surprised by a visit from the interpreter, who had gone down to the boat to see us, and finding we had strolled away, had followed us here, wondering why we had gone off without waiting for the chairs. He was extremely polite, and accompanied us across the second bridge, and back to our boat. After breakfast, we had a visit from the little fussy officer. He had a great many questions to ask about our modes of writing, articles of food, clothing, &c., all of which were new to him. He expressed a great deal of surprise when he learned that our surnames are frequently of two, three, and even four syllables. The Chinese surname has rarely more than one.

Breakfast being over, we entered the chairs provided for us, and being escorted by the interpreter, and two or three of the officers, proceeded through the city. We were carried through several streets, some of which were narrow and offensively filthy, but many of them were wide, i. e. for a Chinese city, say eight, ten, and even twelve feet, and lined with pretty good-looking houses.

The furniture shops, and a few of the clothing establishments looked very well. We passed several carpenters' and shoemakers' shops, apothecaries' shops, and book-stores; at the doors of the latter stood large cards with *sze shoo, woo King, Tseen tsze wan*, the Four Books, the Five Classics, the Thousand Character Classic, &c., in staring capitals, reminding us of similar displays in the streets of our own cities. We also passed through several markets well supplied with very fat pork, dried fish, poultry, and vegetables in abundance, though not in great variety. There were shaddocks, large persimmons, pine-apples, pears, plantains, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, radishes, &c. &c. Crowds followed us as usual, and we had no reason to complain for want of attention. The word *hwan hwanna!* (foreigners!) uttered by every one who saw us, was the signal for all those through whose quarters we passed, to leave their work and gaze upon the newly-arrived visitors.

We were carried to the north-west corner of the city, and presently found ourselves in an open space with rising ground beyond, and a very large temple directly in front. It was built in the Tang dynasty, from nine hundred to twelve hundred years ago, and bore the marks of age, though in much better repair than the one we had previously visited. The scene presented when the doors were thrown open and we entered, was quite unexpected. Eight gigantic figures, even larger than those we had previously seen, were arranged across the temple. Some of them seemed almost to support its high roof on their heads: thirty-six Chinese sages occupied either side, in rows of eighteen each. The roof of the temple was constructed in the most elaborate manner, and was supported by several noble wooden pillars. The most curious things we saw, were a couple of large lockers or cupboards, closed and locked. They were about eight feet square and two feet deep, and their contents were unknown. The people all declared most seriously that they had not been opened for years, and if they should be opened, death would surely come out in some terrible form, or some dreadful plague would visit the people.

The grounds of the temple were quite extensive, and numbers of houses for the residence of the priests, and the entertainment of strangers, were scattered around. Some of them were falling to pieces through very age. Behind the main building we were shown a smaller one, dedicated to Choo-foo-tsze, the celebrated commentator on the Four Books. He was a native of An hwuy province, but had been for some time the prefect or chief ruler at Chang-Chow. His house, which is in the centre of the city, and is quite large and high, was pointed out; and we were told, that when built, the main beam of the roof was suspended in the air. He declared that if any unfaithful or wicked ruler ever entered the house, the beam would fall and crush him, but since his time, the beam has very considerately taken its proper place in the wall.

Behind the temple the ground rose steeply, and three of its summits were crowned with little open towers. We climbed up in

the hot sun, expecting to obtain an extended prospect, but the scene that met our eyes greatly transcended our expectations. Fancy an amphitheatre thirty miles in length by twenty in breadth, hemmed in on all sides by steep, bare, pointed hills, a river running through the plain, an immense city at our feet, with fields of rice and sugar-cane, noble trees and numerous villages stretching away in every direction. It was grand and beautiful above every conception I had ever formed of Chinese scenery. The eye wandered over that immense plain, and returned again and again to the contemplation of particular points, till we were almost wearied by the sight of so much magnificence: and when we came to particulars, the wonder was increased rather than diminished. Beneath us lay the city. We could trace its walls in nearly every direction. It would have been nearly square, had not the southern wall curved outwards from following the course of the river. It was very closely built, as almost all Chinese cities are, and had a vast number of large trees in every part, within and around. On inquiring the number of inhabitants, our guide answered, that in the last dynasty it had numbered seven hundred thousand souls, and now there were more. He thought there were a million of people within the walls. This is probably a large estimate, though it is the one commonly given by the Chinese: —yet allowing only half their estimate, how large a number is even that! The villages around also attracted our attention, and I tried to count them, but after enumerating thirty-nine of large size, distinctly visible, in less than half the field before us, I gave over the attempt. It is certainly not going too far to say, that in that plain, there are at least one hundred villages; some of them may be small, but many of them would number their hundreds and even thousands of inhabitants. Oh, what a field for missions is here, if the country were but open, and the churches ready to enter it! How many, many souls there were beneath our eyes, all ignorant of the true God, and of the way of life. The prospect before us was surprisingly beautiful, but alas, for those who dwell amidst those fair scenes, where

"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile!"

Oh, how often does the thought come across the missionary's mind in China, "multitudes, multitudes!" but alas, they are scattered, as sheep having no shepherd. Oh, that Christians could but see them, and have compassion upon them. Then would they pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his harvest, for the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. This country will yet be opened. The doors have already begun to unclose, and no human power is able to shut them again. What though they move but slowly, and grate harshly as they turn on their rusty hinges, they move none the less surely for all that; and the field that is opened to us, by the first unclosing, is so vast that our numbers are quite insufficient

to occupy it. What then will be the case when the whole country is thrown open? When we have properly occupied the five ports now open, and are ready to extend our efforts beyond, it will be time enough to wish for a larger field. Doubtless God will give us a larger field before we are ready to enter on it.

We went back to our boats as we came, except that we walked through several of the streets, much to the discomfort of our leader, who did not fancy walking through the narrow, crowded streets, when he might as easily have rode. We went into several shops, and priced several articles, but saw nothing we cared to buy except some lanterns, and some excellent sugar-house molasses. The goods were commonly plain and coarse, and the showy ones were unsubstantial. Beautiful as the city looked from a distance, it did not so well bear close inspection. I have seen but little in China that does. The streets were rather wider and many of them were cleaner, than those seen in the Chinese cities hitherto visited by foreigners, though this is not saying much. Most of the houses had wooden fronts, and apparently brick or plaster walls; very few were floored: they commonly have only the ground, or, at best, tiles under their feet, and the furniture of a great majority of their houses is most inferior in kind, and scanty in quantity. Over the door of nearly every house there was an open-mouthed tiger painted. The Chinese are certainly as great strangers to the virtue of cleanliness, as any people so far advanced in civilization as they really are; it will require a long training to give them those habits of neatness and order requisite to real comfort. I know these are disagreeable truths to those fond of romance, but the missionary to the Chinese must lay aside many romantic ideas, and accustom himself to many things unpleasant, and to some that are almost revolting to his finer feelings. The main thing is, neither to suffer himself to be so disgusted with their deficiencies as to cease compassionating them, nor to sink to their low level, when he ought rather to bring them up to his own standard.

After dinner we went up in a boat some distance above the city, and walked among the rice-grounds and sugar-canes. How much the latter reminded me of the luxuriant corn-fields of Maryland! We saw several men watering the rice-grounds by means of the chain pump, which is worked by the foot, and is described in Davis's China, ch. 19. This may be the same contrivance that was used in Egypt, and is referred to in the Scriptures: "thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot as a garden of herbs;" Deut. xi. 10. The people gathered around us, and Mr. A. addressed them in two different places. Some of them attended carefully, but most of them seemed more disposed to examine our dress than to listen to religious discourse.

We returned to our boat, and concluded to go in her to Cho-bey at the change of the tide. We had seen nearly all we wanted at Chang-Chow, and had succeeded in our object in visiting the city,

quite as well as could have been expected. Our object, it will be remembered, was not so much to distribute tracts,* and perform direct missionary labor, as it was to see the country, obtain information respecting the people, and learn what prospect there was for missionary labors among them. On this last point, some remarks will be found in the sequel.

The boat in which we had lodged was owned by an old man and his wife. She was above seventy years old, and according to the universal custom in the Fuhkeen province, wore flowers, which in their freshness and bloom, contrasted strangely with her gray hairs. On inquiring whether infanticide were common in this region or not, she replied, that it was on shore, though not among the people who live in the boats. Hearing a little child cry, and asking whose it was, she said that it was a little girl which she had found exposed on the banks of the river, and had taken to bring up. This was the fourth child she had rescued after they had been exposed by their parents, but the three previous ones had died before growing up. The old woman had a little grandson, nine or ten years old, and said she meant to bring up the little girl she now had, for his wife.

Friday, October 6. Arrived at Cho-bey before daylight, and soon after sunrise went ashore to see the place. It is a walled town, but the part within the walls is by no means so extensive as that without. Here, as elsewhere, crowds followed us, noisier too, and ruder than those of Chang-Chow, though they offered us no manner of insult, and most readily allowed us to pass wherever we chose. We found it quite a large and populous place, stretching at least a mile along the shore, and I know not how far back from the river. It is a busy, bustling place of trade; the shops were crowded with goods, commonly of a very coarse quality, and the streets thronged with people. For dirt and filth, it excels every other place I have seen, and some of the streets were actually sickening. Several persons who had been to Amoy, recognized Mr. A., and one of them, who had been a patient of Dr. Cumming's at Ku-lang-su, volunteered to guide us through the streets, which are so narrow, from three to twelve feet wide, and so crooked, that we should have found it difficult to proceed alone. The number of fresh fish in the markets was really surprising. The river is here not one-fourth of a mile wide, and hardly six feet deep, and yet as far as we could learn, it supplies the whole of the teeming population of both its banks, including those of the cities of Chang-Chow, Cho-bey, and Haeteng. Here we saw immense numbers of fine large fish, fresh from the water, and excellent in flavor, as we proved by experiment. After walking till we were tired, we stopped in front of an idol temple, and Mr. A. ad-

* I should have mentioned that the officers to whom we gave the tracts on our first arrival, told us afterwards that they had read them carefully, and highly approved of their doctrines. Part of this is, doubtless, mere Chinese politeness, but the perusal of the tracts may, with God's blessing, lead them to the truth.

dressed the crowd that gathered around us. They were quite attentive, and the questions asked by several of them, showed that they understood what was spoken to them.

Being heartily tired, and having no wish to return to the crowded streets of Cho-bey, we started, after breakfast, for Haeteng. The tide was against us, but two men rowed us there, a distance of four or five miles for one hundred cash, or about nine cents. It was about eleven o'clock when we reached Haeteng, and having secured a boat to convey us to Amoy in the afternoon, we started for a walk. The city is surrounded by a high wall, which on the side next the river is double. The outer wall ran close alongside of the little stream where our boat was anchored, and when we entered the gates we found a large space between the outer and inner walls, almost wholly occupied by gardens and rice-grounds. Ascending the outer wall, we walked some distance, and as there were but few houses, we were not annoyed by a crowd. Presently the outer wall came right against the inner one, which was some four or six feet higher, and to avoid going round some distance we climbed over it, and walked along the ramparts. The wall is about fifteen feet high, and five feet thick, and is built of stone, but did not appear strong. The plain outside of the wall was extensive, and was occupied by rice-grounds; there were no villages within a mile or two of the side where we stood, but some distance off, we could see several of large size. The city itself we could not see, there being so many trees within the walls as quite to prevent our seeing where most of the houses lay. After walking a quarter of a mile along the wall, we went down looking into a new and neat temple, and strolled through several of the streets. They were wider and far neater than any we had seen elsewhere, but we saw very few people. Perhaps it should be said, comparatively few, for we had become so accustomed to crowds, that a hundred persons behind us seemed quite a small assemblage. In the course of our walk we saw a couple of stages, on which some actors in gaudy dresses were performing games for the amusement of the audience. Their music was anything but agreeable, but we did not stop to witness the performances, as we found that we were attracting more attention than the players. It was now noon, the sun was hot, we had been wearied at Cho-bey in the morning, besides being almost overpowered by the excitement of the two previous days, and the wind being ahead, it was important to secure the favorable tide, which was now making for Amoy. Accordingly we turned our faces homeward, and at sunset re-entered our houses in Ku-lang-su; glad and thankful for the wonderful things we had seen, the favors received, and the mercies enjoyed during our three days' excursion.

In looking back over this excursion, and over the whole of my voyage, there are several points that deserve to be prominently brought forward; and though my journal is already long, a few remarks on each will not be out of place.

1. The attentive reader of this journal will have been struck with the frequent reference to the amazing populousness of the country; but it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the real state of the case. If the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore were situated in a valley forty miles long, and ten or fifteen broad, and the whole intervening country were so thickly covered with villages that a man should never be out of sight of one or more of them, still the population of that valley would not be as great as is the population of that part of China, of which the preceding pages speak. At seven o'clock in the morning we were at Amoy; by two o'clock, P. M., we had passed Haeteng and Cho-bey, and were anchored at Chang-Chow. Here were four cities, any one of which would be a city of the first size in the United States, and around these four cities, there must be at least two hundred villages and towns; and this is not all, for within thirty miles of Amoy, in another direction, is the city of Tung-an, said to be twice as large as Amoy, with, I know not how many towns and villages in its neighborhood. The mind is overwhelmed to think of this immense population, numerous as the sand on the sea-shore, and all so closely crowded together, and so easily reached, by water communication, for in a boat you may go to any one of those places in less than a single day. If the country around each of the other ports is as populous, as we now know that around Amoy to be, and the probability, from all I can learn, is that it is quite as populous, then what fields are here for Christian effort! I am astonished and confounded, and even, after what I have seen, can scarcely believe the half of what must be true respecting the multitudes of people who live in China, and the multitudes who are perfectly accessible to the efforts of the missionary. This leads me to remark,

2. The facilities for access to the people. It is hard for one who has not been here in former times, rightly to appreciate this subject. Two years ago, the protestant missionaries were confined to Canton and Macao, and in neither of these places were they allowed free access to the people, or those opportunities of social intercourse with them, that are indispensable to the full success of the missionary work. Now, how changed is the scene! Here are four large cities, with innumerable villages around them, where we have free access to the people, without encountering the prejudices that so hindered us at Canton and Macao. Around each of these four cities, there are many other large and populous cities, between which, and the cities to which foreigners may freely come, there is constant intercourse. It is true we are not allowed to go to these other cities. The government at Pekin still prohibits foreigners from straying beyond certain limits. This was evident from the opposition we met from the officers at Chang-Chow. But it is impossible for this exclusive system to continue long. It has already received its death-blow, and everything conspires to hasten its fall. Foreigners will visit these interior cities, the people will

see them and talk about them, and wonder why the government refuses to allow them to enter the country. They will come and see us at the ports already opened, they will be influenced by what they see and hear, and by the extension of commerce, and the occasional visits of those who go into the interior. Our visit to Chang-Chow will not soon be forgotten by the thousands who then, for the first time, saw a foreigner. Our being known as religious teachers, and being so respectfully treated by the officers, will have its influence; and I do not despair of seeing the time when our missionaries shall have their station at Haeteng and Chang-Chow, and Tung-an, and at the large cities around the other ports, just as freely as they now have at Amoy, and Ningpo and Shanghae. Yet, even if it should not be so, even if the door should remain closed against the personal operations of the missionary, longer than now seems probable, the way is abundantly open for the distribution of religious books, and their dispersion into the interior of the country. Nothing is easier, had we the funds, and the books, than to send tracts in any quantities, ten, twenty, fifty miles into the interior, from any of the ports just opened; and as soon as we have the men, and suitable tracts ready, we shall need printing-presses at each of those ports, solely to print religious books for the people. Verily, God hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The Church is bound to render to God hearty and constant thanks for the field, which, in his gracious providence, is thus thrown open before her. Let there be no more complaints that China is not open, and her people not accessible. China is open as widely as we can now desire, and so many of her people are accessible, that the Church will find it difficult, even if she put forth ten-fold the strength she has hitherto done, adequately to meet their wants.

3. It has been strongly and repeatedly impressed upon my mind, from what I have lately seen, that to no country in the world will our Saviour's words, "to *the poor* the Gospel is preached," be found so applicable as to China. Many people look on China as it were some great mine of gold and jewels, where every man is clothed in silks and faring sumptuously every day; but nothing can be further from the true state of the case. There are many wealthy men in China, and wherever the missionary goes, he will meet them, and associate with them. But the great mass of the people are poor, in the strictest sense of the term. It cannot but be so, where a country is so crowded with inhabitants, that there is sometimes hardly room to bury their dead out of their sight, the great majority of the people must be poor. You see it here, in the coarse clothing they wear, the food they eat, the homes they inhabit, the furniture they use, and the wages they receive. You see it in the fact that their only coined money is so small that it requires twelve hundred to make a dollar, and happy is he who receives two hundred of these for his day's labor. Let the missionary who comes to China, bear this in mind. The

brightest talents are needed in preaching to the poor, but especially will he need the graces of humility and self-denial, of faith and of patience, in his intercourse with this people, and his efforts to instruct them. This is a point that admits of much enlargement, both in proving the poverty of the people, if that be necessary, and in speaking of the qualifications necessary to one who labors among them. But a word to the wise and the *thoughtful*, is sufficient.

4. It is a sad and melancholy thing to be obliged to refer so often as I have done to the prevalence of the use of opium in China. The number of vessels employed, and the amount of capital embarked in the opium trade, have been slightly referred to in the preceding pages. At some other time I may give fuller statements on this subject; but at present, all that need be added, is, that the half has not been told. The connivance of the Chinese officers, at the traffic, and the eagerness of the Chinese people to procure the drug, have also been referred to. I have only further to say, that wherever I have been in China, I have seen it used. In all the opium depots along the coast, it is of course freely used. At Amoy, "every man who can afford to buy it, uses it." In the little island of San-pan-shan, the only question the people asked of the Christian missionary, was, whether he had opium to sell, and there he saw the floor of the idol temple covered with the half-stupefied smokers of opium. While at Chang-Chow, one of the officers came on board the boat where we lodged, and while he was on board, I perceived the peculiar smell of opium, and looking down, saw two men smoking it in the hold beneath my feet. I have been made sick by the smell of it, in an opium house at Canton, and have held my breath as I passed the opium dens in Macao. I have walked on the steep hill-sides of Hong Kong, and there have seen *common beggars*, who dwelt "in cliffs of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in rocks"—and who were too poor to buy an opium pipe, smoking opium out of a little earthen vessel in which they had drilled a hole, that it might serve as a substitute for a pipe! And what hope can there be for such a people? Men of the world, honorable and upright men too, will sell them opium for money. The Chinese will buy it, let the emperor thunder against it as long as he chooses, and the smoker will use it, though it weakens his body, impairs his mind, stupefies his conscience, and renders him miserable when not under its influence. There is no help for them but in God. The use of opium in China will never be abolished, until a reformation, similar to the temperance reformation of America, commence among the people themselves. And that reformation I fear will not commence, and certainly will not be completed, till the religion of Christ takes deep root, and becomes the predominant power in China. Let Christians, then, cry mightily unto God, in behalf of this ancient people. His hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor his ear heavy that it cannot hear.

Hong Kong, October 16th, 1843.

After getting back to Amoy on Friday, I spent part of that night and the next day in writing off the preceding account. A little vessel of some thirty tons burden, here called a Lorcha, being about to sail for Macao and Hong Kong, I found Mr. Roberts had taken passage in her. As there was no prospect of a vessel soon for Hong Kong from Amoy, and as I was anxious to reach home soon, I concluded to take a passage in her too. Mr. Abeel did not want me to go so soon; and certainly, although she promised a safe and quick passage, there was every prospect of its being an uncomfortable one, the vessel being so small, and likely to roll so much. No danger, however, was apprehended, and the price of passage, only twenty dollars, was an inducement. I should probably have had to pay forty or fifty dollars, besides waiting sometime, if I went in a ship. The Lorcha was manned by three Englishmen and four Chinese, had mat sails, and had recently come up from Macao against the monsoon.

Monday at noon, though the wind was very high, we started. Soon got to the mouth of the harbor; but there we found the wind so strong, and the sea so high, we were afraid to go out, and therefore put back to wait for better weather. The wind abated during the night, and the next day, we started again, got to sea, and were fairly on our course. The wind was still strong, and the sea rough, but we went on finely, and in six hours were a long way off from Amoy. Soon after dark, however, our rudder was broken by the violence of a wave that struck it. The rudders of all the Chinese built vessels are very large awkward things, and very apt to be broken. We found ourselves quite helpless, as we could not direct the vessel's course at all. Being quite dark, there was nothing we could do but heave the vessel to and let her drift till daylight. In so small a vessel, and in such a situation, I considered it a little unsafe, and kept awake nearly all night, to see how she would behave. But though the wind and sea were strong and rough, she rode like a duck, and though rolling very much, took in little water. Mr. Roberts was very sea-sick.

Wednesday morning, the weather continued clear but rough, and we found ourselves drifting along the coast. The men tried to make a new rudder with two bamboo poles, but it would not work. They then slept several hours, and tried to repair the broken rudder; but did it so awkwardly that it also was useless. They seemed disposed then to do nothing but wait for calmer weather. At this season of the year there was no prospect of the weather growing worse than it then was. I knew, also, that the course of the wind and current would cause us to drift down along the coast in sight of land as far as Pedro Branca, a rock forty-five miles from Hong Kong. After reaching that rock, there would be danger of being driven out into the open China Sea; but at the rate we supposed we were going, we did not expect to see Pe-

dro Branca for five or six days, and we were pretty sure in that time that the weather would moderate. I concluded, therefore, that there was no immediate cause of apprehension, but it was very unpleasant to think of spending so many days in that little rolling damp place. Yet there seemed to be no help for it, and I tried to nerve my mind to bear it. A little spray occasionally dashed over us, and sometimes a few drops forced themselves through the windows, and made our sleeping place wet, but, altogether, it was very far superior to the long-boat. During Wednesday night I found Mr. Roberts was a great deal alarmed. However, I was an older sailor than he, and my former "experience" now wrought "hope," so that I had little fear.

Thursday we drifted on, gradually however edging off further from the land. One of the men had been along the coast frequently, and said he knew where we were, all the time. According to his account, we were drifting at about thirty miles a day.

Thursday night also Mr. Roberts was much alarmed, and I confess I did not myself like the idea of our getting out so far from land as we evidently were. However, I slept well, as I had done the night before. The weather too seemed to be a little better; wind abating some, though the sea was still rough.

Friday morning at daylight we could scarcely see the land, and by nine o'clock we were out of sight of it. Finding the men were disposed to do very little, I took the matter in hand, and representing the danger of being out at sea, urged the propriety of running the boat on shore if possible; and if nothing better offered, of trying to go to Hong Kong by land. This stirred them up, and they agreed to try and repair the rudder a little better, and do something in that way if possible. We saw several fishing-boats going out to fish, a pretty sure sign that the fishermen anticipated a calm time. After a little while the men got their rudder repaired. She worked admirably, and we went on our course finely. "Thank God," said one of the men, "we shall see Pedro Branca to-night." This was before eleven o'clock, A. M. In half an hour or so, I said to the captain, "Is that an English or a Chinese vessel, away off there?"—"Well, I was just a lookin; oh, I 'spose it's a Chinese vessel." The mate looked at it steadfastly, "That! that's Pedro Branca! forty-five miles from Hong Kong!" So it was, we had drifted a hundred miles further than we thought, and had come altogether one hundred and sixty miles in less than three days! How providential it was we got the rudder repaired at the time we did! If we had not, the probability is we should on that day (Friday) have been in the China Sea; and then almost our only hope would have been to have been picked up by some vessel. Truly goodness and mercy have followed me hitherto.

Saturday morning at daylight we were within ten miles of Hong Kong. An American vessel was just before us. As soon as the men saw her, they said, "That's an American ship." "How do you know?" said I. "Oh, any one who's accustomed to vessels

can almost always tell an American vessel, they always look so clean." The remark is one often made.

We anchored at nine o'clock A. M. in Hong Kong harbor, and having breakfasted, and called the men into the cabin to render thanks to God for the goodness and mercy received on our voyage, we went ashore; we were only one day longer in coming than we had expected to be, notwithstanding the loss of our rudder.

Most of my friends in Hong Kong declared they never would go to sea with me, as the elements were leagued against me, and that I must consider myself as settled in Macao or Hong Kong. The ship we saw, which got in just before us, was the Zenobia. I did not get my letters till evening, and it kept me till bed-time to get through with all,—but oh, what news! a beloved brother hopefully pious; a donation of ten thousand dollars for China; five new missionaries preparing for the same great field! My heart was full. For hours after I went to bed I could not sleep. Oh how I thought of the past, the present and the future. I got up and walked about the room; being "merry," I sang a hymn; and knelt down to pray. Oh, it is worth a great deal to get such news, and so delightful after the unpleasant contrast of the week previous.

Found the Hepburns had started about ten days before in a very fine vessel for Amoy; was very glad to hear it, though I knew that with the winds they had had they could make little progress, and would have a dreadfully rough time.

Sabbath (yesterday) I preached in the chapel here in the morning, and talked to the boys in Mr. Brown's school in the evening.

To-day I meant to have gone to Macao, but not being able to get the specie on board the Zenobia safely deposited, I found it necessary to remain another day. Just about four o'clock, who should come in but Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, driven back by the bad weather. They were far more surprised to see me than I to see them. They have had dreadful weather, and a rough time. Poor Mrs. H. was very sea-sick, but looks quite as well as when I left Macao. They will probably start in a few days to make a second effort.

Macao, October 22d, 1843. The gale in which we lost our rudder in the Lorcha, and drifted so far, was quite terrific further south. The vessel in which the Hepburns were, had to put back with the loss of spars, sails, &c.; several other vessels had also to put back, and this last week in Hong Kong, we heard that the vessel in which Mr. Medhurst and Mr. Milne were proceeding to Chusan, had lost her top-masts, had her captain swept overboard, and drowned, and was finally obliged to put into Manila in distress. Mr. Milne, describing the gale, said that "for ten hours they expected nothing but death."

This week I have had a regular attack of chill and fever, the first for thirteen years. It was brought on, I have no doubt, by

the exposure of the last six weeks. Last Thursday was the first day I have spent in bed from sickness, for more than eight years.

How much reason I have for thankfulness in having been spared so long! But a very little sickness would soon knock me up. My constitution is naturally so weak, that it takes me a long time to recover from even a short illness. But I felt very little anxiety on that score. It is a lonely thing to be sick in a strange land, but it leads one closer to the best and the all-present friend.

It is Saturday night! everything is quiet, except an occasional sound of music, reminding me of the notes of a French horn I once heard on a canal boat, near Pittsburgh. It was a little before daylight I heard them; but it was far, far away, and long, long ago. Now! there goes a fruiterer, beating a couple of bamboo sticks together. You never hear such sounds, so sharp and clear, in the United States. The sound of music transported me away, but the sharp clicking of the huckster's stick sreminded me again that "I am a stranger in the earth."

October 24th. How sad and mysterious oftentimes are the dispensations of Providence. I must close my journal with the death of the Rev. Mr. Dyer, who has been so long engaged in preparing Chinese metal type. He came up here in July with the other missionaries of the London Missionary Society, to attend a missionary meeting ordered by their society in Hong Kong. After transacting all the business required, he went to Canton to see the place, and was there taken with the disease that has prevailed so fearfully in Hong Kong this year. He began to recover, took his passage in a vessel going to Singapore, and came down to Hong Kong; I saw him there on board his ship, the day I got back from Amoy. He was recovering rapidly. The vessel came over here, and was unexpectedly detained several days; he had a relapse, was brought ashore to our house, and died this morning at ten o'clock. Yesterday his mind was wandering all day, but this morning he was sensible, knew us all, knew he was dying, said he felt "very happy," and often repeated "sweet Jesus, sweet Jesus." I was with him when he died. His spirit seemed to depart with scarcely a struggle. He had been out in this region seventeen years, and there is no one who can take the place he occupied. He has left a wife and four children. Humanly speaking, his death is a very great loss. He was a man of piety and prayer, and of a most Catholic spirit.

Thus we go: one after another is called to his long home. In one respect, the death of these servants of God is even cheering. Their work is finished, and thus another part of the great work God has to do on earth is accomplished. It will not have to be done again. . . .

Macao, October 26th, 1843.

My Dear Father—

. . . . In your letter of April 5th, 1843, you express a wish for some more definite information respecting Morrison's translation of the Bible, and also the various tracts that have been published by the missionaries. Some of my previous letters had characterized Dr. Morrison's translation as being a very imperfect one, and unintelligible to the Chinese. You remark, "If Morrison's Translation be so imperfect, when are we to have a better? Of his honesty no one entertains a doubt. His long service for the Company, and that to their satisfaction, shows his ability as a Chinese scholar. Now, when are we to get a superior to him as a Chinese scholar?"

These suggestions appear to have force, and I do not wonder that the committee were surprised to hear a Translation by such a man characterized as exceedingly imperfect. But there are several considerations that will, I think, remove much of the surprise, and show that, in the nature of things, his translation must be very defective, and that a better one may reasonably soon be expected.

It must be borne in mind that Dr. Morrison was the first Protestant missionary who commenced the study of Chinese. When he commenced it, there were no facilities whatever for the study. He had to make his own Grammar, and his own Dictionary. He had to study out every phrase and form for himself and by himself. Now, Dr. Morrison was a man of sound mind and patient industry, but no one considers him a man of exalted genius. He could not run through a language, and thoroughly apprehend its whole spirit, in the compass of a few years; still less can it be supposed, that he could speedily master the Chinese language, the most difficult of all languages, when he was utterly unprovided with helps for its acquisition. He was in the service of the Company, and perhaps one of the most profitable servants they ever had; yet his service for them, *after a while*, could have little benefit on his knowledge of Chinese as far as the translation of Scripture was concerned. The phrases, and idioms, and general language he used in their service, were not the kind wanted in translating the Scripture. The man who is constantly talking about dollars and cents, and quarrelling, as he was often obliged to do, with the Chinese, may soon attain a great deal of fluency in language appropriate to such subjects, but very unsuitable for a version of the oracles of God. Add to this, that his time was so constantly employed, first, in preparation of his Dictionary, and, second, in the Company's service, and what is most important of all, that his version of the Scriptures was not made after he had fully acquired the Chinese language, but while he was yet learning it, and you will see abundant reasons for supposing, *a priori*, that it must prove a defective one. He commenced it in less than

five years after he first began to study Chinese; printed the Acts in 1810, only three years after his arrival in China; prosecuted his translation, "with many an aching head from his duties as translator to the Company," and finished it in 1819. The printing of it was finished in 1822. And his subsequent revisions and corrections were very, very slight indeed. Here, then, is the state of the case:—Dr. Morrison, without any assistance, but by his own unaided efforts, commenced and prosecuted the study of the Chinese. At a very early period in his studies, he began to translate and print the Scriptures. He carried on his translation when occupied with a load of other business; and he finished it before he had half finished his own missionary life. The time he actually spent in translation and revision was but twelve years. He had Dr. Milne's help part of the time, for part of the work; but how is it possible that so great a work as the translation of the Bible, made into so difficult a language as the Chinese, by so few men, with, in the nature of the case, such limited acquaintance of the languages into which and from which they translated, while each of them had so many other cares and duties pressing on them, should be otherwise than very defective and imperfect? The wonder is that they accomplished so much as they did; but I am more and more convinced that Dr. Morrison's fame must rest on his Dictionary, rather than on his Translation of the Scriptures.

You refer to the testimony given by Messrs. Evans, Dyer, and Kidd, in favor of Morrison's and against Medhurst's Translation. This is a melancholy subject to refer to. All three of these men are now deceased. Mr. Dyer was one of the excellent of the earth, and went to his rest rejoicing, but two days ago. He died in this house; and from the desk where I now write, I could hear him exclaim, ere he departed, "Sweet Jesus, sweet Jesus." But though he was a good man, and full of faith, he was not in all respects well qualified to judge of such a matter. . . . .

The new version is confessedly very imperfect; but at a late meeting of most of the Protestant missionaries in China, it was voted unanimously, Mr. Dyer among them, that the last version was much superior to any preceding one. Thus the matter now stands in regard to versions already made.

While the London Missionary Society missionaries were in Hong Kong, they held, in conjunction with all the then missionaries there, being altogether about three-fourths of all the missionaries in China, a convention, to devise measures for a new translation. I attended one or two of the meetings, and have seen the proceedings of all,—the most of which I approve of. The plan is, to take up the New Testament first; divide it into five portions, and assign one to each station where there are missionaries competent to the task. After each station has finished its portion, it is to send a copy to every other station. After they have all revised each other's work, one person is to be selected from each station; these are to meet together, and revise and publish the whole. The

stations are, 1. Ningopo and Shanghai; 2. Fuhchow; 3. Amoy; 4. Hong Kong and Canton; 5. Bankok. It is supposed that several years, say four or five, will be required to complete the work. I have my fears that the plan will be found quite too complicated, and that, from the distance of the stations from each other, it will not work very well; while the very different qualifications of the persons at the different stations will produce a work of very unequal merit in its parts. But perhaps it is the best plan that could well be devised.

In regard to the tracts, many of the remarks made on the translation of Morrison's Bible are equally applicable to them. They have been made in the early stages of the missionaries' studies. One or two of Medhurst's are very good, and one or two of Milne's. The Two Friends, by the latter, is perhaps the best Chinese tract we have, and it is generally understood. Yet only a short time ago, my Chinese teacher, who has been associating with foreigners for ten years, and understands our modes of thought very well, while reading it came to a sentence which puzzled him. At last he said, "Oh, now I understand it, but I don't think that a Chinese who is unacquainted with the foreigners would." Indeed I do not think the true nature of the Chinese language is yet understood by most of those who study it. It is common to call it a *monosyllabic* language. It is no more monosyllabic than our good old Saxon English: for there are hundreds and thousands of dissyllables in Chinese, and the want of a proper knowledge of these, is one of the great defects in our acquaintance with the language. Mr. Medhurst was studying it before I was born; and yet he told me not long ago, that he was often puzzled even yet by the compound characters.

There is no foreigner living perfectly acquainted with the language; and even those who speak it really very well, often make mistakes in writing it, and use phrases and idioms that a Chinese never uses and does not understand. A learned man among the Chinese, may be able to pick some sense out of their writings; but a common man, and the mass of our Chinese readers are and will be common men, are often at a loss to find the sense. The subject is strange to them; the ideas are entirely new, and it is no wonder if an uneducated man is mystified, when a character is used in an improper sense. The mistakes made sometimes are quite ludicrous; and occasionally things are printed in Chinese that are ridiculous. For example, last January Mr. —— published a Chinese Christian Almanac. In the almanac was an account of the planets. Wishing to say, that Jupiter had four moons, he actually transferred the word satellites into Chinese, making sa-tie-urh-le-tee out of it! I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw this. Why he did not say that Jupiter has sze yue, four moons, I cannot conceive; but, I am sure it would puzzle a Chinese, as much as it would an Englishman, to know what sa-tie-urh-le-tee meant.

A good many tracts have been written in Chinese. Some of them are good, and deserve to be widely circulated; some might be made good by careful revision; some, and I suppose by far the larger part, ought to be entirely rewritten. I do not think that this is at all to be wondered at. See what a language we have to learn; see how short a time the majority of Chinese missionaries have spent in studying it; see how hastily many of them have written after commencing to learn it. The wonder rather is, that so much that is good has been written. How many of the translations and productions of the first missionaries to India are now in use? It is less than forty years since the first missionary came, and may be said to be less than thirty since anything was done here, in the way of direct missionary effort; for there were but two before Mr. Medhurst, and he has been here but twenty-seven years. Our numbers are increasing; great variety of talent is coming into the field; the facilities for learning the language are daily increasing, and with the blessing of God, I trust that ere long a brighter day will break, it dawns already upon the literature of China. In the mean time, however, we shall not hasten the coming of that day, by saying there is not now a darkness around us. Rather let our eyes be opened to see how dark it is, and then we shall know better how much light we want, and how much we want light. It is not necessary, I suppose, to bring *these* statements before the public; but it is absolutely necessary that those who manage the affairs of the mission here should know precisely what the state of the case is. I trust the committee will not consider these remarks as discouraging in their nature. I look on them as quite the reverse. Let us know wherein we have failed in times past, and then the way is clear to avoid such failure in time to come. The experience of the past is gain to us for the future. The work, to be sure, is very difficult, but therefore, so much the more must we exert ourselves; and while we exert ourselves, let us look to the strong for strength, and to the wise for wisdom. I never feel so much hope of ultimate success in our work, as when the view of the difficulties here presses most strongly; because then I am driven away from all dependence on human strength, and seek to rest on that almighty arm which is ever stretched out, and to look for the guidance of him who is infinite in council and in knowledge.

But I have perhaps written enough on the subject of translations and tracts. . . .

Your affectionate son, W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, October 27th, 1843.

My Dear Father—

The past fifteen months have been times of sore trial, in one respect or other, to the Protestant missionaries in China. I have

been struck, in looking over the list of those in this part of the world, to see that scarcely a single one has escaped without some personal affliction, either of sickness or accident, or some deeply painful bereavement. Mrs. Boone died at Ku-lang-su, August 30th, 1842, and her husband has since been obliged to return to the United States, partly on account of his own impaired health, and partly for the sake of his motherless children. Mrs. Dean died in Hong Kong, in March, 1843. Dr. Hepburn, Dr. Hobson, and Mr. Stronach, have each lost a son within the year. Dr. Lockhart has been called to mourn the death of an only child in the same time. Mr. Medhurst, Mr. Milne, and myself, have either been shipwrecked or most narrowly escaped it. Mr. Brown's house in Hong Kong was attacked and plundered by a gang of robbers in the night. Mr. McBryde has been obliged to return to the United States, from failure of health. But a day or two since, Mr. Dyer, who had spent seventeen years in laboring for the Chinese, was removed by death, when absent from his family; and almost every other missionary here has had attacks of sickness more or less severe. We have all met with a severe loss in the death of the Hon. John R. Morrison, who died on the 29th of last August. He was the eldest son of the late Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China. There was bitter mourning here when he died, for probably no foreigner in China was so popular with all classes as he. His acquaintance with the language and manners of the Chinese, his mental abilities, and his business habits, rendered his services invaluable to the English government, and his death at this period, has been well called "a national loss." His kindness and urbanity of manners, and his readiness to oblige, made him a favorite with all who knew him; and his ardent piety, his influence, and his sincere desires to assist the missionaries in their labors, make us all feel that we have lost our best human friend in China. I shall not soon forget the deep feeling with which he once said to me, "I wish you would call on me whenever you think I can be of service to you. I cannot be a missionary myself, but I wish to make it my first object to assist those who are, and to further the cause of Christ in China." Such I doubt not were his real sentiments; and his actions showed that they were not *mere* feelings. I fear we shall not soon see his equal among us again.

It is a question of much interest, what is the design of God in sending all these afflictions on his servants here, and in thus removing one and another apparently so well qualified for his service, and whose loss it is so difficult to replace. It may be that we have grievously offended him by our lukewarmness in his service in times past; and thus he corrects us for our iniquities. When his judgments are among us may we learn righteousness, while our time lasts, may we be diligent in his service!

Perhaps these afflictions are intended to teach another lesson. When God has any great work for any of his servants to do, he

usually prepares them for it by a previous and often painful training. It may be he has some great work in store to be accomplished by the missionaries in China; and by these trying dispensations of his providence, he is exercising our faith and cultivating our graces, that we may the more acceptably serve him, and the more skilfully gather in the harvest of this great field. There are also other considerations worthy to be attended to. A train of thought occurred to me shortly after hearing of Mrs. Dean's death, that may, perhaps, not prove uninteresting, and without further apology I offer it here.

The death of missionaries is in some respects, and especially to the apprehension of *sense*, painful and discouraging. The need of laborers, particularly in China, is so great, our numbers are so few, and it is so difficult to obtain more, that we feel the loss of even one, very sensibly. Especially is this the case, when one so well qualified for usefulness as Mrs. D. is removed. She had been here so long as to have made good progress in acquiring the language; and her prospects of continued health were as fair as those of any of her companions. But she is gone with sudden sickness, cut down and withered like a flower. Her sun is gone down while it is yet day, and we are left to mourn her absence. For her we do not weep. She is "gone into peace, resting upon her bed, walking in uprightness." Already it has been said to her, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" We sorrow only for ourselves, and for the church; and yet our feelings should not all be sorrowful, for there is joy even to ourselves, connected with thoughts of the departure of the servants of God.

To the eye of faith, the death of laborers in the great field of the world, is hardly an object of discouragement. We know that God directs all things; we know that he has "determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of men's habitation." "Our days are determined, and the number of our months is with him; and he has appointed our bounds, which we cannot pass." Job xiv. 5. He has a work for each of us to do, and when our work is *done*, he will call us to go and be with him. But surely not *before* it is done:

"Man is immortal till his work is done."

We may be sure, therefore, that God would not have called the spirit of our fellow-laborer away, if she had not finished the work he had for her to do. What, then, should be our conclusion, when we see one after another departing? Not, surely, that God will now permit his church to suffer loss for want of their services. We should rather say, "God, whose plans include *every* event of providence, *has now finished another part of his great work;* and having no further employment here for the servant, engaged in that part of the work, he has sent to call her home."

Thus as one after another is removed, we may say, "Another

and yet another part of the work is *done*. It is completed, and needs not to be gone over again. The tears that have been shed will not need to fall again; the sorrows that have been endured are not again to be endured; the labors that have been performed will not again be required." To us, with our weak eyes and feeble sight, the work of each may seem unfinished when they go; but it seems not so to God. We know that his own cause is infinitely dear to him, and He will not suffer it to fail for want of laborers. If our work is done, and surely He best knows when it is done, why should we wish to tarry longer, or seek to detain our fellow-laborers from the rest, the rewards, and the glorious crowns that await them?

To us who are left behind, these bereavements are not in all respects discouraging. What is our condition, at best? Is it not one of toil, and of trial, and of trouble—of sorrow and affliction, of labor and temptation? Do not disappointments cluster thick around us, and our inward corruptions at times rise up and boil over, till we are ready to say, "Oh, let me not live always," and we even dread the idea of long life on earth? Is it not at times appalling to think of ten or twenty or thirty years of such incessant conflicts and labors? But why thus look forward? Why trouble ourselves with the anticipations of future evil? What we fear and shrink from, may never come upon us. We may not live to see the evil days that shall yet come upon the earth. Only two short weeks have passed since our friend was in health and vigor. She might have looked forward to as long a life as any of us. She might have dreaded the evils we anticipate. *Now* her trials are over, and over forever. While we are still battling with the storm and the tempest, she is safe in the harbor. While we often hang our harps upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon, she is singing in the temples of Jerusalem. Let this be our encouragement. We know not the time to go. It may be very near. Behold, "the night is far spent and the day is at hand." The waves are wasting their strength; the storm is nearly over. The battle is almost fought, and the victory is nearly won. "The time of our salvation is nearer than when we believed;" and oh how joyful that salvation will be, after such trials! Indeed they will greatly enhance its preciousness, and we shall not then regret them. Think you that our sister now regrets having left friends and home to dwell among strangers? or is sorry that here she wandered about, having no certain dwelling-place? Is it a sad thing to her that here she was tossed on the rough sea? that all alone she buried her first-born child upon a strange shore, and in a heathen land? No! Heaven will be the sweeter, after these bitter draughts; rest more delightful, after these toils; the haven more charming by contrast of the rough sea without.

It is encouraging to think that *home* may be so near. We are like sailors, who have indeed a compass to direct our course, but

no means of ascertaining when our voyage shall end. All around is one wide waste, and sea and sky alone meet our gaze. We have sailed for many days over these troubled seas, and it may be many days yet before we make the land; and yet, to-morrow morning may show it in full view. Our time cannot be *long*. Let this, then, encourage us to bear cheerfully its toils and trials, and to labor diligently while it lasts.

"The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and righteous men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." If this be so, then rejoice for those who depart—but pray for those who remain.

Your affectionate son, W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, October 21st, 1843.

Rev. J. C. Lowrie—

My Dear Brother:— . . . . I am quite at a loss as to my own future course. It really seems as if Providence did not intend that I should leave Macao or Hong Kong. Last year I made two efforts in splendid ships to go to Singapore and failed, but came back here in safety in an old and leaky ship that required almost constant pumping to keep her afloat. This year I tried to go to Chusan in a vessel that was very well recommended, and where every possible precaution had been taken by the other passengers to have everything on board necessary for the convenience and success of the voyage. Yet we were most shamefully treated, the vessel was found to be utterly unfit for sea, and we were obliged to turn about without accomplishing our voyage. I returned here in a little boat from Amoy, in which one-half the people out here would not have ventured to go We did meet an accident, breaking our rudder, which might have proved a serious one; and for a while I almost felt about the sea, as David did of his great persecutor: "I shall surely perish one day by the hand of Saul." But through the good hand of our God upon us, we succeeded in repairing the rudder, and reached Hong Kong in safety after a quick passage. What am I to think of these things? Personally I have no desire to remain in this part of the country, but rather the contrary. The conveniences of living comfortably may be enjoyed to a much greater extent here than at any other part; but the opportunities for direct usefulness among the people are far less. My acquaintances all tell me, jokingly, that I am not to leave Macao; and indeed for the present I see but little prospect of it. As far as I can see now, I am fixed here for a year and a half yet. And it is now a pretty serious question, whether it would not be best to take up this dialect, the Canton. Hitherto I have attended to the court dialect, as being the one I should probably find most useful in the northern parts.

However, I trust my way will yet be made plain. Hitherto the Lord has led me by ways that I knew not, and hereafter he will

doubtless lead me by the best road. My hopes have been disappointed more than once; and yet in every case I have seen afterwards that it was for the best. It is a good thing to be tried with disappointments, at least it has taught me practically; patience worketh experience and experience hope.

I am much obliged to you for your kind offer to replace the Morning Exercises and the Bible; but I think you will find if you look again, that my language *is* "quite definite;" that the latter does not need replacing. It has gone with me through many different places and scenes, and I value it more than I could well express. My health continues very good, except that I had an attack of chill and fever a few days ago, caused probably by the exposure of my late trip. The trip did me a great deal of good in other respects. I had been worn down by the hot summer, but seem to be quite revived and invigorated now. The thermometer stands a little above 70° now.

I remain your affectionate brother,

W. M. Lowrie.

P. S. I forgot to mention that I have lately become acquainted with W. C. Milne, and have been very much pleased with him. He mentioned having met you in London some years ago, and wished to be very cordially remembered to you. He lately came over-land from Ningpo to Hong Kong dressed in Chinese clothes, wearing a tail, and escaped without detection, until he arrived within a few miles of Hong Kong. I believe Sir Henry Pottinger was not at all satisfied, that he made such an excursion. He described it as having been a very interesting one, and I suppose will publish some account of it in the Chinese Repository ere long.

Macao, November 4th, 1843.

To the Society of Inquiry in the Western Theological Seminary.

Dear Brethren:—On the 27th of July, this year, a letter was put into my hands, addressed to my colleague in this mission, the Rev. T. L. McBryde. As you will have learned before now, he sailed for the United States, early in the month preceding its arrival. He left with me, however, a discretionary power to open his letters, and suspecting from the postmark that it was from your society, I opened and read it. I suppose that a letter from myself in reply, will be nearly equally acceptable, especially as I was brought up almost in sight of your Seminary, and have spent more than half of my life within thirty miles of it.

I can assure you, that it will ever afford me great pleasure to correspond with you. I have been a theological student myself, and know the interest that such students feel in letters from mis-

sionaries; and I can speak from experience too, when I say that a missionary is glad to receive letters from a society like yours. It was interesting to me to read your accounts of the revivals of religion in the West, for it recalled the memory of other days, when I also shared in such precious seasons. Dear brethren, you cannot too highly value, nor too sedulously improve, the opportunities you now have of intercourse in Christian society,—of laboring for the good of souls, and especially of being present where the spirit of the Lord is poured out. Should you ever become missionaries to the heathen, there is nothing that, in the review, will give you more real delight than to recall such times. I have in my native land mingled in various scenes; I have gone to the literary feast, the crowded assembly, and the cheerful social circle, and found pleasure in all; but I now recall, with far more satisfaction, the solitary walk over the hills with a single Christian brother, the visit to the poor old Christian negro's cottage, the little prayer-meeting in the house where the lame mother in Israel joined in the song of praise, and the country Sabbath school. I have forgotten many other things, but I have not forgotten the Brainerd meetings of Jefferson College, nor the time when, in one of the rooms in your seminary, a classmate and myself bowed the knee in prayer to our common Father. Lay up a store of such things for recollection, and they will cheer many a lonely hour in your future course.

Your letter asks several questions, which I will answer, and also, if you permit, will add some other items. You ask what special preparation is necessary for the field of labor? I think, *principally* those of a spiritual nature. I mean, strong faith to believe God's promises that the world shall be converted, for you will find little in the outward aspect of things to make you think so; patience and perseverance, for both are needed. You may have to labor here for many years, and see little apparent fruit to your labor. Above all, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. Cultivate the spirit of love and forbearance, for you will find abundant occasion for its exercise. I trust you have none of those romantic notions that will induce you to think a missionary a superior being. We are men of like passions with others. We come from different parts of the world with different views, from the influences of very different states of public feeling. We come to a country where there is no public feeling, where each man must judge for himself, where there is no standard of public opinion such as you have at home. In such circumstances, it is natural to expect great diversity of views, and nothing but the spirit of meekness, and forbearance, and love will enable you to live happily with your fellow-laborers. The longer I live, the more I am struck with the expressiveness of those reitated commands of our Saviour in his last address to his disciples, to love one another. Brethren, study and practise the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, and it will do you good wherever you are.

As to other preparations, the more you know on all subjects, provided you know it well, the better. There is hardly an item of general knowledge of any kind that I ever acquired, which I have not already found occasion to bring into use. On subjects of general knowledge, it is important, if you come to this field, to know pretty well the histories of England, France, and India. I take for granted that you know the history of our own country thoroughly, and can tell why the American flag has thirteen stripes, and twenty-six stars. Study Geology and Botany by all means. These two sciences are of prime importance, and you will almost daily find the benefit of an acquaintance with them. I do not think a knowledge of medicine necessary to a missionary to China. If you have an opportunity of learning something about it, very well; but you will not, I think, find it advantageous to unite an extensive medical practice with the preaching of the Gospel. The two should go together, but it seems better that they should be performed by different persons.

I think the climate of the ports of Ningpo and Shanghae will be found most suitable for persons from the United States. Persons disposed to bilious complaints and dyspeptics will suffer a good deal in the Canton and Fuhkeen provinces. I think a confirmed dyspeptic might almost as well not come here. Persons liable to consumption would find the Canton and Fuhkeen provinces delightful residences, and I think that even those of bilious habits would be nearly as safe in Ningpo and Chusan, as in the United States. They have ice and snow there in winter. The Chinese language is very difficult, and I am disposed to say, that one who cannot make some tolerable progress in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, may as well not come here. The language is *the* difficulty in China. I do not think it unattainable. I think its difficulties have been exaggerated. I think that every year its acquisition will be found easier, because more facilities in the way of elementary books, and access to the people, are being afforded. In other respects, I do not consider the field as "peculiarly arduous." On the contrary, it is a peculiarly inviting one. I came here almost unwillingly, for I wanted to go to Africa, but what I have seen has made me glad I came; and if I know my own heart, its desire is to live and die among this people. One thing is very certain, missionaries who come to this people will find them in general poor and ignorant. Here, emphatically, "to the poor the gospel will be preached." You must therefore make up your minds to become teachers of babes when you come to this people. There are, I admit, many exceptions, and you will often meet men of considerable learning and tact, but the mass of the people are as above described. Your own experience has probably already taught you, that it is more difficult for an educated man to come down and instruct the ignorant, than it is to instruct those who already know something. This suggestion, therefore, may assist you somewhat in judging of the qualities a missionary needs, in instructing this

people: they are patience, a facility in finding comparisons, a talent for simplifying, an engaging address, &c. &c.

. . . . There are many items of intelligence I might communicate to you; but you will see in the pages of the Chronicle and Foreign Missionary, much more than I can possibly write at this time, and therefore I shall refer you to them. I do so the more readily, because I have nothing of especial interest to communicate to you, except what this letter contains, which will not appear in one or other of those publications. My own progress in the language has been but small. Nearly one-half of the time, since my arrival in China, has been spent in voyages, and other engagements connected with the mission; so that altogether I have given but eight or nine months' close attention to it. Still I am encouraged, and hope ere long to have a tolerably good acquaintance with it.

Allow me, in conclusion, to make some remarks on your own duty in reference to the heathen, and these I trust you will receive not as coming from a superior, but from one himself recently a theological student, and still remembering the feelings of such. Your letter speaks with just severity of the inconsistency of those who passed resolutions to do something special for the cause of foreign missions, and yet made no special efforts to accomplish their resolution. You speak too of the apathy of the churches on this subject, and, as I think, partly lay the blame at the door of the pastors of the churches. I am convinced from what I have seen, and I saw a good deal before leaving the United States, that the fault is with the ministry. "Like priest, like people," is an ancient and true proverb. But I do not mean to blame the ministry in general, nor to pass an indiscriminate censure even on those of them who have done little or nothing. My object rather is to forget the things that are behind, and to press forward to those that are before. Hence it has ever appeared exceedingly important, that the students in our theological seminaries should have the right spirit in the matter. Could I but see the right spirit prevailing in our theological seminaries, I am almost certain that in ten years our whole church would assume an entirely different appearance, as it regards the cause of foreign and domestic missions. Why? Because in that time I suppose our seminaries would have supplied five hundred pastors of churches at least, and they would be settled in all parts of the country. Suppose now that those five hundred pastors had the right spirit, and joined their influence heartily with the ministers already earnestly engaged, and what would be the effect? Their influence would be felt in all our Presbyteries and Synods. When the Assembly passed resolutions, there would be men enough to respond to them. We should no more hear that more than half our churches gave nothing at all to the cause of Christ. The whole appearance of things would be entirely altered. Now, brethren, you form a part of those five hundred ministers. The most of you, I suppose, will

become pastors in different parts of the country. What is your spirit now in regard to the benevolent operations of the day? What do you intend to do when you are settled over your several charges? Shall the theological students of 1853 make the same complaints of you, that you make of your predecessors?

I have no doubt that many of you, I trust all of you, intend to do something at least for foreign missions. Your own personal duty as to becoming missionaries, is a subject I shall not now touch upon. I wish to refer to the influence on behalf of foreign missions, which you may exert on the people. Your intentions are doubtless good, but what preparations are you now making? What do you know of missions? Do you think you will be able to keep up the interest of your people in the Monthly Concert? Do you think you will be able to teach them the true principles of missions; not romantic views, but sober, common-sense, Christian principles? Do you think you will be able to sustain the interest of your people from year to year, and not merely to sustain it, but to cause it to grow; to take deeper root; to become more and more a matter of principle, and less and less one of mere impulse? Do you think you will be able to do without the visits of agents? I trust you will pardon me if I say, I fear that some of you cannot answer these questions in the affirmative. I do not know any of you personally, and therefore you will not of course consider my remarks as personal; I only speak from my knowledge of theological students in general, and that has been pretty extensive, and sufficiently accurate to justify me in making the above remarks. It is no easy thing to bring the church up to the mark, and to keep her there, and you will find this very soon after you are settled in the ministry. You will find that without a tolerably thorough and extensive acquaintance with the history and principles of missions, you cannot do it.

Do you ask me, then, what you are to do? I say, first *learn*. Now is your time, while you are in the seminary. Lay a deep and broad foundation of missionary knowledge; study the prophecies of the Bible in reference to this point, and study them specially. See what prophecies relate to Africa. What to the Jews. Whether there are any for China. Learn the history of the progress of the gospel in all ages and countries, but particularly within the last fifty years. Study the history of particular missions; I take it for granted you will study the history of our own board and its missions, but I hope you will not confine yourself to them. God has blessed other societies, both in America and England, abundantly; and now, when the means of information are so accessible, why should you not avail yourselves of them? Study the Bible with reference to this point. Why is it that some men at Monthly Concerts read only the seventy-second Psalm, and the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah? They really seem to think that there are no other parts of the Bible that speak of missions. Having learned these things—and you see from this hasty outline that there is not a little to be

learned, and that you can best commence learning it while in the seminary—the next thing will be to *teach*. This will be your duty in the public services of the sanctuary, in the Monthly Concert, in friendly visits among your people, and, above all, in the Sabbath-school. Let it be a special object with you to interest the young, and you will certainly succeed. But I have written till my hand is wearied, and perhaps have wearied your patience. What I have written, however, though hastily penned, has not been hastily gathered. I trust it will not be hastily passed over by you. I shall be most happy to hear from you as soon as you wish to write, and shall prefer that you ask me questions, which I shall answer as I can. I have some questions to ask you in return, to which I shall be glad to receive answers. What is the order and nature of your exercises in the Society of Inquiry and the Monthly Concert? Do your students make it a point of conscience to inquire into their own personal duty to the heathen? And is this done in the early part of your theological course? Do your students generally *read* the missionary publications, particularly the Chronicle and Herald? I don't mean, do you *take* them? for I have known many students to take, who scarcely ever read them. Is your Monthly Concert well attended? Do you have any missionary exercises in your Sabbath-schools? And if so, what and how frequently? Have any of your students ever written one or more missionary sermons *before* leaving the seminary?

If you publish a catalogue, I shall be glad to receive a copy. And now, dear brethren, I must close. I make no apology for the plainness of my remarks and questions, and trust you will receive them in the same frank and Christian spirit with which they are made. Pray for me. That the choicest blessings of God may ever rest upon you, is the prayer of

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

P. S. You will readily see from the character of this letter, that it is not designed for publication, and I wish, therefore, that you will not allow it to appear in the newspapers. W. M. L.

Macao, November 6th, 1843.

My Dear Father—

. . . . You make an incidental remark in your letter about "one-sided impressions," produced by missionaries in their addresses and letters. I think it a very important one. It is a thing that has often occurred to me, since I came out, that missionaries, without intending it, have at times produced an impression decidedly erroneous, by their statements. For instance, there is nothing in which it is easier to err, than in speaking of the eagerness of the people to receive tracts. I remember not long ago, a Chinaman saw me with a tract in my hand and begged me to give it to

him. I made him read a little, and finding he could read, gave it to him. He was apparently very grateful, and asked me to come to his hut. I could not speak a word of his dialect, but he found I knew something of the characters, and the first thing he did when I sat down was to ask me in writing to sell him some opium! I shall endeavor to avoid giving such impressions in my communications. I see no occasion to make remarks merely for effect, for the truth, simple and unadorned, respecting China, is amply sufficient, if properly presented, to rouse the people and the churches.

I was greatly delighted to hear of the large donation you have received for China. I rejoice and take courage when I see God raising up such friends, just at the time when they are most needed. We have had many difficulties and discouragements in this Mission, and may have many yet, but I feel almost assured there is a great work for us to do, and that we shall by God's blessing do it. I often think that I shall not be permitted to labor much directly myself, and were I to be told now, that I should hardly live to see our mission assume a settled aspect, it would not surprise me. But these are thoughts which, though they often occur, I do not allow to hinder me in preparations for direct labor. My business is not to trouble myself about the future, but to do with my might what my hands find to do, and at present that is about as much as I can do. I do not know that I have ever been happier than I am at present. I used to be much subject to melancholy and lowness of spirits, but am not much so now. I am often perplexed, but not in despair; sometimes troubled on every side, and yet not distressed. It seems to me, that it would now cause me real anguish to be obliged to return to the United States. Yet alas, how soon may the deceitfulness of my own heart cause me to speak in quite a different strain. . .

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 15th, 1843.

My Dear Mother—

· · · It has become so cold within a day or two past that I have to think of old times. . . . My teacher comes in with half a dozen jackets on, and draws his hands into the long-lined sleeves of the third of them, sitting as snug and cosy, as if he had a little fireplace under his elbows. By the way, it is extremely common for Chinese of any wealth to carry a small metal vessel, as large as a man's fist, with live coals in it. It is used to warm their fingers with, and when covered up in the long sleeve must diffuse a very grateful warmth up the arm. Frost and snow are so seldom met with here, that neither the Chinese nor the Portuguese ever build fireplaces in their houses. If necessary they use a brazier with charcoal, but commonly adopt the expedient of heaping on addi-

tional clothes. Did I ever describe to you the winter dress of the generality of the Chinese about here? You would laugh if you saw them. I do not know what they have next to the skin, but from the waist to the ankle the outside dress is a pair of very closely fitting drawers, which show exactly the form of the whole of the lower extremities. Then the upper part of the body is covered with the loose jacket, of which they wear as many as the weather requires, or their means permit. Their appearance is consequently next thing to ridiculous. The whole of the upper part of the body looks like a barrel with a head on the top of it, while the legs stick out beneath like a pair of compasses. What adds to the effect of the whole, is, that the drawers are of various colors, blue, green, yellow, black and white. Many a time I have laughed at the comical appearance of a young dandy, who thought he was making a grand display in his new clothes and well-turned limbs. I should like to see one of them in Broadway, with his thick-soled shoes and green tights, his wadded vests, and round cap and long tail behind. Yet, after all, I am a great admirer of the Chinese modes of dress. Their drawers, and the thick-soled shoes, and the tails are the worst parts; but the better classes do not wear the drawers, or at least they wear another garment over them. . . . . It would amuse you to see how universal the use of the fan is. I have seen a coolie or common laborer sweating along the streets under a heavy burden, and fanning himself all the time. It is funny to see some of the mechanics, and others a grade or two above the coolies, fanning themselves in summer. Their dress then consists of a pair of very loose trowsers fastened round the waist by a string, and an upper garment reaching a little lower than the top of the trowsers, and hanging loose over them. You will see them every now and then putting their hands behind them, and fanning up their backs, under this jacket.

My teacher is quite intelligent for a Chinese, though he knows almost nothing of anything beyond China. He thinks it very strange that we say North, East, South and West, for the Chinese say East, West, South and North. It is also very strange to him that we say North-East, South-East, &c., for the Chinese say East-North, East-South, West-North, &c. I was amused at a talk we had yesterday about the Chinese queue, or tail, as we commonly call it. He said that formerly it was not worn, but that the present fashion of showing all the front of the head and leaving it to grow long and braiding it behind, was introduced about two hundred years ago, by the present Tartar dynasty. . .

I told him about the death and resurrection of Christ, at which he seemed much surprised. He asked if Christ was not a man like Confucius? I told him no, but the Son of God. As his curiosity seemed to be somewhat excited, I told him I had a biography of Christ which I would lend him, if he wished to read it. He said he would, so I gave him a New Testament, which he

took away with him. Oh that the Spirit of God may make it a blessing to him. . .

With love to all the family, I remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. M. LOWRIE.

Macao, November 20th, 1843.

TO THE SOCIETY OF INQUIRY OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

DEAR BRETHREN:—It is now rather more than two years since I finally left your institution. I did not intend that so long a time should elapse without writing to you, for both my own inclinations, and a kind request from your corresponding secretary, have made me wish to hold a correspondence with you. Circumstances, however, over which I have had little control, have induced me to defer writing till the present period. You may be sure it has not been for want of interest in your institution that I have so long delayed. On the contrary, the thoughts of hallowed seasons in the old oratory where you meet, have been among the most pleasant of the many pleasant recollections I have brought from the land of my birth.

I do not mean to write a 'sentimental' letter, for my own experience in the Seminary taught me that such letters are about as dry and unprofitable as any you receive; yet neither do I mean to write a letter containing statistics and stirring facts. The most, if not the whole, of what I could at present write in that way, has been recently embodied in a journal which I presume will be published in the Chronicle, and if you will consider the information there contained to be intended for yourselves just as much as if I had written it to you, it will save me the labor and the time necessary to write it over again, neither of which I can very well spare at present. A word or two, however, about my own impressions of the Chinese language. You have doubtless heard marvellous accounts of its difficulty, and the time necessary to gain even a 'smattering' in it—ten, fifteen, twenty, and even twenty-five years have I heard assigned as the time in which a person may hope to gain some little acquaintance with it. Now all this is certainly incorrect. There is no doubt it is a very hard language. If any of you come here, you will need a great deal more resolution and spirit than you found needed for Hebrew. It is, I suppose, the hardest language in the world, and perhaps no foreigner will ever acquire it *perfectly;* certainly no foreigner ever has acquired it perfectly. But I have seen several men who have been here much less than ten years who do speak it with great fluency, and are quite intelligible, not merely to the teacher who has become accustomed to their pronunciation and modes of thought, but to the people in general, and that too in the most difficult of

all the dialects. Nor are those who have made such acquirements men of the most splendid talents, and wonderful facilities in learning languages. They are little, if anything, superior to the most of those who become missionaries. It is also a most important consideration that the facilities for learning the language are now vastly greater than they have ever before been, so that at the northern ports especially, a person may hope to learn the language in two-thirds of the time that was formerly requisite. By *facilities* I mean, books, teachers, and especially opportunities of access to the people. I do not wish to give you the impression that it is a light work to learn it. If any of you come here with that impression you will be sadly disappointed. But if you come, and sit down manfully to the task, determined from the outset to be satisfied with nothing less than an accurate acquaintance with the *tones*, and with the *sounds*, and with the *idioms*, you will find yourselves in two years' time proceeding with profit and pleasure. By that time you will have gained much acquaintance with the character of the people; you will be astonished at the vastness of the field open before you, and you will thank God that he has sent you to labor for this great and ancient race.

If you come here as missionaries, you must expect many trials. They will come upon you in unthought-of ways, and where you looked for most joy, you may perhaps find most sorrow. I am led to make this remark for two reasons. It is a fact that Chinese missionaries have been remarkably tried, some by sickness, some by loss of relatives, some by personal inconveniences and disappointments. There are some twenty or more missionaries to China, not including females; of these twenty, there are scarcely three who have not met some sore trial within the last fifteen months. I do not know whether missionaries to other countries have been so generally afflicted; but very many of them have, and you may be called to experience the same. There is also another reason that induces me think that missionaries to China must expect trials. We have a very great work to perform. If China contain, as it probably does, one-third of the population of the globe, and if this people is to be converted to God, then no words of mine are needed, as no human words are able to express the greatness of the work before us. But when was it ever known that any great work was accomplished without labor and toil, self-denial, sacrifice, and oftentimes the acutest mental anguish? Has not every great work that ever has been performed for God in the world been watered by the sweat, and the tears, and the blood of his servants? And can we expect that the conversion of the most populous nation of the globe shall be accomplished with ordinary efforts and ordinary sorrows? General experience is against it. The experience of missionaries to China is against it. And the example of God our Son, who, to accomplish the world's redemption, became "sorrowful even unto death," should teach us, who are to be "partakers of his sufferings," not to expect it. We need

to be humbled in the dust before we can be trusted with success, where success is to be so glorious. We need to be purified in the furnace before we can labor with acceptance, where our acceptable labors are to redound so much to the glory of God; yet do not think that these trials will make you unhappy. For a time they will be hard to bear; but "He giveth more grace." And great as have been the trials of the missionaries here, I have seldom associated with persons who seemed so truly happy as do most of my fellow-laborers in China. These trials are necessary for us here, and it was well remarked to me by one who was herself called to bear the yoke, "Trials are one of our most precious means of grace."

We missionaries, as a matter of course, feel much interest in the accounts of matters and things in general that reach us in the papers from home. It is true, that when twenty papers come at once, as they often do, it is not possible to give each one a full and careful perusal; yet somehow or other we manage to see a good deal of what is in them, and as you may suppose, our minds are variously affected by what we read. Will you allow me to give you some thoughts that have occurred to me occasionally, on reading some of the newspaper articles I have seen? They have appeared in respectable papers, but I attach importance to them, principally, because they appear to be indices of the state of feeling in the religious community on those subjects. I observe by several of the papers that there has been a good deal of discussion on the question whether missionaries to the heathen should be married. This is certainly a most important subject; and as very erroneous views are very extensively held in regard to it, I am not sorry to see it discussed. The only thing is, let it be discussed on right principles, and when the truth is discovered let it be reduced to practice. If I may judge from what I have seen in the papers, the impression is gaining ground, that missionaries should be unmarried men: and some of the principal reasons adduced for this opinion are, that it will cost much less to sustain them; they will be much more free to move about and embrace favorable opportunities of doing good; they will be less likely to go home; and after all, the wives of missionaries do not do so very much, in the way of direct labor, and would not be very much missed. Those who are in favor of the marriage of missionaries insist very much on the direct usefulness of the wives of missionaries, and there are many who seem to think this is the chief reason for sending them. Now, with all due deference to the advocates of both sides, it strikes me that these arguments place the subject on the wrong ground, and present it in a false light.

Missionaries are men of like passions with others, and in the present day, when miraculous influences have ceased, I know not why they should be judged of in a different way from other men; or why the broad principles of the Bible are not as applicable to them as to other men. Now one of the first principles of the

Bible on this subject is, "It is not good that the man should be alone." This principle, I conceive, was recognized by our Saviour when the disciples said, "It is not good to marry." He who knew what was in man, said, "All men cannot receive this saying—he that is able to receive it, let him receive it." This is the rule by which this question must be decided. It is not good for the great majority of men to be alone; first, because, if alone they are exposed to temptations, which sad experience proves that most men cannot withstand; secondly, because, though they may by grace withstand the temptations to actual sin, yet they are not contented; and they want those solaces of affection which the human heart craves, and those counsels of intimate friendship that are so grateful to him that is separated from the influences of Christian society. If, then, you can live sinlessly in the unmarried state; if you can be contented; if you can be satisfied without the kindly influences of female society; then I say, it is probably your duty to be an unmarried missionary, but not otherwise.

The expense is not the question; and as long as the Church is so abundantly able to bear it as she now is, it is a shame to mention such a consideration, or to ask, why does not the missionary live as the whalers and fur hunters do?

There is force in the consideration, that an unmarried missionary is more free to move about, and at times to occupy stations where married men cannot easily go, and the consideration should have its own weight with those who think of this subject. But there is equal force in the consideration, that permanent good, and visible effects have most commonly followed where the married missionary has settled, and by his settlement concentrated his efforts. The direct usefulness of the missionary's wife, is by no means the main point in deciding this question. Her first duty in all cases is to attend to her husband and children; and if she have time and strength for more than this, then that is all clear gain. Let her preserve her husband from those temptations to which unmarried men are exposed; let her soothe him in his hours of despondency; let her relieve him from the household cares that must interrupt him if unmarried; let her soften the disposition that without her influence would become rough and rude; (for as Bacon says, "Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity;") let her show by her silent example what a Christian wife and mother is, and how she should be treated; and if she never learns a syllable of the native language, or teaches a single heathen child a letter, she has accomplished a work worth ten times more than the expense of her outfit and support. These observations may excite a smile, but they are not written in levity. They may appear strange, and half-romantic, but only to those who have romantic views of missions. Much thought and the acquaintance of several missionaries, convince me that they are the words of truth and soberness. As to the question whether it is the wife who causes the return of

the missionary, although the general opinion seems to be that it is, yet I have my doubts. Certainly the experience of the Presbyterian board does not say so; for of all their missionaries who have returned on account of ill health, Mr. Rogers of North India, is the only one who has yet been taken back by his wife's ill health; in every other case it is the husband's ill health that has taken the wife back. The experience of the American board seems to be different; but I should be glad to see a fuller array of facts, than the celebrated paper of Dr. Anderson presents. It does not strike me that the whole of the facts, in regard to the return of *all* who do return, is there presented. If I remember rightly, that paper speaks of the return of so many married missionaries, but does not say anything about the return of unmarried missionaries. But even admitting that it has been the case in the experience of that board, that the wife has taken the husband home, where does the fault lie?

It is to this point I would direct your special attention; for most of you will become pastors at home, and the impression is very strong upon my mind, that it has been the fault of the pastors at home that so many unqualified missionary's wives have gone abroad, and finding, after they got abroad, that they were unqualified, have been obliged to return. I know something of the way in which this happens. A young woman, for some reason or other, becomes desirous of going as a missionary, and very naturally consults with her pastor. He is glad to find a member of his church so disposed, for he hopes she will do good abroad, and will excite an interest among his own people; and possibly the thought occurs to him, especially if two or three of his flock should become missionaries or missionaries' wives, "What a number of *my* people are becoming missionaries!" Now it is just as possible as not, that this pastor's views of the qualifications of a missionary's wife are not very high; and it is quite probable, (I know it to be a fact in some cases,) that he does not carefully inquire whether her talents, acquirements, and bodily health, fit her for the work; but at once he encourages her to proceed. He regards her as a candidate, and recommends her to some young man, who is reckless enough, (I say *reckless*, for that is the word,) to risk his happiness and usefulness for life on a three days' acquaintance. They are married, go abroad, and come back again. I know a case in which a young woman, who could scarcely write her own name, and had only the commonest rudiments of an English education, was recommended by an Old-School Presbyterian pastor for an assistant missionary; and that pastor was almost offended with a discreet missionary's wife, who told him he ought not to encourage such a person to become a missionary. In all cases of this kind, certainly the pastors are to be blamed, and I trust that none of you will ever encourage such procedures. Do not think that I wish to shield missionaries from blame, when they deserve it, or that I do not think they often do deserve it.

I am too deeply conscious of my own defects, and too often pained by what I see, not to admit that in many things we offend, and in all we come short; but still, let justice be done to all, and especially let those with whom, after all, rests the responsibility of carrying on the cause of foreign missions—I mean the pastors of the church at home—see to it that they perform their part of the matter aright.

The previous remarks have become so much longer than I expected, that I must hasten over the other items which I wished to notice. I have been exceedingly pained by some articles I have seen lately in the papers, in reference to the claims of the domestic and foreign fields. The spirit of the articles referred to has not been of the right kind. I have no doubt their authors meant well; but it appears to me to be an exceedingly erroneous course, to attempt to set the claims of foreign and domestic missions in array and in opposition against each other, or to say that too much attention has been given to the one, to the neglect of the other. The attempts I have seen in some of the papers to show that literally more has been done for foreign than for domestic missions, I pass by, as unworthy of an answer: you can count every cent that is expended for the foreign field, but you have not the statistics for one-half the expenses of the domestic field; and yet it is easily shown that even the half of those expenses is much greater than all that is expended abroad. These men talk of the vastness of the domestic field, of the favorable openings, of the need of laborers; and they tell us that these men are our brethren, and have special claims upon us. I admit it all, and if I could add anything to the force of what they say, I would beseech you, by the mercies of Christ, and by your love for the souls of your brethren, to do with your might what your hands find to do for them. But why should this be done by disparaging the claims of the foreign field? O brethren, if I could show you what I have lately seen,—the numerous openings where the gospel may be preached, the unnumbered thousands who are accessible with far more ease than the scattered inhabitants of the West, the fewness and feebleness of the laborers sent by the Church,—and if we could all feel that these, too, are our brethren, seeing God hath made us all of one blood to dwell on all the face of the earth, you would give little heed to such unworthy comparisons. If the church were now doing all in her power; if every nerve were strained as much as the gospel requires, then there might be occasion to pause, and ask, are we not doing too much here, or too much there? But as long as more than half the Church is doing nothing, absolutely nothing, let there be no more complaints that too much is done for the heathen. I object to the papers referred to, because they give countenance to the idea, that the interests of the foreign and domestic fields are not the same. If there is any man who renounces such an idea, it is the missionary to the heathen. Our hearts rejoice within us when we hear of the ex-

tension of the cause of Christ at home, and that the gospel is preached to the poor and the destitute. Why? Not only because of the amount of actual good accomplished, but because we know that thus new funds, and new men, are raised up for the foreign field, and additional prayers ascend on our behalf. Every conquest at home increases our strength abroad. But if we are told that these conquests are to be gained henceforth by diminishing the efforts abroad, and disparaging the importance of the work in which we are engaged, then we have small reason to rejoice. But I will not believe that such one-sided views shall ever gain general currency among those who see and know, that one of the surest ways to promote vital piety at home, is to make it active and expansive; so that, while it rejoices to do good to those around, it embraces the world in the wide arms of charity.

The remark is often made that missionaries, by giving so much of their attention to a particular subject, become men of merely one idea, and do not in their appeals and communications advert sufficiently to the wants of other fields. I have no disposition to deny the charge, for in this world it is but seldom that much is done, except by such men of one idea. The man whose mind is filled with an hundred ideas is likely to do much less for any of them than the man of one idea does for all. But it is a question worthy of consideration, whether the man who looks solely at the little corner where himself is located is not more truly liable to the charge of being a man of one idea, and that sometimes a very contracted one. The missionary has seen the destitutions of his own country, and he has also seen the destitutions of the heathen. Why is he not at least as well qualified to judge of the comparative claims of each, as the man who has never been beyond the bounds of his own state, or it may be, the limits of his own neighborhood?

I observe that one of the "standing requests" you propose to your foreign correspondents is, "Can you send us any curiosities?" To this I answer, "Yes, plenty; if I had the money to buy them with." Such things are not easily to be procured without paying for them; and as a missionary's salary does not commonly give him a great deal of spending money besides his necessary expenses, he cannot easily send many curiosities to all who would like to have them. I will, however, keep my eyes open, and endeavor to make some addition to your cabinet. Allow me to suggest whether it would not be better for you to make an annual appropriation of ten, twenty, or thirty dollars, and request some of the missionaries to procure articles for your cabinet? I will most cheerfully undertake any such commission for you, and will procure either such articles as you may specify, or myself select such as may be interesting, and I am sure that Wilson, and Scott, and Owen, and Janvier, in India, and Sawyer in Africa, and Dougherty and Loughridge, will do the same with equal cheerfulness in their respective fields. There will be no

difficulty in remitting the money, for all that is necessary is to pay it at the Mission Rooms at New York, stating that it is "for curiosities, &c., for the Seminary at Princeton." Have you a set of the Chinese Repository? I know you have one or two of the volumes; but it is very desirable that you have the whole set, for there is no work, ancient or modern, that gives so much information concerning China. If you will give me instructions to that effect, and tell me what volumes you have, I can easily procure you the others. There are now twelve volumes; the first and second are six dollars each, and the other ten three dollars each, being forty-two dollars for the set. It is continued yearly at three dollars a year.

Do you still make it a rule to send one of the Seminary Catalogues to each of your members who goes to the foreign field? It will give me much pleasure to receive one yearly; and as all my acquaintances in the seminary will soon be gone from among you, I shall not know whom to look to, except the Society of Inquiry.

I must now bring this lengthy epistle to a close. That every blessing from above may rest upon you, may direct your future course, and crown your labors with success, is the prayer of your friend and brother in the gospel,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 30th, 1843.

My Dear Father—

. . . . The principal occurrence of interest during the month has been some rather public discussions of the visit paid by Mr. Abeel and myself to Chang-Chowfoo. After my return, Mr. Bridgeman and others importuned me to write an account of it for the Chinese Repository. I declined at first, from a dislike to make myself so prominent as such an account would necessarily make me. Being still urged I consented, and Mr. Bridgeman and myself looked over it carefully to see that there were no incorrect statements; and, not to offend our English friends, omitted all reference to the manner in which the officers at Chang-Chow spoke of Americans. The article was read with interest, and among others an English officer of some influence in Hong Kong spoke of it quite favorably. Judge, then, of my surprise, when a few days afterwards Sir Henry Pottinger published a proclamation expressly referring to it, pointedly condemning our conduct, and informing the Chinese authorities of the Provinces of Canton and Fuhkeen, that the "party, &c., were Americans!" This excited no little talk, and I heard many persons condemn Sir Henry's course as impertinent and uncalled for, though I found that the insinuations of the proclamation were leaving unfavorable impressions as to my conduct. I accordingly prepared a reply, and sent it to the "Friend of China."

A *cautious* friend in Hong Kong, without my leave, withdrew the article. When he gave me his reasons, I did not deem them sufficient. I could not see how a plain and manly defence of one's course against uncalled for and injurious charges was improper. I considered too that our American citizenship and freedom from the surveillance of English authorities, were important circumstances in our favor in carrying on the work of missions here, and were to be defended and maintained. Accordingly I wrote another article, which appeared this week in the Friend of China.

In consequence of Sir Henry's letter to the governor of Canton, the latter addressed a letter to the American consul, informing him of the affair, and urging him to enforce on his countrymen the necessity of obedience to the treaty. Mr. Forbes wrote back that his countrymen would always obey the laws when made known; but that when we went to Chang-Chow, the supplementary treaty was not known to us. He also wrote me a very gentlemanly letter, more, I suppose, as a matter of form than anything else, informing me of the communication of the governor of Canton.

The notoriety attending this affair has been not a little unpleasant and annoying to me, but I do not feel that I have done anything to be ashamed of. I suppose it is to be considered as one of the necessary trials of this state of warfare, and a wholesome discipline to prepare me for future trials. Pray for me that I may have wisdom and prudence to guide me in all my ways. . . . .

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

GOVERNMENT NOTIFICATION.

The annexed copy of an official communication, addressed on the 18th instant by Her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary, &c., in China, to their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lieut. Governor at Canton, is published for the information and warning of Her Majesty's subjects, as well as of the subjects or citizens of all other states, who may be at this time residing at any place occupied by Her Majesty's forces in China.

In directing the publication of this letter, Her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary cannot refrain from expressing both his disapprobation of, and great surprise at the conduct of the persons concerned in this matter, who appear not only to have gone to the very unjustifiable length of bearding the local authorities, but to have attempted to explain the stipulations of some parts of the treaty, in a way that could not fail to excite the alarm and apprehension of the government of China, as well as the indignation of all right thinking persons, at so gross an evasion of a solemn engagement between two great empires.

By order of his Excellency, Her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary, &c., &c., in China.

RICHARD WOOSNAM.

Government House, Victoria,
Hong Kong, 27th November, 1843.

Government House, Victoria,
(*Hong Kong*,) November 18th, 1843.

I trouble your Excellencies with this letter, in consequence of my attention having been called to a "Narrative of a recent Visit to the Chief City of the Department of Chang-Chow, in the Province of Fokeen," which has just been published at Macao, and from which it would appear that certain foreigners had, during last month, visited the said city of Chang-Chow, and forced their way into the country, in opposition to the wishes and orders of the local authorities, who pointed out to the foreigners that their doing so was contrary to the treaty, &c., &c.

From this remark of the local authorities, I can only infer—especially as the provisions of the supplementary treaty were not at that time made public—that the mandarins believed the persons who thus acted to be Englishmen, and I should therefore esteem it a favor, your Excellencies' officially informing the Viceroy and Lieutenant Governor of Fokeen, that the party of foreigners who visited Chang Chow Foo and forced their way into the country, were Americans and not British subjects.

I reiterate to your Excellencies my constant and earnest desire to restrain all British subjects from thus, or in any other respect, committing the smallest infraction of the terms of the treaty; and, should any of them hereafter attempt to do so—no matter what the pretence may be—in defiance of the rules that have been laid down, and the proclamations that have been issued, I trust the local mandarins will seize and confine them, and will send them to the nearest English Consular Officer, to be dealt with as may be found necessary and proper to enforce implicit obedience.

In addition to making this official communication to your Excellencies, I shall publish this letter, and instruct all British Consular and other officers, to warn all persons residing under their authority against any infraction, however trifling, of the rules and regulations that have been laid down.

I avail myself of this opportunity to convey to your Excellencies my best wishes for your health and happiness.

(Signed,) HENRY POTTINGER.

True Copy,

RICHARD WOOSNAM.

Their Excellencies
KEKUNG, Viceroy, &c., &c., &c.,
CHINGKEAHTSAI, Lieutenant Governor, &c., Canton.

Macao, December 23d, 1843.

To the Editor of the Friend of China—

Dear Sir :—A government notification dated November 27th, appeared in your paper some time since, on which I beg leave to offer a few remarks; circumstances beyond my control have prevented me from doing so at an earlier date.

The first thing remarkable in the notification is, that it refers to persons over whom Sir Henry Pottinger has no control, and for whose conduct he is not responsible. His Excellency was aware of this, yet he assumes the power to express Officially "both his disapprobation of, and great surprise at, the conduct of" Americans. The notification is still more remarkable, because, so far as appears, no complaint was made to Sir Henry by the Chinese authorities. It is not commonly thought to be the duty of H. B. M. Plenipotentiary in China, to report the conduct of even his own countrymen to the Chinese government. How much less does it become him to act the part of informer against the citizens of other countries. On these two points, however, as well as in regard to the hard words of the notification, but little need be said. The opinion of "all right thinking persons" is already formed concerning them, and from that opinion I shall not appeal.

The letter of Sir Henry Pottinger to the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Canton, is calculated to convey the impression, that the persons of whose conduct he complains, went by force and violence to Chang-Chow. He says more than once "they forced their way into the country," and also that they "bearded the local authorities." It is sufficient to say that force was neither used nor intended, nor was a sign of opposition shown until after we had hired lodgings in Chang-Chow; and if quietly reasoning with Chinese officers be "unjustifiably bearding them," we may possibly be guilty of the same offence again. As to our misinterpreting the treaty and "grossly evading solemn engagements," His Excellency claims more for the treaty of Nankin, than its published extracts contain. What article of that treaty prohibits even Englishmen from visiting other places besides the five ports? And why was article sixth inserted in the Supplementary Treaty if the previous treaty spoke definitely on that point? His Excellency informs the Chinese authorities that "the party of foreigners who visited Chang-Chowfoo, were Americans." Does he mean to inform them that none but Americans have gone there? If not, the definitive article is singularly out of place. If he does, it will not be hard to prove that several parties of Englishmen have visited the same city. His Excellency also says, "I can only infer that the Mandarins believed the persons who thus acted to be Englishmen." The natural "inference" from this sentence is, that we passed ourselves off for Englishmen—else why should the Chinese believe we were such? Does Sir Henry mean to assert this? If he does, I beg leave to assure him of the contrary.

The Mandarins did not believe we were Englishmen, because we told them from the first, that we were Americans; and this might have been "inferred" from the "narrative," just as readily as the reverse. They asked us "who we were," and the charity that thinketh no evil, would have inferred that we told them the truth.

Your obedient servant,

W. M. Lowrie.

CHAPTER VI.

1844.

RESIDENCE IN MACAO—LETTERS—CHINESE PRINTING WITH METAL TYPE—ARRIVAL OF NEW MISSIONARIES—THEIR FIELDS OF LABOR.

During the year 1844, the missionary force in China was much enlarged. In February, D. B. McCartee, M.D., and Mr. R. Cole, printer, and his wife, reached China. The Rev. R. Q. Way and his wife arrived in July, and the Rev. Messrs. J. Lloyd, A. P. Happer, M.D., A. W. Loomis, and M. S. Culbertson, with Mrs. Loomis and Mrs. Culbertson, in October.

The location of these brethren at the different missions, was a subject of much importance, and of some delicacy. In relation to it, the officers of the board had conversed freely with the new missionaries, after which, with some general suggestions from the Executive Committee, the matter was left to their own decision. Though younger than some of his colleagues, yet as the missionary longest in China, much of the responsibility rested on Mr. Lowrie; and until their respective missions were fixed, it was to him a time of much anxiety and care. After a season of prayer for Divine direction, with much harmony they arranged their places at the different missions. At Canton were settled Mr. Happer, and for the present, Mr. Cole, with the press; at Amoy, Mr. Lloyd and Dr. Hepburn, who were to be joined by the Rev. H. A. Brown, when he should arrive; at Ningpo, Mr. Lowrie, Mr. Way, Mr. Culbertson, Mr. Loomis, and Dr. McCartee. This arrangement involved the separation of two friends, Messrs. Lloyd and Lowrie, and most deeply was it felt by both. Both were convinced, however, that the interests of the Master's cause required this trial, keen as it was, and after a short interview of two weeks, they parted to meet no more on earth.

The printing press and the Chinese matrixes were received in February, when Mr. Cole arrived. The theory of printing the Chinese language with metal type—a large portion of them being

divisible characters—was to be reduced to practice, and tested by actual experiment. The type were to be cast, and four thousand different characters were to be arranged in cases for the compositor. To be convenient, the characters most frequently used required to be placed together, whilst regard was to be had to the principles of the language, as arranged under their different radicals or keys. Mr. Cole was experienced in English printing, but he had no knowledge of Chinese, and the entire arrangement of the Chinese characters devolved on Mr. Lowrie. Everything was new. Some of the characters occur very rarely, others occur repeatedly on every page; hence some approximation to the relative number of each had to be made, before the type could be cast, and the difficulty of this work was increased by a large part of them being divisible. After months of labor, these difficult matters were accomplished, and the press went into successful operation in June.

Besides attention to the press, much of his time was required on behalf of the other missionaries. He was their general treasurer. He was in a measure at home; they were in a strange place; their business affairs necessarily fell to his share, and his services were of much benefit to them. His correspondence with the Mission House was also very full. Much to his regret, these various items greatly interfered with his Chinese studies.

During this year, Mr. Lowrie prepared a series of articles on the history of the missionary work in China, with a brief account of the Jews and Christians in China, which were published in the Chinese Repository. They were afterwards reprinted in the United States, under the title of the Land of Sinim, or an exposition of Isaiah xlix. 12.

Dr. McCartee left Macao for Ningpo in June, and Mr. Way and his wife in August. Mr. Lloyd left for Amoy in November. Owing to the north-east monsoon, the other missionaries for Ningpo did not set out till the February following.

Macao, January 1st, 1844.

My Dear Mother—

I wish you a very happy new year, and many returns of the same! How rapidly the last year has flown away! . . . . After breakfast I sat down to my Chinese with my teacher, and read a little, and got him to explain a few phrases to me. He asked me what so many of my friends came here for yesterday, and I told him it was for public worship; that we read our sacred books, and

sung and prayed, and that I explained what was read. He said this was very proper; that formerly there had been the same custom in China, but not now; he did not know why it was not used now.

. . . . After making a number of calls through the day, Mr. W. and I started out, and walked beyond the Barrier. It was after dark before we got back. He told me that some of the people did not like my sermon yesterday, and that one who had not heard it was a good deal displeased. I expected this. It was about Sabbath-breaking, and I took occasion to bear as decided a testimony as I could against the general desecration of the Sabbath here, by all classes: for example, the Supplementary Treaty was signed on Sabbath, with all its parade and confusion. The mails for England were closed yesterday week at Hong Kong, thus requiring the foreigners there to spend that day in their counting-houses. I referred to these facts. The highest officer commonly takes the Sabbath to go between Hong Kong and Macao. One left this place yesterday in the steamer for Hong Kong. Many of the merchants regularly spend the Sabbath in their counting-houses. More ships are despatched on the Sabbath than on any other day of the week. This I know. The Sabbath is the day for visiting here, as in all other parts of the East Indies. Oh, it is most melancholy to see how the day is profaned, and that, too, by men who at home would not dare to do so. Most men seem to leave their consciences and the fear of God behind them when they come to China. The heathen see them, and have dealings with them, and they think we are all alike. Judge, then, what effect our preaching and exhortations have upon them.

Ten o'clock, P. M. You are just commencing the day. So it is: those who love each other are widely separated, but such separations will not last forever, and if time always rolls as fast as the last year has done, they will very soon be no more. Oh that we may all meet at last where we shall go no more out. . . . .

Yours affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, January 18th, 1844.

My Dear Mother—

This day finishes two years since I left the United States. I know not how the time has seemed to you, but to me it appears under a very singular aspect. It has gone so rapidly that I can scarce conceive so much has really elapsed; and yet it has led me through so many strange scenes, that I can scarcely crowd them all into it. I like to look back occasionally, for the immediate effects of all I have seen have passed away, and they come up before me quietly and calmly to be thought about. I try to look forward, but in vain, for I know not what a day may bring forth. I am just as uncertain as I was two years ago, where my lot shall

yet be cast, or whether I shall ever find a "place of rest." It is not an easy thing to learn to live by the day, or in "patience to possess one's soul." I want to be moving, to be doing something, to see results; but my mouth is closed, and at present my feet are bound. Sometimes it is, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away;" but then again the word comes, "The husbandman hath long patience." This is a trial of missionary life that did not at first enter much into my thoughts, its comparative inaction. I am busy as I can well be, yet my life is as quiet as it was in the Seminary, and I see even less of company. It is nearly three weeks since I have spoken to a lady, and it is three months since I have spent a day in a house with one. So we pass away. We are strangers here, at one time walking in the crowded streets, and at another threading the wilderness path alone, but ever pressing on to the end of our course. Shall it be long or short? painful or pleasant? But these are not the questions for us to ask. It is ours to take no thought for the morrow.

January 19. As clear and bright a day as it was two years ago, but a good deal warmer. After reading a page or so in the *San Ko Che*, or History of the Three States, I started off about eleven o'clock, with my teacher, to visit the temple of Wakok. (I wrote a description of it some time ago for the Foreign Missionary.) I had been there often, but wanted my teacher to explain some things which I did not understand. As you may suppose, I talk with him in very broken language, and can understand only a part of what he says, but we make out to talk a good deal together. I think I can see his respect for the superstitions of his own country perceptibly decreasing, though I fear that it is only to make way for an indifference to religion that is even worse. A couple of well-dressed and respectable-looking men were bowing and kneeling, lighting incense-sticks, and burning paper before the images. He said they were praying for wealth; but he acknowledged that the images could not hear them. They went to several of the images, and as they went to each one, an attendant struck the bell and the drum several times. I asked him what that was for? He said, to "rouse the attention of the idol, and make her hear!" I asked him what sort of gods these were, when it was necessary to awaken them to make them listen to their worshippers? He said, with a good deal of earnestness, "I don't worship these; I worship only the spirit that is represented by them." However, he acknowledged that most of the people worshipped the idol. He then asked me, if we used no images of Jesus Christ? I said no; that the Roman Catholics used a crucifix, but that I thought this wrong, and that it was folly to worship any image. "It had eyes, but could not see; ears, but could not hear; nose, but could not smell; feet, but could not walk." It is just so here. O that he were a Christian! He is a very amiable man, a man of some learning, and simple-minded, and might do great good if converted. I like him far better than

any teacher I have yet had, and he seems very well satisfied to stay with me; though he does get tired sometimes, when I ply him with questions, and keep him sitting by me for three or four hours together. I told him the other day, that in the United States we elected our own *Hwang Shang* and *Tsung Tuk*, "Emperor and Viceroys." (The Chinese have no word corresponding to President and Governors.) I think I never saw a man so astonished. He held up both hands, and stared at me, and at last exclaimed, "Hi yah! Astonishing! I never heard of such a thing!" He said at first it was a very bad plan, for the people would be always fighting. But after I had shown him that in this way we secured the election of just officers, and men who would not oppress us, while their officers. according to his own acknowledgment, were extremely venal and extortionate, he said, "Well, perhaps it may be good for you, but I'm sure it wouldn't be possible to do so here;" which is very true. It is wonderful how ignorant the Chinese learned men are. I believe he looks on me as a sort of Baron Monchausen, though I have told him very little that is not known to every school-boy in the United States. . . . .

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, as ever,

Yours affectionately, W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, February 1st, 1844.

My Dear Father:—

I have the pleasure of sending herewith something that I think will amuse you. It is a letter to *yourself*, in Chinese, from my Chinese teacher. In my conversation with him, I have at different times told him particulars about our family, and of course have not failed to speak of you. I told him you knew something of Chinese, at which he was greatly astonished and gratified, and one day I proposed to him that he should write you a letter. The idea pleased him wonderfully, and in a day or two he brought me the inclosed. It is entirely of his own composition, and does not contain an idea suggested by myself, e. g., I did not tell him anything of what he ought to write about, though, as you will see, he has referred in it to various things I have said. It is composed with a good deal of art, and several of the sentences correspond together in a way that the Chinese call very beautiful. Moreover it is, as my teacher says, *Haou Kan*, very beautiful to see, and *Haou Ting*, very beautiful to hear; being, in fact, a *Wan Chang*, which none but a Sewtsae or a Keujin could write. How difficult it is to write I know not, but it is certainly not easy to read, for I would rather undertake a dozen pages of the *San Ko Che*, or History of the Three States, than another of these letters. It took me a whole day to read it, with my teacher himself to explain it to me; and I assure you I thought I had made no small progress in learning Chinese, when I at last discovered the meaning.

It seems to me the more I think about the matter, that there must be a radical change in the literature and literary style of China, before it can be made the vehicle of permanent and extensive usefulness. A great deal is said of the fact, that so many in China can read, but it is to be feared that a great deal too much is expected from this. Their literature at present, and the style in which it is written, reminds me very much of the state of Europe before the Reformation. There were learned men then, and they had a learned language, different from that of every-day life, which the common people did not understand. This learned language was known to the learned all over Europe, and even some of the poorer class could read it, for the alphabet was the same in most places; but *they* did not understand what they read, and of those who did understand, and wrote in the learned language, the less that is said the better. Who reads their writings now, or cares for their opinions? A new mode of thinking, and speaking, and writing was introduced after the Reformation, and the old has disappeared. Very much the same revolution, in my humble judgment, must occur in China. They have a learned language here, and unless a book be written in that language, it has little favor. That language may be learned by many years of study, but it is not the language of the people, nor of nature. Many who can pronounce the characters do not understand them; and the world will be never the worse, if nine-tenths of the books at present in circulation here be lost forever. Some Chinese Bacon must arise, and do for China what Lord Verulam did for Europe.

I speak with a good deal of diffidence on these points, for I am only forming my own opinion about them, and others who ought to know more think differently. I am, however, very far from supposing that the Chinese styles, either of printing, or speaking, or writing, or acting, are always the most tasteful, or the most convenient, or the most practically useful. In general I think them very much like their thick-soled shoes, which my teacher says "are very good-looking, but not so good to walk with." There can be no doubt of the truth of the latter part of this remark, while each one must judge for himself of the *good looks*.

. . . . I send you my *Luban walking-stick*, which you must take good care of, though I hope it will be long before you need to use it. I do not want to use it myself, for it might get broken or be lost, and therefore, for safe-keeping, I will put it in your hands.

That every blessing may ever rest upon you is the prayer of

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, February 2d, 1844.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . I send you herewith, a curiosity; it is the translation of the Chinese letter which my teacher, at my suggestion, wrote to fa-

ther. Before he may have time to translate it, you may like to see it; so to gratify you I send a translation with "notes and annotations." I send you also a copy in Chinese, which is, in fact, more correct than the original, and is also pointed. Observe how very correctly the former are used. When he speaks of America, or of brother Roberts, or of me, he writes the characters above the line, and when he speaks of father, he puts the characters two spaces above the line, while on the contrary, the solitary character by which he designates himself is written small, and at one side, as if he felt himself unworthy to appear in the presence of him he speaks to. . . .

Yours affectionately, W. M. Lowrie.

CHINESE LETTER.

WORTHY FATHER.—EXALTED MAN.—TRANQUILLITY—WHEN THE LETTER IS OPENED.

My family lives in the Southern State,[1] and my eyes have not seen the flowery flag's[2] exuberance. I dwell in the central nation, but my soul has eagerly run after the excellence of that which is beyond the seas. Your watches, the ingenuity of whose motions is like the Seuenke,[3] by their goodness have robbed the heavens of their work.[4] Your cannon equal the terribleness of the thunder and the lightning: thus the fame of your far distant land has been transmitted [to the Celestial Empire.] You have also other things of such rare skill and admirable art, that the eye is not able to inspect them,[5] and your precious jewels and divine pearls[6] are such that words with difficulty can enumerate them.

Your nephew[7] unworthily occupies the instructor's seat. Constantly near, he receives excellent information from your honorable son: without any claim to enjoy this learned intimacy, he has often heard of the venerable father's[8] astonishing attainments. I have desired to cross the sea, and ascend the hills; myself to roam over the unsurpassed land. One reason is, that I might see that great country's magnificent excellencies,—thus opening my eyes on prospects unseen before.[9] Another reason is, that I

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1 "Southern State:" formerly a designation of the Provinces of Canton, Fuhkeen, Kwangsi, and Houkwang. The writer lives in Hway-Chow, in the province of Canton.

2 "Flowery Flag," i. e., American; almost the only name by which we are known.

3 "The Seuenke" is some very superior astronomical instrument, perhaps the armillary sphere.

4 "Heaven's work" is to regulate the seasons; but our watches are so good that there is now no need of the heavens!

5 Literally, "the eye cannot receive them:" it was not made to contemplate such excellent things.

6 "Precious jewels and divine pearls" are the ornaments of our houses, &c.

7 A term showing my teacher's sense of his inferiority.

8 "The venerable father," to wit the person to whom he is writing.

9 Like the countryman never out of his own village, I have seen nothing. I wish to see the wonderful sights of your country.

might hear the venerable superior's precious jewels,[10] thus regulating my own heart and life. But it is not in my power. My family is poor and my children young, and I cannot take the Foo bird's rapid course.[11] I only can embrace this opportunity and send the fishes letter,[12] to perform the duty of asking of your health, and your nightly repose.[13] Accordingly the carp fish messenger[14] bears the inmost desires and inmost praises of my heart. May my venerable superior's body be [strong] as the hills and as the mountains. Yea, may my venerable superior's life be [long and glorious] as the sun and as the moon.

If my venerable superior in his condescending compassion should favor me with a single letter, calling me to come, then your nephew will speedily prepare for the voyage, and go with haste that he may respectfully hear your important commands.

I have also heard that several of your excellent sons have in regular course entered the Learned Door,[15] and that you have a son who daily exercises himself in the Zeen and the Fun.[16] At a future day they will certainly possess talents to rule the world, and surpass the virtues of the heroic ranks.

As to Lowrie,[17] your third honorable son, of books he has read more than five hundred volumes;[18] and he is thoroughly trained in all the accomplishments of the six arts.[19] His name dwells among the ranks of modest piety,[20] and his talents surpass even those of the men of heaven. Your nephew's abilities are mean and his learning small; how am I able to become his exemplar? But the cutter of grass and the gatherer of stubble, the common laborer and the pedler, all have something that may be profitable to the Holy Sages; and your nephew, (unworthily dwelling at learning's door,[21]) therefore did not excuse himself from the West-

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[10] "Venerable superior's precious jewels:" i. e., the instructions and remarks of the person to whom he writes.

[11] Two friends being at a great distance, one of them collected a number of Foo birds, and by their means came from Pekin to Canton in three or four hours.

[12] A wife, being separated from her husband, wrote a letter and gave it to a great fish, which carried it safely, and delivered it to the husband.

[13] Literally, "to ask your welfare, and to ask your repose:" alluding to the duty of children, in the morning to inquire of their parents' health, and in the evening to see that everything is comfortable in their sleeping apartments.

[14] A father and son being separated and without the means of communication, the son dropped a letter into the river, and a carp fish carried it off. The carp being caught, was bought by the father, who, opening it, unexpectedly found his son's letter.

[15] "To enter the Learned Door," is to become a Sewtsae; equivalent to our A. B. He refers particularly to brother Roberts.

[16] The Zeen and the Fun are different Chinese books: he refers to brother Reuben, who has not yet entered Learning's Door.

[17] In this rhapsody you will hardly recognize W. M. L.

[18] I told him once that in all my life I had read probably some five hundred volumes, at which he was astonished.

[19] The six arts are, the rules of Decorum, Music, Archery, Driving a carriage, Writing, and Arithmetic.

[20] "Modest piety," i. e., a Keujin, the title of their second degree of literature; equivalent to our A. M.

[21] Being a Sewtsae.

ern Seat,[22] that thus he might assist Lowrie, the elder born,[23] the third honorable son, in his noble observations and inquiries.[24]

With seriousness writing this, I will reverently wait to hear of your golden repose. Also I beg that every good thing, in all variety, may beam around you without cessation or limit.

Your unworthy nephew,
Ching[25] tsze keun,
Bows the head[26] and worships.

Kwei Mow[27] Year, Leĕ month.[28] From Macao, in the province of Canton, it is sent.

Macao, February 10th, 1844.

Rev. John Lloyd—

My Dear John :— . . . How it made my heart beat to think that *this year* I may see you here! I fell into a reverie just now, and thought I was walking along the beach and you landed. What a shaking of hands and an embracing there was! Then I began to ask you questions; but though you talked fast, you did not talk half fast enough to satisfy me. . . .

Many thanks for your long, kind letter. It is the second I have received, and I hope I may have another soon. I am glad my journal gave you so much pleasure.

How many things we shall have to say to each other when you come. Yet sometimes I fear we shall not be allowed to meet; or if we meet, shall have to part again; and I feel as though I ought not to hope for too much. How often we are disappointed in the very place where we expected most! I have learned some deeply painful lessons since I came here, though not more painful than needed.

Why do you give way so much to melancholy forebodings?

"Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?"

Our gracious Father has now led you along for more than nine years, and are you still afraid to trust him? How much would you and I have given, nine years ago, to be told we should persevere till now! yet here we are. Thus far the Lord hath led us on, and will not he whose hand has ever been around us still lead us?

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[22] The teacher in properly arranged schools sits at the western side of the table.

[23] "Seen Săng" is literally elder born, i. e., more honorable, but it means little more than "Mr."

[24] "He uses my aid, as the Emperor condescends occasionally to ask the members of the Hanlin, or Royal College, to explain some matter."

[25] *Ching*. He told me at first that his name was *Hwang*. He had been for some reason advised to take that name; but he said he could not write a feigned name to the venerable person to whom he was writing.

[26] Observe how *small* "*show*" is written. "It is our custom."

[27] *Kwei mow* is the 40th year of the cycle of sixty, which commenced in 1804.

[28] Leĕ month is the 12th month, this being the last month of the present year.

Can he not take as much care of us hereafter, as he has hitherto done? I know, would that I felt it more, that at best we are very unprofitable servants; but can we ever repay God for his mercies? must we not at last enter heaven in the righteousness of another? Oh let us look to Christ, in whom is all our strength and hope; and while we labor, never forget that we are accepted, not in our own works, but in the beloved.

I am very well, very busy, and commonly very happy. Chinese is beginning to look inviting, and many a hearty laugh I have with my Chinese teacher. He does not speak a word of English, and my Chinese is broken enough; but we make out pretty well on a good many points. Do not be afraid of this language. It is hard enough, *but can be learned.*

Give my kindest regards to Brown and Culbertson, whom I expect to see with you before this year rolls away. The sooner you come the better, for I suppose I must be unsettled till you all come out, and I am getting tired of that; so be in a hurry.

It is nearly ten o'clock. My hand is so tired, that I can scarcely write legibly, and if I had five hundred things to say, they would have to stay unsaid. . . .

Commending you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and keep you until the appearing of our Lord, I am as ever your brother in Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, April 19th, 1844.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . I am very well, and very busy. The weeks fly away, I scarcely know where; but the worst is, I do not seem to be doing much. You speak of my laboring so directly for the Redeemer's cause, but it does not appear so here. On the contrary, it seems to me as though I were shut out from the opportunity of direct exertions. Perhaps it is best it should be so, that I may have an opportunity of tarrying at Jericho till my beard be grown! I would be glad indeed if we had some able men of judgment and experience here. But do not think that I am unhappy or discontented, or that I regret coming, because I thus write, for I never was happier in my life, nor better satisfied to be anything, or nothing, or to go anywhere that the Lord may choose to send me, than at this time. I do long sometimes to be where I can speak of Christ oftener; and I look with almost envy at the lot of some who are settled over churches: but I would not change with anybody, for the providence of God has led me here; and I trust will lead me still. My only anxiety is to know where it is the will of providence to lead me, and to be always ready to follow that will.

What has become of that old and very black negro, who used to carry straw about the streets in New York, and to cry it in

such a peculiarly plaintive tone? There is a Chinese seller of sugar-cane, who goes about here at night, and whom I hear very often, whose voice, in the distance, sounds just like the old negro's. A great deal of sugar-cane is eaten by the people here. It is brought in from the country in large bundles, and sold to pedlers, who cut it up into pieces about eight or nine inches long. Many of them go about the streets, with a couple of boxes slung on a pole, and carried over the shoulder. In one box they have the sugar-cane, and in the other a small furnace, and a kettle of hot water, in which they steep the pieces of cane, and deliver them hot to their customers. The price is about a cash, or perhaps two, for a stick. . . .

Affectionately yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, May 14th, 1844.

My Dear Father—

. . . . My letters to the committee will have shown you how often I am embarrassed and at a loss how to decide the various important questions occurring here. *I wish you would come out here;* you will find enough to call into exercise all your experience. You may lay the foundations of this mission on a better basis than we who are here can do. My wish is to be prudent and thoughtful, and to do all for the best; but I am young and inexperienced, yet I have more experience of the Chinese than any of my colleagues. I have no disposition to decline responsibility, and have frequently to take more than my share. What can we do? There are things which must be done, and our fears are that they may not be done in the best way. You are not yet sixty years old, yet *Ricci* was fifty when he came to China; and you have had ten years of thought about this country, and are younger in constitution than most men of the same age. Your coming might do more good than for twenty boys to go abroad before their constitutions are settled, and who may die before they come to their prime. It often seems to me that we are commencing at the top instead of the bottom, when we lay light and untried materials in the foundation. If you can come for life so much the better, but at any rate come for *five years.* Live here and spy out the land. I have not made this request in a spirit of levity, but after a good deal of thought and prayer. I know how important your presence is at head-quarters, and I know you will consider the matter calmly. God will direct you; and for myself, I will remember what the old farmer said, "I can't go with you, but God Almighty will."

My teacher was reading the New Testament to-day, when he observed, "This Jesus must have been a very benevolent man. How kind it was in him to heal those sick people, and to provide them food when they were hungry! Truly he was a good man."

"Yes," I observed, "he was all you say, and far more, for he was God as well as man, and came from heaven to save sinful men, and without him no man in the world can be saved." "What!" said he, "can none be saved in China without him?" "No. not one." "Do you believe this?" he asked. "Yes, most certainly; and I have left my father and mother, to come to China to tell you of this blessed Saviour." "And how long has this been known to the Western nations?" "O, a great many hundred years." "Why, then," said he, "was not this knowledge sent sooner to China?" . . . .—a solemn question for every Christian. . . .

I am your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, August 18th, 1844.

Rev. Levi Janvier—

Your kind letter of Sept. 29 has been on hand for some time. I have been by many reasons prevented from answering it sooner. It came when I was much more than ordinarily busy. I had to assist Mr. Cole and Dr. McCartee in all their plans, who had just come out; and the time required in assisting Mr. Cole with his printing office was very great. For several months I gave from eight to ten hours a day, and sometimes more, to my Chinese studies, and to preparing Chinese lists of characters for the printing office. I have also had to preach in English nearly every Sabbath, and as I have not learned to read other men's sermons with any satisfaction, it took much time to prepare for this. And as to correspondence, you know how much of it must be done, and I have all along had my full share. In addition, it has been our warm season ever since your letter came. There, I won't enlarge; you will probably not be very angry that I have not written sooner, and I will give you a little news, such as we have.

You may have heard that the Siamese mission is suspended. Mrs. Buell's health failed last winter, and though she recovered somewhat, yet the doctor insisted on her going home. Just about then Mr. and Mrs. Way came out, but being young, they did not want to go on alone; and they came to the conclusion, all things considered, to give up that mission, and have him come here, while Mr. and Mrs. Buell went home. Mr. Way arrived here in July, and very soon after started for Ningpo. I have not yet heard of his arrival at that place. At present we are stationed thus: Mr. and Mrs. Cole and the printing office are here. This is only a temporary station, and we are quite uncertain how long it shall be retained. We do almost no direct missionary work here, but occupy ourselves in the study of the language, and getting the press going. Mr. C. is now printing an edition of 5000 copies of Ephesians, and has two or three other works under weigh. So much is yet to be done to perfect the type, that we do not expect to do very much printing for several months. I have myself al-

most no doubt of the success of the plan of printing with metallic divisible type, and its finally triumphing over all others; but it may be a year or two before we get everything perfectly arranged. Mr. C. has as yet done little in learning the language, and I can not say much more for myself; though still I have learned enough to talk with my teacher with some ease, and have had many interesting discussions with him on religious subjects. We have read over together half the Gospel of Matthew, and he has been at times deeply interested in it, and the imperfect explanations I have been able to give him. It is my purpose, Deo volente, to go up the coast to Ningpo or Chusan, either this fall or next spring, with a view to remain there permanently. I should have gone long ago, if it had not been necessary to remain here and assist the newcomers.

At Amoy we have Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, who are much pleased with the prospects there. It is a very interesting field. At Ningpo we have Dr. McCartee, and Mr. and Mrs. Way, who I hope are there ere now. This we purpose making our chief mission in China. We look for five more missionaries this year, of whom one will probably remain here, either temporarily or permanently. One or two go to Amoy, and the remainder to Ningpo. Such are our plans now; but I am often brought to think that man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps. It may be that all our plans shall be frustrated. But these things give me little anxiety. The work is the Lord's, and must succeed, and he uses all these instrumentalities in the way he deems best, and certainly in the wisest way. "Behold these from the Land of Sinim!" It is a very pleasant thing to have a special prophecy for the land in which one labors, and whether the above prophecy refers to the conversion of the pagan Chinese, or to the return of the Chinese Jews to the promised land, (for there is a colony of Jews, that has subsisted in the heart of China since B. C. 258,) it is equally cheering to the heart of the believer.

. . . . Things are very quiet here. The drought in the early part of the season, and the rains in the after part, have greatly injured the crop, and there is much suffering among the poor.

. . . . My own health continues excellent, and I hope I am now pretty well acclimated; but the climate at Ningpo, where I wish to go, is not so favorable as that of Macao, and I may have another seasoning to undergo. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I rejoice heartily that I came here, though it was sadly against my own will at first. Poor Africa! Sawyer, you will have heard, is dead! If I had not felt so strongly that it was Providence that sent me here, I should be almost tempted to offer to go there yet; for of all missionary fields, that seems to be the one where there is most hope of a speedy and abundant harvest. In India you are met by a system of caste, and here we are held off by a language that few have ever mastered. How difficult it is to maintain one's spirituality amidst the dry toils of dictionaries

and grammars. Yet the grace of our Lord Jesus can soften all these, and I can truly say, that amidst every obstacle and discouragement, the period of my missionary life has been the happiest. It would be a bitter trial to me now, to be obliged to return to the United States.

Yours in Christian affection,

W. M. Lowrie.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSIONARY.—NO. I.

—It was a very hot day in August, 184–, and I was lying on a couch, suffering from debility induced by the heat of a tropical summer. While thus reclining, the physician of the place, a serious and moral man, but at that time making no profession of piety, called to see me. He said he had a patient recently brought from a neighboring city, and dangerously ill of a disease at that time prevailing, who expressed a wish to see an evangelical clergyman; and that he, (the physician,) would be much pleased if I would call on him. I went immediately, and on being shown into the sick room, found a young looking man, who held out his hand and expressed much gratification that I had called. His Bible was lying on a chair at his bedside, and it was not many minutes before he had told me fully and frankly his state and feelings. He was the son of a pious man, who had done much for the cause of missions in his own land. He himself had united with the Church in his youth, and for several years maintained a fair character, and thought himself a Christian. Of late however, and especially since coming to this heathen land, he had greatly backslidden, and as he said, had so far forgotten his profession as to fall into open sin. While in this state he was attacked with a disease which had already proved fatal to several persons; and though there was at first nothing very alarming in his own case, yet it had aroused him to think on his ways, and the Spirit of God seemed to have brought his sins strongly to his remembrance.

When I saw him he was in great distress, fearing lest he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that there could be no hope for him. A few minutes' conversation showed that the instructions of his excellent father had sunk deep into his heart, and that he was tolerably well acquainted with the doctrines of religion, so that it was an easy and a pleasant duty to give him the instructions his case required. Doubtless there are those in our days who commit a sin for which there is no repentance, and for which we are not commanded to pray; but there was no evidence that such was his case, and on this point his mind was relieved. He feared, however, that he was not one of the elect,—could there be hope for him? I told him my belief in the doctrine of election was as firm as my belief in my own existence, but God's secret

decrees were not the rule of our faith and practice. Repent and believe, and be saved; let him make his calling sure, and the question of his election need not trouble his mind. To this he freely assented, and then with tears in his eyes, and the utmost earnestness, asked if I thought it possible God could or would forgive so vile a backslider as himself. Taking up his Bible, I opened it at the beautiful passage in the fourteenth chapter of Hosea: "Take with you words and turn unto the Lord: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, &c.," and read and explained the whole chapter. Never did it appear so rich and precious to my own soul, and the sick man heard it with entranced attention. When it was finished, he exclaimed, "What precious words those are! Will you not pray with me?" After prayer, and a little further conversation, I left him, promising to see him again in the evening.

About sunset I called again, and found his disorder making rapid progress, so that occasionally he seemed to be wandering in mind. But his thoughts were on his soul's concerns, and towards Christ; his mind was calmer than when I first saw him, and though he expressed much fear of death, yet he seemed to apprehend fully that the grace of Christ was his only refuge, and I could not but hope that his faith was fixed on the Saviour; and with a mind much lightened in regard to him, I returned to my room. The exposure and exertions of the day in my weak state were too much for me, and a sleepless night left me with but little strength in the morning. As the day proved stormy, it seemed imprudent to venture out, and accordingly I wrote a note to the physician, requesting him to inform me if his patient should wish for me, as otherwise I could scarcely leave the house. The kind-hearted physician himself had some conversation with him, and finding him in the intervals of his delirium, to be much more peaceful, and apparently hopeful, did not send for me. He died in the night, and when I called early the next morning I found him laid out, with an expression of countenance like one who had gone in peace.

Among strangers, we buried him in a stranger's grave; for excepting the physician and myself, there were none in the place who knew him. He had but recently arrived in this country, and as we found in a day or two after, his partner died of the same disease on the same day.

Soon after his death I wrote to his mother his father being dead an account of his last moments, and of the hope I had that "the root of the matter was found in him." Several months passed away, and amidst other events the above was almost forgotten, when one day a small package from a distant land came into my hands. It contained a beautiful copy of the memoir of Mr. Cheyne, and a note breathing "the most heartfelt gratitude," and the assurance of "earnest and constant prayer for my welfare." For some reason unknown to me, the writer wished to be

unknown; but I could not avoid associating her, (for it was a lady's hand,) with the person spoken of above. Is it not true that bread cast upon the waters is found after many days—and that often in a way not anticipated? The parents of that young man "bestowed much labor" in forwarding the cause of missions, and the dying hours of their son were cheered and consoled in a strange land by a missionary of a different country, and a different denomination. I went in weakness to visit him, without a thought of reward, but how often has the thought cheered me since, that in a distant land there is one or more whom I have never seen, whose fervent prayers are offered up on my behalf.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSIONARY.—NO. II.

In December, 184–, I was requested to visit a dying ship captain. This was Saturday evening. I went immediately, and on entering the house where he lay, found an elderly man in the last stages of consumption. He was a pious man, and amidst all the temptations and annoyances to which such persons in his situation are exposed, had in good measure kept himself free from reproach, and had made his ship a house of God upon the sea. Of late he had been quite unwell, and was brought ashore to the house of the consignee of his ship, where it is to be feared there was little care or respect for religion. Being a stranger, he did not know there were any missionaries in the place, and it was not till this day that he was informed that there were. One of the boys from his ship was attending him with the faithfulness of a son; and finding that he was drawing near his end, informed him that I was residing not far off, and had me sent for.

He was not able to bear much conversation: but the little I had was satisfactory, and he appeared exceedingly grateful to have met a fellow-believer to speak with him in his last hours. After prayer I left him, promising to call again. The next afternoon, while administering the Lord's Supper to the little band of fellow-laborers, and fellow-Christians in that place, I received a hasty summons to see him. On going to the house, I found the yard just before his window filled with native workmen, in the employ of the *Christian* owner of the house, busily packing and nailing boxes for a ship's cargo! Passing through the crowd, so unseemly on such day, and in such a place, I went to the sick man's room, but found him nearly speechless. He knew me, grasped me by the hand, and to my inquiries as to the state of his soul, gave me to understand though more by looks than by words, that all was well within. After a short prayer he fell into a doze, from which he did not again return to consciousness, and in a few hours his spirit departed. To him I have no reason to doubt heaven was as near even in that land of strangers and heathenism as though he had died among his friends. The next

day he was buried. A part of the ship's crew, one or two of the merchants of the place, and myself, were the only spectators; and few or none of those who now read the inscription over his tomb, in the field that was "bought to bury strangers in," have any knowledge of the person who sleeps beneath. Many such graves are there, for many have come from far distant lands to rest there.

"He that watereth others shall be watered himself;" and in the pleasure that this event afforded me, I found the first mitigation of one of the greatest sorrows that a gracious God has ever been pleased to lay upon me.

At another time I was called to visit another ship captain, but my memory recalls few of the circumstances connected with the occasion, except the following: After his decease, at his request, a sum of money, amounting to about twenty dollars, was put into my hands for any charitable purpose to which I might choose to apply it. On the very day it was received, a poor heathen woman, one of whose sons had been of some service to a fellow-missionary, came to me to beg for assistance in the case of another son, who was afflicted with the leprosy. She was in great distress: for the neighbors, apprehensive of catching the disease, had told her she must either place him in the hospital for such cases, or else leave her house, and seek another abode. She was poor, and knew not where else to find a house, and to place him in the hospital required an admission fee of twenty dollars, a sum she could not hope to borrow, nor to earn for many months. It seemed a providence: the money just sent was at once placed at her disposal, and with a light heart she went on her way rejoicing.

But a few weeks before leaving the place where I had been residing for more than two years, I was requested to visit another ship captain, who had been brought ashore with a dangerous illness, and was supposed to be near his end. Unlike the one mentioned in the first part of this paper, the owner of this house was seriously disposed, and had not only spoken faithfully to the sick man himself, but induced him to send for a clergyman. On being shown into his room, he seemed very glad to see me; but I was painfully impressed with the eagerness he expressed for "comfort." He was a well-educated, intelligent man, and had thought some for himself; but I was sorry to find, was quite skeptically disposed. He could not believe that mankind were so bad as clergymen commonly thought they were. He could scarcely believe that the Son of God had come down to suffer for the inhabitants of this petty world, which was, in the greatness of the universe, "but as a single leaf in the forest." Surprised at these remarks, I asked if he were not a believer in revelation. "Oh yes," said he; "yes, but sometimes these thoughts will come into my mind." I besought him to exchange these thoughts for others better suited to his situation, and after some further conversation and prayer, left him with my mind ill at ease; for all his anxieties seemed to be for

comfort, and none for pardon and reconciliation with God. Yet he professed much gratitude, and begged me to call again. I did so in a day or two, and found his disorder had taken a favorable turn, and with it his seriousness had nearly gone. It was difficult to induce him to speak of his soul; but having no reason to hope that he would recover, as his physician thought the disease would soon return, I endeavored as faithfully as possible to warn him of his state and prospects. He listened politely, but with little interest, until a fit of coughing seized him, and I thought it best not to say more. I called once or twice after, but he declined seeing me, and the gentleman of the house with whom he was staying, told me that as soon as he began to think himself getting better, his thoughts returned to earthly things. Poor man! A few days after this, he embarked in a vessel for his native land, and the next notice I had of him was, that he died soon after getting out to sea, and was buried in the ocean.

Macao, December 27th, 1844.

Rev. John M. Lowrie—

My Dear Cousin:—Since April, 1843, I have preached in English, once a week, to a small congregation of English and Americans, some of whom are pious. It is the custom of most of the missionaries just to take printed sermons and read them off, which is well known by the people. I have done so myself several times, but never liked the plan, nor felt comfortable in adopting it. As the people who attend are very intelligent, I found it required a good deal of care to prepare sermons that would be profitable; and that I could give most instruction in the fewest words, and with least labor to myself, by writing out my sermons. I have done this commonly, and have now nearly fifty written discourses, besides several skeletons. As I lost all my written sermons when shipwrecked, the preparation of these has been attended with some degree of labor, and takes as much time as I can at present afford to give. I felt, indeed, some scruple about giving so much time to a work not directly the one for which I came here, but felt satisfied about it on considering that I am still young, and the labor and study of preparing sermons would be of essential benefit to me; and I have found it so. Preaching is a very delightful work, and I have only regretted that I could not give more time to it. . . .

It was a great disappointment to Lloyd and myself not to be together, but it seemed to be clearly the will of Providence that we should deny ourselves that gratification, and it is quite uncertain whether we shall ever see each other again. As it was, we could be together less than two weeks, and in that time I did not learn half as much as I wanted. Hugh Brown, too, will go to the same station with Lloyd, and as Happer will be at Hong Kong,

I shall be "a stranger in the earth." So be it! It is good to feel that this is not our home, nor our rest. . . . .

I am your affectionate cousin,

W. M. Lowrie.

Macao, December 28th, 1844.

Rev. James Montgomery—

My Dear Brother:—Your letter of January 15th, which came to hand August 6th, gave me great pleasure, for it told me that though you had not written, your heart was still unchanged. I observed one thing in it, which has struck me in a number of other letters I have received. Speaking of my shipwreck, you remark, that you could scarce help thinking that I was preserved for some great end in this part of the world. The same idea has been expressed to me by several other of my correspondents, and I can sometimes scarcely avoid thinking it may be so; and yet the thought of it almost makes me tremble, for what a responsibility does it throw upon me, and what a foreshadowing, so to speak, is there in such an expectation of great trials and conflicts? It is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is in the way of "much tribulation" that great good is commonly effected; and if I am to be the instrument of good here, I cannot expect to avoid trials and sorrows, greater perhaps by far than any that have yet come upon me. I do not murmur at this. If I know my own heart, I do not wish to shrink from any cross or any burden God sees good or needful to lay upon me; but oh! how much do I need grace, yea, "more grace," to fit me for the trials of my work here. Pray for me, that when having done all and suffered all, I may stand accepted in the merits of Jesus Christ. I have had some little experience of tribulation since leaving the United States. I have known what it is to bear with long delays and hopes deferred, making the heart sick. I have gone through perils on the deep, and have been tried with the perversities and waywardness of some who had made the warmest professions of attachment.

Whither do all these things tend? Is the trial over yet, or am I to go through the furnace again? Dear Brother, I confess my heart sometimes trembles when I ask myself these questions. For after all this sifting, and searching, and refining, I still find so much of dross and impurity, that I sometimes think the furnace must be made "one seven times hotter," before I am fit for my work. If I have a work to do here, God will certainly prepare me for it. I do not wish to shrink from the preparation, but I do feel that without more grace I cannot endure it. Yet I dare not give way to fear. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. In every trial hitherto, grace has been sufficient, and shall I not trust him for the future? And when I look back I am obliged to say, that notwithstanding all the sorrows I have felt since leaving the United

States, no period of my life has been so happy as the last three years. As the sufferings have abounded, so have the consolations; and were it not for some undefined anticipations of the future, I should be ashamed to speak of my sorrows that are past at all. . . . Surely it is a wonder of sovereign grace, that God saves any of such a sinful race as ours is! We fight against him, and provoke him, even when he has shown us his love.

We have now a pretty large mission here, and I trust will soon be settled and all at work. *Cannot you come?* I should rejoice to have you with me; and I can assure you that I do not think your age a sufficient reason for not coming, if you have no other. Farewell, pray for me, and believe me,

Ever yours, in Christian bonds,

W. M. Lowrie.

CHAPTER VII.

1845.

DIFFERENT MISSIONS ESTABLISHED—LEAVES MACAO—VOYAGE UP THE COAST —NINGPO—CHINESE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN LANGUAGES.

During this year the missions of the Presbyterian Church in China began to assume a more settled form. In the first part of the year, the missionaries had all reached their respective stations, and commenced their work under favorable and encouraging circumstances. In April, Messrs. Culbertson and Lowrie arrived at Ningpo, and Mr. Loomis at Tinghai, on the island of Chusan; and in July the printing-press was removed to Ningpo. In May, the Rev. H. A. Brown reached Amoy. During the year, a boys' boarding-school was commenced at Macao, and another at Ningpo, under circumstances of much promise. During the summer, their number was lessened by the return home of Dr. Hepburn and his wife, on account of the failure of Mrs. Hepburn's health. This was a great trial to the mission at Amoy. Dr. Hepburn had acquired a knowledge of the Chinese language, and was greatly esteemed both by the native population and foreign residents.

The missionary labors of the year at Ningpo, the description of the country, and the general aspects of this new field of labor are so fully related in the letters and journals of this period, that nothing further need be added here.

In connection with the account of the missions in China, it is proper to notice the Edict of the Emperor, dated 28th December, 1844, giving full toleration for the exercises of the Christian religion. This remarkable document is one of the great events of the age. It was granted at the request of M. Lagrene, the French ambassador, on a memorial to the Emperor, from Keying, the Imperial Commissioner. It gives full toleration to all who profess the religion of *Tien Chu*, or the Lord of Heaven. This is the term used by the Roman Catholic missionaries to denote the Christian religion, and when the edict was issued, it was consid-

ered sufficiently comprehensive to embrace the Christian religion as professed by Protestants.

By later proceedings of the civil authorities, this construction appeared to be erroneous. On the 2d of November, 1845, proclamations were issued by the authority of the Imperial Commissioner, and the Lieutenant Governor of Canton, stating "that the religion of the Lord of Heaven consists in periodically assembling for unitedly worshipping the Lord of Heaven, in respecting and venerating the cross, with pictures and images, as well as in reading aloud the works of said religion."

By this explanation Protestants were excluded from the benefits of the edict of toleration, and much dissatisfaction was felt and expressed at this restriction. But this feeling was of short duration. On the 22d of December, 1845, Keying, the Imperial Commissioner, in a letter to the Consul of the United States, at Canton, states, "that some local magistrates had made improper seizures, taking and destroying crosses, pictures, and images, and after deliberation it was agreed that these might be reverenced. Originally, I did not know that there were among the nations these differences in their religious practices. Now, with regard to the religion of the Lord of Heaven, no matter whether the crosses, pictures, and images, be reverenced or not reverenced, all who, acting well, practice it, ought to be held blameless. All the great western nations being placed on an equal footing, only let them acting well practice their religion, and China will in no way prohibit or impede their so doing. Whether their customs be alike or unlike, certainly it is right that there should be no distinction, and no obstruction."

Thus did this subject come three times before the civil authorities of China, and the important distinction between Protestants and Roman Catholics was thus brought to their notice; and much to the credit of the Chinese government, all are equally protected.

Hong Kong, February 12th, 1845.

My Dear Father—

Your very welcome letter of August 30th, came to hand last Sabbath, being the first I have received from you for four months, the longest period of not hearing, since my first letters reached me. It does begin to appear as if years had elapsed since I saw you. Letters written home and answers received, answers written back, and replies to those answers received, and soon I shall have replies to these last.

Having finished all I had to do in Macao, I left that place January 21st, and came here to take passage for Chusan. I expect to have as a fellow-passenger, the Rev. T. McClatchie, missionary of the Church Missionary Society, of whom I have formed a very good opinion. The Rev. George Smith, his colleague, is in very poor health, and I fear can do no more than visit the different ports, and then return to England. I shall regret this exceedingly, for I have conceived a very high opinion of him. The connection of these excellent men with the Established Church of England gives them much influence with the people from England in China; but at the same time it requires them to be doubly cautious not to give any ground of complaint against themselves. On this subject, however, I feel daily that we have reason for gratitude in our American citizenship, and the perfect freedom of the Church from all connection with the State. It is not by might nor by power, but by God's Spirit that our work is to be done. May God grant the time soon to come when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I have never heard you express any opinion about the Millenarian scheme. But a remark you once made, "I think the Millenium will be only a great revival of religion," leads me to suppose either that you had not then examined it, or thought unfavorably of it. I have paid a good deal of attention to it of late, and without being able to say I am convinced, I must say that my former opinions are greatly shaken. That the Jews will be restored to their own country I firmly believe.

I wish you would examine the whole subject and let me know what you think of it. The common opinion against this view is, that it cuts the sinews of missionary effort. I do not feel this. Several of the missionaries in China are Millenarians; and looking at it as I do, I feel that if I could think it true, it would give me an additional inducement to the great work of preaching the Gospel, and additional hopes of immediate success.

February 14. Messrs. Loomis and Culbertson are going in the Isabella Ann, to sail the 19th. I have taken passage in the Rob Roy, to sail the 16th. I have been detained here a long time, and it is important that I go up north as soon as possible. I trust it will be the last voyage I may have to take for many years to come. I have no fears as to the result of it, though I confess I should not be surprised if I were landed in Japan. "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

THE VOYAGE UP THE COAST.

Macao, January 19th, 1845.

It is three years to-day since I left my father's house. Many changes have come over me since then; trials and afflictions have

befallen me, but out of them all the Lord hath delivered me, and having obtained help of him I continue to this day. For nearly two years I have been preaching to a small congregation of English and Americans, once every Sabbath. To-day I preached my last sermon to them, and bade them farewell. How many of them shall I meet in peace at the great day of reckoning? As far as they are concerned at least, I feel myself pure from their blood. I have not shunned to declare unto them the whole counsel of God. And to some at least it has been a blessing; would that the same could be said of all!

January 21st, 1845. I bade farewell to Macao, and turned my face to the north. It was not without apprehensions that I contemplated another voyage, and that against the strong north-east monsoon, for nearly every voyage I have made since arriving in China has been attended with disaster, and not a few of my friends shook their heads ominously when I spoke of tempting the sea again. Yet the path of duty seemed clear. Nothing further of any consequence remained for me to do in Macao, and it was desirable on several accounts, that I should as speedily as possible proceed to Ningpo. Committing my way, therefore, to that God who had heretofore led me, even through the deep waters, and preserved me in the most imminent perils, and led me by paths that I knew not, I left Macao, a place that had become endeared to me by many associations and recollections.

It was far from my intention to have spent so long a time in Macao; but various intimations of Providence had kept me there nearly two years and a half. How many events have occurred in that time! When I arrived, there was war between England and China, and most men thought it would be of long continuance. Yet in a few months the war was ended, a treaty of peace was negotiated, and five ports in China were thrown open to foreigners. Extravagant hopes began to fill men's minds, and many expectations were indulged, which have not been realized. When the supplementary treaty was signed, (Oct. 8th, 1843,) boasts long and loud were uttered, and hopes rose yet higher. But had men been wise and studied God's law and providence, they must have seen there was reason to fear that treaty could not prosper. The *Christian* Plenipotentiary who negotiated it, agreed to the proposal of a Heathen Statesman, and signed it on the Lord's day! There was all the parade and circumstance of military pomp, and men in their joy forgot that there is a God who will not suffer his law to be violated with impunity. This treaty, far less than the treaty of Nanking, has satisfied the expectations at first formed. Rather it has bitterly disappointed them, for some of its clauses have nearly crushed the commercial importance of Hong Kong.

What changes and accessions in our own mission! I have seen McBryde go home, and have welcomed here, Hepburn and Cole, and McCartee and Way, and Loomis and Lloyd, and Culbertson and Happer. Several of them are already settled in their

appointed stations, and now our Chinese mission, after various fluctuations, wears a more settled and promising aspect, than at any former time.

What changes in the other missions! Mrs. Boone and Mrs. Dean, Mr. Dyer, Mr. Morrison,* Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Shuck, have gone to their reward. Some have gone home on visits, one no more to return. Others have come in their places. More than half the missionaries now in China have arrived within the last three years, though of these several had been laboring in other parts for the Chinese. It has been a time of breaking up and settling down again; but like the sea whose waters heave, even when the storm has died away, there is a heaving and a motion yet. What shall the end of these things be? Little do we know, and still less can we foresee, but "the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." Whatever changes may occur, all shall accomplish good. "I will overturn and overturn and overturn until he come, whose right it is: and I will give it him."—Ezek. xxi. 27.

Comparatively few vessels sail for the northern ports of China during the N. E. monsoon, and I was detained nearly a month in Hong Kong. Yet the delay, though tedious, was not unpleasant, for there were many friends there, and letters from home brought me cheering news. At length I succeeded in getting a berth on board the Rob Roy. She is a clipper bark, built in Calcutta, to trade between India and China. The captain and mates are English, and her crew a motley mixture of Bengalis, Malays, Manila men, with one or two Arabs, two Chinese, and a Portuguese from Goa, who is the blackest man on board.

I regretted much that the vessel sailed to-day, which is the Sabbath, but this I could not prevent; all my baggage of course was put on board yesterday, and had she sailed early in the morning, I should have slept on board. But knowing that there would be much bustle and confusion, I thought I could spend the Sabbath morning more profitably on shore. Got a note from the captain, saying she would leave anchorage at eleven, A. M.; so about ten I bade my kind friends farewell, and came on board. It looks but little like the Sabbath here. The men were washing the decks, officers busy, merchants and clerks from the town on board, and altogether it was far, far from pleasant. Shortly after eleven we started, but were detained nearly two hours in getting out of the harbor, by the consignees not having all the papers ready. How little of the Sabbath was kept by the consignees, officers, and sixty-three Lascars and other persons concerned in the sailing of this single vessel!

We left Hong Kong on the 16th of February, with a fair wind, which carried us out of the harbor, but it soon fell calm, and then we had the N. E. monsoon directly in our teeth. Our vessel is a

* Although Mr. Morrison was not a missionary himself, he was one of our warmest friends, and his death was as much a loss to the missionaries, as to any other class in China.

very fast sailer, and consequently in "beating passages," very wet, and her deck was seldom dry. On the 18th we passed immense numbers of fishing-boats; I counted one hundred and ninety-five at one time in sight, and that was not nearly all. We kept close along the Chinese coast for several days, beating against the wind, and making tolerably good progress. After reaching Breaker Point, we stretched across the Formosa Channel. The wind was strong, and the sea high, and for two or three days we were uncomfortable enough. In eight days after leaving Formosa, we saw the high land on the southern end of Formosa. A whole day was spent in beating about there, and then, getting a favorable breeze, we sailed "in a smother of foam," into the wide Pacific Ocean. As we saw it, it did not correspond with its name, for the restless heaving, and rolling, and tossing of the waves, agitated as they were by a strong wind, was anything but peaceful. The wind and current still favoring us, we were soon as far on our way as the northern end of Formosa. It is rather remarkable that while a strong current sets to the southward on the western side of Formosa, there is a current in the opposite direction on the east. The reason probably is, that the N. E. monsoon drives a large body of water from the Yellow and Eastern seas, down the Formosa Channel; and to supply the deficiency thus caused, a current sets up from the eastern side of the same island. We passed several islands on our route, but they were small and rocky, and most probably barren. Of Formosa itself we saw nothing after the first day. This large and populous island, which may be called the granary of some of the eastern provinces of China, is as yet without the presence of any missionary, either Protestant or Roman Catholic. The western part is under the dominion of the Emperor of China, but the inhabitants of the mountains in the centre have not been subdued, and the eastern shore is almost unknown.

We were so much favored in the first part of our voyage that we reached the latitude of the Chusan islands in sixteen days, which at this season of the year is a very quick run; but the remainder of our voyage was not so speedy. We had then less than two hundred miles further to go, but a succession of baffling head winds caused us to spend a whole week in going that short distance. It was not till Tuesday, March 11, that we cast anchor at Woosung, twenty-three days after leaving Hong Kong. In the favorable monsoon the voyage is made with ease in less than ten days. It was a very rough voyage, and except in urgent cases should not be attempted, especially by females. The roughness of the passage renders it nearly impossible to spend one's time profitably, and three or four weeks, or even five, for the voyage is often that long, is too much time to be thrown away. There is also all the risk, which is not small, and the exposure, which, coming from the warm latitude of Canton, to the colder climate of the north, is not a little disagreeable. Yet men of the world submit

to all this, and much more, for the sake of earthly riches, and the missionary should not hesitate to do the same when the great object of his life can be gained by the sacrifice of some personal ease or comfort.

Most persons dislike the sea, and it is common to speak of the monotony and tedium of long voyages. There is little to be seen that is new after the first few days, and without caution and watchfulness, one is apt to become impatient and fretful. Yet with due care, it need not be so. The best of all expedients to make the time pass pleasantly, is to have something to do, and to do it. It requires some resolution to keep one's self constantly employed, but the exertion is amply repaid. And there is much, even amidst the sameness of sea life, that is deeply instructive. God has so ordered all things in nature, that they form a constant commentary and illustration of invisible and eternal things. That more of such analogies can be traced in the sailor's life than in any other I will not presume to say, but I have often been surprised, and oftener still instructed as well as gratified, with the illustrations of the Christian's course which the voyage of a ship affords. The various changes of the weather, now calm and sunshiny; now stormy and dark; now rapidly speeding on with prosperous breezes, and anon, painfully laboring against the wind; who has not felt such changes as these in his Christian course?—The unceasing diligence of all concerned, especially the captain and officers, their constant study of the charts and books of directions, and their anxiety to secure observations of the sun and stars, that they may know their daily progress and position; who does not recognize in this the duty of the Christian to study carefully the great chart and book which God has given to direct us on our way, and by earnest *looking upward*, to gain wisdom from on high to lead our steps?—The constant look-out for danger, and the anxiety to avoid hidden shoals, to mark the progress and direction of the currents, and to take advantage of every wind that blows; how often have they reproved me for being so careless of danger, and so negligent where Christ said, "Watch!" and so indifferent to the Spirit's influences, which, "like the wind," must waft the soul to heaven. When the ship has dropped her anchor in the port, universal joy possesses every heart. The dangers and watchings and fatigues of the voyage are over, the rewards of labor are now to be enjoyed, and the quietness and peace of home to repay the toils and perils that are past. "They are glad because they are quiet, and because they are brought to their desired haven," but how much more real and satisfying is the Christian's joy, when he enters the haven of rest, his home in the skies. *There* "there is no more sea."

The entrance of the great river Yang-tsze Keang (*child of the ocean*) is rather difficult, especially to vessels drawing much water. So much earth is brought down by this immense stream, and deposited in the sea, that the water is quite shallow for many

miles, and a vessel is in danger of running aground long before the land is seen. The coasts of China in this latitude are low, and perfectly level, and the land can scarcely be seen more than ten miles off. The strength of the tides is also very great, and several vessels have already been lost on the sands and rocks off the entrance of the river. Until lighthouses are erected, and buoys properly placed, more than ordinary caution will be required of the officers of vessels visiting Shanghai.

After entering the river, the course is north-west, to Woosung. Entering the Woosung river, the course is south-west, about fourteen miles to Shanghai.

The whole country for many miles around the city is a perfect plain, having only sufficient elevation and depression to carry off the water. There is not a single hill within twenty miles of Shanghai, which, of course, renders the appearance of the country uninteresting. The soil, however, is rich and productive, and excepting the space occupied by the graves, is in a high state of cultivation. There are no stones, nor even small pebbles, for in a trip of some twenty miles along the Woosung river, not a stone was to be seen, except such as had been brought from a distance. Farm houses and small villages dot the country in every direction, and clumps of bamboos, with orchards of peaches and plum trees, and willows by the water-courses, relieve the sameness of the ground. Two crops, one of wheat, and the other of cotton, are raised every year, and in some parts a third crop of rice is also procured. Rice, however, is not so much cultivated here as in the more southern parts of China, and as there are few paddy fields near the city, the ground is not so marshy as to render it unhealthy.

The city of Shanghai is pleasantly situated at the junction of the Woosung and Hwangpoo rivers. It is of a circular form, surrounded by walls, about fifteen feet high, and nearly four miles in circumference. The suburbs near the rivers are thickly inhabited, and the population is estimated at about two hundred thousand inhabitants. By the Woosung river it is connected with the city of Soochow, the capital of the province, and one of the most luxurious and wealthy in the empire, and also with the Grand Canal which reaches to Peking. Hence its situation is one of great importance, and its trade is immense. Rows of junks are moored for nearly two miles along the bank of the Hwangpoo, on the east of the city, and vessels are constantly arriving and departing. Already it is attracting a large share of foreign commerce, and many suppose that it will soon rival, if not surpass Canton, as a place for foreign trade. Sixty-five foreign vessels have already entered the port, though it is but a year and a half since business commenced to be done there. The great tea and silk districts of China are nearer to Shanghai than to Canton, and if proper encouragement be held out, a large part

of those articles which were formerly carried at great expense to the latter place, will find their way either to Shanghai or Ningpo.

Every foreigner who has visited this place, gives the inhabitants a much better character than those of Canton. They are rather taller, of a more ruddy complexion, and much more civil and well-disposed than their southern countrymen. In passing through the streets one is rarely insulted, and the opprobrious epithets so common in Canton and Macao are scarcely ever heard here.

The change that has come over the intercourse of the Chinese with foreigners within the last few years, is indeed wonderful. Five years ago we were confined to the suburbs of a single city. Exposed to insult and scorn even there, and denied the privilege of using the sedan chair, which the poorest Chinese may have by paying a hundred cash.* While such a thing as the wives or daughters of the foreign barbarians being allowed to enter the precincts of the "Celestial Empire," was out of the question. In Shanghai, Dr. Lockhart and myself walked quietly to the English consulate in the heart of the city, where divine service was held, on the Sabbath, whilst his wife and sister went before us in the sedan chairs—and, excepting a few dogs which had not yet become reconciled to the presence of foreigners, none moved his tongue against us, and we felt as secure as though we had been in the cities of our native lands.

The appearance of the city of Shanghai is not very prepossessing. The houses are crowded close together, and there are few buildings that make much pretensions to even Chinese ideas of architectural beauty, while by the Chinese themselves it ranks rather pre-eminent among the "dirty cities" of the Empire. Of one house now occupied by a foreigner, I was assured that when rented to him, it had not been cleaned for twenty years, and was in consequence, "unspeakably dirty," and with my own eyes, I saw the dirt lying full four inches thick on the floor of a temple in the heart of the city.

The Roman Catholics once had a strong footing in Shanghai. Paul Siu, an officer of the highest rank, and his daughter Candida, who were the two most powerful and liberal friends the Jesuits ever possessed in China, were natives of this city, and several monuments to his memory are still found within the walls. In one place, the heathen descendants of Siu offer incense to his image. One of the idol temples in the city was formerly a chapel of the Roman Catholics, and is even now commonly called the "Teen-choo-tang," or "Hall of the Lord of Heaven," the name they give their places of worship in China. There are many Roman Catholic converts in the province of Keang-su, and several foreign priests, who dress in Chinese clothes, and live as the Chinese do. The R. C. Bishop of Keang-nan and Shantung, an

* About nine cents.

Italian, and a nephew of the Pope, by the way, resides within five miles of Shanghai.

Saturday, 30th March, 1845. Left Shanghai on yesterday, and reached Woosung to-day about eleven o'clock. I went ashore, and strolled up the banks of the Yang-tsze Keang about three miles. The river is so wide, you cannot see the other bank. The country being very low, high embankments are raised to protect the land from the high tides. The embankment along the Yang-tsze Keang, is faced with solid masonry four feet thick and about fifteen feet high, for several miles—how far exactly I cannot say, but as far as I went or could see, it was so. The termination of my walk was the little city of Paouhau, which is walled and has four gates. The city is square, the circuit of the walls very little more than a mile, and nearly all the houses are ranged along the two streets that extend from the gates and intersect in the centre of the town. The rest of the space within the walls is occupied by gardens. I should not think the population was more than two thousand. The houses outside the walls were larger and more numerous than those within. I went right through the town, then out at the same gate, a crowd of boys at my heels, then half round the walls, and then back to the ship.

Tuesday, April 1st. About eleven o'clock in the morning, cast anchor in Chusan harbor, and my joy at finding myself safe at my journey's end, was only equalled by that of finding the Isabella Ann with Loomis and Culbertson safe on board. She arrived on Saturday, after a thirty-eight days' passage, which, from the accounts they have given me, was not only very unpleasant, but even dangerous; but we are all safe here. Thanks to God, who holds the winds and directs the storms.

In the day-time went through the city of Tinghai. Loomis and his wife remain here for the present. The Culbertsons go to Ningpo to-morrow. I shall remain several days and go to Ningpo early next week.

Tinghai is in the centre of a large valley, with high hills on three sides. At this time the valley is all green and yellow with crops of beans, barley, and cabbage in flower, and looks very well. The streets are, I think, cleaner than is usual in Chinese towns. In the evening I walked with Loomis and Culbertson over the little island just opposite Tinghai; a splendid view from the top; quite delighted to find some blue and white violets growing on the hill.

Wednesday, April 2d. Went to the Isabella Ann to see about my freight. Found my mattress was missing, and several boxes of my books wet. Had not time to open them, but shall doubtless find them much spoiled. The Rob Roy being so full, I could not bring them in her, and had to send them by the other. Mr. Bates, an American merchant, the only American here, has very kindly offered me a room while I stay here.

Thursday, April 3d. I had my boxes from the Isabella Ann

taken to Mr. Loomis's house, and as they had got wet on board the ship, I had serious misgivings about their condition. I opened them to-day; but oh, what a mess! My books, my noble books, on which I prided myself so much; some were utterly ruined, more than half are seriously injured, three-fourths are greatly defaced, and not one-fourth have escaped without some damage. Five hundred dollars would not replace the injury they have suffered.

The mate of the vessel who stowed them away, "thought they were spirits or wine," and put them in the part of the vessel where such articles are kept, where, if water should come, no harm is done! I fancy he had some *spirits* in his head when he thought so. Well, there was no use of crying, or scolding, or fretting; so I did not lose my temper. I only wished I had not brought so many; but as wishing was of no avail, I commenced to rub and air them. I got two Chinese to help me. They will be a pitiable sight when all is done.

Friday, April 4th. A wet, raining forenoon. Went to Loomis's house, and spent several hours among my damaged books. Alas! alas!

Coming back, I heard a heavy regular tramp behind me, and supposed it must be a company of six or eight soldiers going to relieve guard. Without looking round, I walked as close as I could to the houses, to let them pass. At last finding no one passed, I looked round. and behold, it was a Chinaman with shoes for rainy weather. These shoes are made like other Chinese shoes, with the addition of a great many heavy iron nails in the sole; the heads are of a conical shape, and about half an inch thick.

Monday, April 7th. After breakfast, I started with Mr. Loomis for a walk. Tinghai is built in a valley. We went through the city, and out at the north gate, and then up through the largest valley. What a delightful walk it was! I do not think I have had one so pleasant in China. There were farm-houses and paddy-fields, and clover-patches, with red yellow flowers; and some of the farmers were ploughing the clover in for manure. There were patches of barley, and cabbages run to seed. I wonder what they do with so many cabbage seeds? They make oil for cooking and lamps. There were some beautifully built tombs, with cedars planted round them. There were dandelions, and a kind of wild honeysuckle, violets, and some flowers a little like larkspurs. Then there was a beautiful little stream bubbling and murmuring over the stones; and altogether I have seen nothing so much like home since I left the United States. The top of the hills where we went, was about three miles from Tinghai, and though the sun was warm, the north wind kept us pleasantly cool. What a splendid climate is this. It is April now, and the people in Macao are wearing white jackets, while here we have all our winter clothing on yet.

There was a large valley surrounded on all sides by hills, with many houses, and highly cultivated. As we did not wish to go farther, we turned into a stone hut thatched with straw, and asked for a bowl of water, which was cheerfully given. I tried my Chinese on the man, and could get along after a fashion.

Tuesday, April 8th. After breakfast Loomis and I started for a walk. Went out of the east gate, and up the valley that runs eastward from Tinghai. The valley is very rich, and highly cultivated. They are just now letting the water on for a crop of rice, and we saw the first bed in which the rice is sown, previous to transplanting. Several fields of barley, all planted in bunches, and some nearly ready for reaping; a patch of peas in blossom, numerous beds of stalk beans, fields of clover, buffalos and buffalo cows, and numerous farm-houses, rendered the walk very interesting. From the main valley numerous lesser ones run in among the hills on either side, affording a large extent of cultivable land; and most of the lower hills were cultivated to the top, while the larger hills are also studded over with cultivated spots, very far up. This is certainly a very beautiful island. Much more rice is produced than the inhabitants can use, and a great part is consumed in making sam shoo, a highly intoxicating liquor.

On our return we stopped at a large and neat private house, or rather collection of houses, belonging to one person. On entering the door, the females, who were sitting in one of the back rooms, started up in some alarm, but as they saw us not very ferocious, they stood and looked. Presently the father of the household came out, and invited us to enter the reception hall, which was designated as the Hall of Patience and Benevolence. He had tea brought in, grown, as he said, on the island; and I tried my Chinese on him, but not very successfully. The old man was very polite, but rather deaf, and did not understand me so well as his son or grandson, who stood outside. After sitting awhile, I gave him a copy of Ephesians and came away, much gratified with our visit.

Packed up my books, or at least part of them, to take to Ningpo. About two hundred volumes were in such a state that I must leave them here for a while, and some fifty or more are about useless. "Three removes are as bad as a fire!"

Thursday, April 10th. Left Chusan at half-past nine, A. M., with fair tide but light wind. Chartered a native boat, and took most of my goods and chattels, making twenty-one packages in all; paid three dollars for the boat, which is about one-third of what I should have had to pay in Macao. There were only a few passengers, as I told the owner he must not crowd the boat. Among the passengers were two inhabitants of the mainland from near Chinhai, a farmer, a Budhist priest, and a Fuhkeen merchant, decidedly the most intelligent of the whole. There were several others, but I saw none of them except one, who came

to me once with his breath smelling so strong of opium, that I gave him a lecture thereupon.

At first they showed vast curiosity about my clothes, shoes, gloves, &c., which they examined most minutely. The Fuhkeen merchant was more sensible. I could talk just a little with all of them, and soon was on very good terms with them, and gave them some tracts, but the Fuhkeen man was the only person who could read understandingly. The priest said there was an old man at his house who could read, and I gave him one for him. Our course lay along the southern shore of Kentong, and about two o'clock we entered the Ningpo river. A good many junks were lying off Chinhai, a walled city at the mouth of the river. Here our passengers all left; and as the tide turned against us, and the wind was very light, we had to remain several hours. During the night the tide changed, and we kept on. I slept until daylight,

Friday, April 11th, When I looked out, and found myself on the eastern side of Ningpo. I soon found Mr. Way and Mr. Culbertson, and in half an hour had my goods all ashore, without taking them to the Custom-house.

Breakfast at eight o'clock. After prayers I soon found Dr. McCartee, who is living in a monastery. Then took a walk through the city, admired the straightness and width and comparative cleanness of the streets, and afterwards went to the Pagoda, or Tower of Ningpo, an immense tall tower, a hundred feet or more in height. Vast numbers of swallows have built their nests in holes in the walls. Going up to the top, I enjoyed a magnificent view of the country around. Ningpo is in a vast plain, a perfect level; but high hills are in sight on all sides but one. The plain is so level that the hills look quite near, but they are really from fifteen to eighteen miles distant.

At six o'clock, P. M., took a walk with Way and Culbertson, and their wives. There are but few houses in this part of the suburbs, and we walked about perfectly unembarrassed with people. The vegetation is very luxuriant here. Saw several tombs erected in the time of the Ming Dynasty; there was first a pair of stone rams; then of dogs; then of horses saddled and bridled; then of monks; and then of tombs. I have seen many of them at Shanghai.

Here endeth my first day in Ningpo. I am very much gratified with all I have seen.

Saturday, April 12th. After breakfast, Way and Culbertson and myself started for a walk round the city walls, commencing at the north gate. The whole time occupied was one hour and forty minutes; and as the day was cold and we walked fast, we reckoned the circuit of the walls to be six miles. The walls are about fifteen feet high, with a parapet six feet higher. Within the parapet, the top of the wall is wide enough for four or five to walk abreast. The wall is flanked with stone on both sides, and paved on the top; the middle, I suppose, is filled with rubbish. It is in a tolerably good state of preservation; though in several

places the parapet has fallen, and in many places grass and bushes are growing among the stones. The city is tolerably well filled with houses; though near the western and northern walls, there are many vacant places. The suburbs at the eastern and western gates are both very closely built and populous. Between the rivers and a deep canal, the city is nearly surrounded with water. There are also two lakes and a canal within the city, which communicate with that outside by two water gates, adjoining the south and west gates.

In a hasty walk round the city, one cannot notice much. One thing that particularly struck the eye was the mode of interment. There are two in common practice. The first and most common is to place the massive coffin on the surface of the ground, and leave it there. Sometimes it is bound round with matting or straw, and occasionally built up around with brick; but commonly the coffin is simply laid on the ground. Sometimes you see only one; sometimes a dozen; and occasionally, hundreds lying close together, close by the houses both within and without the walls. The other mode is to cover the body with a conical mound of earth, and plant evergreens, commonly cedars, around it. There is quite a forest of such plantations on the west of the city. I am not sure whether the body is interred in these mounds, or whether the bones are taken out of the exposed coffin after the flesh has decayed, and then interred. At Shanghai there is the same mode of laying the coffins on the ground and of erecting earthen mounds, but I do not remember the evergreens.

Came back to Dr. McCartee's establishment, which is just within the northern gate. It is his prescribing day, and he had a great crowd. I concluded to take a set of rooms, some four or five, which the monks offered to let me have, and to put some furniture in for me, for five dollars a month, with possession on Tuesday or Wednesday. It will be a capital place to learn the language, which is my object at present.

A cold, rainy afternoon and evening, and all glad to gather round a charcoal fire.

April 14th, 1845. After a visit to the city, we sailed some distance up the north branch of the river, whose course is quite crooked a short distance above the North Gate. At the distance of twelve le,* we passed a large distillery, known by the usual sign of a tall pole, with a small round bamboo sieve near the top, and a small flag above it. Passing three le further, we went ashore at a temple where the keeper received us full civilly, and gave us tea to drink. The temple contained nothing of interest, but we were amused in watching a boat as it passed over a sluice. As the tide rises and falls several feet in the river, the small streams and canals that empty into it would be nearly useless at low water. To prevent this, they are all dammed up at the

* Three le are about one mile.

mouth, and thus the water is made to stand always at nearly the same level, so that they are always useful for irrigation and navigation. To enable boats to enter the river, and come back into the canals, the dam is rounded off, and by means of two rude capsterns and bamboo ropes, the boats are hauled up to the top of the dam. It consists simply of mud, beaten smooth and hard, and rendered slippery by pouring a little water over it. As soon as the boats are once at the top, their own weight carries them down the other side, and they enter the river like a ship launched from the stocks. Each sluice is attended by two men and several boys, and it requires but a minute or two to pass a boat in either direction. By these economical locks there is no loss of water, and the wear of the flat-bottomed boats is small. The toll for passing these sluices varies from five to eight cents, according to the size of the boat.

15th. The wheat and barley are now in the ear, and the heads begin to grow heavy.

16th. Crossed the ferry at the east gate, where a large number of boats are constantly plying. This place, at the junction of the two rivers, is the most busy part of Ningpo. Went over to the eastern suburb, which is large and populous, and a place of much business, but not remarkable for cleanliness. After strolling through several streets, came by the Bridge of Boats, to the Ling Keaou Nuw, or "Gate of the Etherial Bridge." The bridge, which has not much that is very etherial about it, consists of a flooring laid over a number of large boats, which are anchored in the stream, with sufficient space for small boats to pass between. Numerous stalls of what might be called "notions," occupy either side of the bridge, and a great crowd is constantly passing and repassing. There is no toll on this bridge.

The street from the Ling Keaou Nuw is almost entirely occupied by furniture shops, some of which present a very showy appearance. The bedsteads, with their carved, painted, and gilded frames, and gay decorations, are the most remarkable.

Continuing our walk through several streets, we were objects of general curiosity. A foreigner is still "a sight worth seeing" in Ningpo, and men and boys both cry out as we pass, "*Hung ma nyin! hung ma nyin!*" a term which literally means "red-haired men," but is applied without exception to all foreigners. Occasionally, a mischievous boy cries out, "*Wailo!*" a term derived from foreigners, and equivalent to "be off!" but it often seems to be done more with the intention of exciting our attention than of insulting us. From hearing the soldiers and sailors calling to their companions, "I say—look here," &c., the natives have got the idea that "I say" is equivalent to a proper name, and one is often saluted with it in passing through the streets.

17th. In conversation with an old gentleman who is himself a *sewtsai*, a literary degree equivalent to our Bachelor of Arts, he informed me that there are about four hundred sewtsai in the city,

and nearly a thousand in this *foo*, or department, which contains six *heen*, or districts. He estimates the population of Ningpo at forty myriads, or four hundred thousand, a large estimate probably. He knew something of other nations;—a rare acquirement even among the most educated of the Chinese, and seemed very proud of displaying his geographic learning.

Afterwards went with Dr. McCartee to see the garden of Mr. Kiang, a salt merchant, supposed to be the richest man in Ningpo. It is visited by nearly every foreigner who comes here, and is very beautiful, though not large. Artificial rock-work, caverns, pools of water, summer-houses, green arbors, and sweet flowers, make it a very pleasant place. The old gentleman was very polite, and according to custom, gave us tea to drink, which, *not* according to custom, was really excellent. The old man is hard of hearing, and said little; but one of his sons talked a great deal about America and broadcloth. Nothing seems to take the fancy of the Chinese so much as the cloth we wear, whether woollen, linen, or cotton, and it is usually one of the first topics on which they begin to ask questions.

18th. Took up my quarters at the Yu shing kwan monastery, belonging to the Taou sect, which is situated just within the north gate of the city. There are, in all, five monks in the establishment. As soon as my baggage was brought in, the old abbot sent in a wooden waiter with a pile of sponge cakes, and four cups of tea, together with a red card, on the top of which was written, "Congratulations," and beneath, "The resident supporter of the Yu shing kwan monastery. Hwang che hwuy bows his head and worships." A small present was sent back in return.

In the morning, had an opportunity of seeing a "small foot" uncovered. One of the female patients had some disease, which made it necessary to take the bandages off the foot, a thing they are commonly unwilling to do before strangers. The sight was by no means pleasant. All the toes except the largest were turned under the sole of the foot; the instep was greatly elevated, and the hollow between the heel and the ball of the foot much deeper than in the natural state. All the women here, excepting the nuns, have their feet thus unnaturally compressed, and in consequence, you never see a woman able to walk with even tolerable ease and grace. They all go hobbling about like cripples, and frequently have to depend upon an umbrella, or the shoulder of a female attendant whose feet are not quite so cruelly hampered as their own, to support their steps.

For several days past, green peas in abundance have been sold in the markets.

19th. In our walk after breakfast, we found some soldiers practising musketry under the direction of their officers. They were merely firing blank cartridges, and the sole object seemed to be to accustom them to load swiftly and fire with deliberation. Nearly every man shut his eyes, and turned away his head when he

pulled the trigger. The guns were all matchlocks of the rudest construction, and the touch-hole was large enough to admit a ten-penny-nail, consequently nearly a third of the charge escaped at the wrong end. Each man, after firing, lifted up his right foot, made a bow to the officer commanding, and fell back; but the whole exhibition was poorly calculated to inspire one with respect for their prowess or efficiency.

Afterwards went to the Hwuy-Hwuy Tang, or Mohammedan Mosque. The keepers of the building were from Shantung; and one old woman spoke Mandarin beautifully. (The purest Mandarine dialect is spoken in Shantung.) The mosque is a small building, with many Arabic inscriptions, and we were informed that there are some five hundred Mohammedans in Ningpo. They have a larger mosque, and more numerous population in Hangchou, the capital of this province. There was formerly a Jewish synagogue in Ningpo, as well as one in Hangchou, but no traces of them are now discoverable, and the only Jews known to exist in China, are in Kaifung foo, the capital of Honan.

Visited also a small flower-garden, but saw little worthy of notice. There were some dwarf trees, and curiously-twisted and gnarled shrubs, which the Chinese take great delight in cultivating. By tying cords to the branches, so as to make them grow crookedly, and other devices, they succeed in giving to young and small trees the appearance of great age.

20th. Preached this morning to the largest congregation of foreigners that has yet met in Ningpo, sixteen persons in all.

21st. Dr. McCartee having occasion to go to Chusan to-day, I am left alone in the monastery; but a smattering of Mandarin, of which the people all understand a little, enables me to get along without difficulty. Dr. McCartee has three boys under his care, the two elder of whom are very interesting and affectionate; and his teacher is a kind-hearted, excellent man, "almost persuaded to be a Christian." We have prayers morning and evening in Chinese, when the teacher reads and explains a chapter in Chinese, and repeats or reads a prayer; after which we have a prayer in English. A-chang, the second boy, was greatly delighted with my barometer, and repeated several times, "Heaou teh fung! heaou teh yu!" "It understands the wind! It understands the rain!" and finally, he declared there was nothing so admirable in all Ningpo.

Shortly after Dr. McCartee started, a man came in great haste to have him go and see a man who had swallowed opium, a common mode of committing suicide. Dr. Macgowan happened to be here, and went immediately, but the man was dead before he could see him.

22d. Teaching the boys English, who, in return, make capital teachers in Chinese.

A man came for medicine to cure opium smoking, He had no money to buy more opium, and the desire for it was so strong, as

to be a torment. When told that I could do nothing for him, not being a physician, he asked with some asperity, "Then what did you come here for, since you are not a merchant?" My knowledge of the language was scarcely sufficient to answer his question satisfactorily.

23d. Arranging my rooms, and putting my clock up. Got a servant to-day, who seems to be a very simple-hearted, good sort of a fellow, and who looked with unbounded admiration at the clock. Seeing one of the monks, he called out to him, "Here is a clock!" It has been a great object of admiration all day.

25th. Along with Dr. McCartee, and Messrs. Way and Culbertson, went out several miles into the country to see a patient of the Doctor's, who is confined with a broken leg. The country is intersected with innumerable canals, which supply the place of high roads in other countries. Much ground is also covered with tombs, so that the common saying, that the Chinese use no ground for tombs which can be cultivated, is incorrect. In the south, where barren hills abound, and only the valleys are fit for cultivation, the remark is true; but about Shanghai, Chusan, and Ningpo, it is not.

The canals are full of fish: to catch them, bamboo fences are staked across them in numerous places, with only an opening for boats. The opening itself is staked with flexible reeds, which allow the water to pass through, and boats to pass over, but effectually prevent the fish. Commonly, the fences are formed into a kind of labyrinth, so that when the fish are driven to them, they enter a trap, from which it is difficult to escape, and they are then scooped up with a small hand-net. The appearance of the country is very beautiful; crops of wheat and barley nearly ready for the reaper, patches of clover, beds of rice for transplanting, young fields of reeds for mats, (a very important part of the trade of Ningpo,) water-wheels, worked by buffaloes or men, the latter sort somewhat on the principle of the tread-mill, a few water buffaloes and oxen, quiet farm-houses and numerous villages, with some old trees, form a picture of great beauty. Oh! that this were indeed Immanuel's land! that those whom we meet were partakers of the same faith and hope with us! "How long, O Lord! Return and visit these long desolations!"

30th. Invited to a Chinese dinner. The dishes were brought in bowls, everything being cut up, and ready for use. Each guest was provided with a small wine-cup, a spoon, and a pair of chop-sticks. The guests were Dr. McCartee and his teacher, the old abbot and one of the monks from the monastery, and myself. The dishes were:—stewed chicken, cold goose, duck and bamboo-sprouts, pork, fish, cherries, water-chestnuts, pea-nuts, soup, beche de-mer, ginger, preserved eggs, spinnage, and rice and tea to close with; besides, hot spirits distilled from rice. It was my first effort with chop-sticks, which are awkward enough at first, especially when you try to take up a hard-boiled egg. Several of the dishes

were very palatable, but one or two of the customs were not particularly pleasant, e. g., the old abbot, after putting his chop-sticks several times into his mouth, picked out a tempting piece of goose, and offered it to me with the same sticks. I begged to be excused, though it is a mark of polite attention to make such an offer; also a wet cloth was handed round after dinner to wipe the fingers and mouth, the same cloth for all.

May 2d, 1845. Observed some strawberries quite ripe. In size, shape, and color, and in the leaf, they are much like ours; but they are quite tasteless, and so little used by the Chinese, that most of them think them poisonous. I have, however, eaten some, and seen others do the same, without any unpleasant effects. While gathering them, a man came along, who accosted me, and begged for medicine to cure him of opium smoking. Notwithstanding my telling him that I had none, he followed me all the way to my lodgings, repeating his request.

May 3. In the afternoon a respectable and interesting-looking Chinese came to the Yushing kwan temple to perform some ceremonies on the sixth birth-day of his son. The little fellow was dressed in his best clothes, and seemed to enjoy the whole affair. His father had brought gilt paper, printed prayers, and a large number of bowls full of various meats, rice, vegetables, nuts, cups of wine, and the like, which were spread out before the idols. The ceremonies were performed in the apartment of the *Tow-moo*, or Bushel Mother, who has special charge of young people, both before and after birth. The old abbot clothed himself in a scarlet robe, with a gilt image of a serpent fastened in his hair. One of the monks wore a purple, and another an ash-colored robe. A multitude of prayers, seemingly little else than a round of repetitions, were read by the abbot. Occasionally he chanted a little, when the attendants joined in chorus, and every few minutes a deafening clamor of bells, cymbals, and hollow blocks of wood, was raised. Genuflexions and prostrations innumerable accompanied the whole ceremony. The most singular part was the passing of a live cock through a barrel which had both ends knocked out. This was done several times by two assistants, who shouted some strange words at each repetition of the ceremony. The meaning, as I was afterwards told, was something like this: Prayers had been offered to the idol that the child might escape certain dangers through which he must pass; and each passing of the cock through the barrel was intended to symbolize his passing safely through one of these perils. It was a melancholy sight. In conclusion, some of the prayers were burnt, a cup of wine poured out as a libation, and a grand chorus of bell, and gong, and drum, and blocks, closed the scene.

May 8. Dr. McCartee was called this evening to see a young man, who had poisoned himself, in the eastern suburbs, but he was dead before his arrival. He was but seventeen years old

and having lost money by gambling, put an end to his life by taking arsenic.

May 12. Called with Dr. McCartee to see a dropsical patient in a very respectable family. He had been consulting some native doctors, one of whom thought he had within him some clotted horse blood, which had feet and could walk; and the only way in which the clot of blood could be killed, was by taking internally a prescription so indecent that it cannot be published. This he had done, but unsuccessfully. He had also, at the recommendation of another physician, eaten a toad, but with equal want of success. He was now so far gone that but little hope of his recovery remained. After talking some time with his parents and brothers, who were very agreeable people, and being peeped at by his sisters, who were not allowed by Chinese etiquette to come into the same room, we came away.

May 13. Engaged a teacher to-day, *Hung seen sang*. He is forty-nine years old, has the degree of kung sang, or bachelor of arts advanced, wears spectacles, being near-sighted, has already gray and almost white hairs, and on the whole promises well, though he is not as much of a talker as I could wish.

A young man from Shensi province, connected with the Taoutai's office, came to-day for medicine to cure him of opium smoking. Speaking of the effects of smoking, he said it gave him pains in the head, and made him stupid; but he could not do without it. When he smoked, he was revived for a while, "just like winding up a clock;" but he soon ran down again, and was worse than ever. He seemed intelligent, and received Christian books with much politeness.

May 14. A wet, rainy day. In the evening Dr. McCartee was called in a great hurry to see a man who had poisoned himself by taking opium. On going to the house, found the family in much alarm. The man was in bed, looking very stupid, and his wife attending him with some appearance of anxiety and care. He had had a quarrel with his mother-in-law, and in revenge attempted to make away with himself by taking opium. There was, however, some reason to suppose that it was partly a feint to frighten the old woman, and after an emetic being given, we came away. The Chinese have but little to deter them from the commission of suicide, for they have very faint ideas of a future state, or of punishment beyond the grave.

May 17. A great Hwuy, or festival of *Too-shin*, all the gods, has been celebrated for the last day or two. Saw a part of the procession to-day, though the narrow crowded streets gave but a poor opportunity of seeing the different parts. There were innumerable lanterns, three or four gaily ornamented dragons, a boat, several chairs, idols, little boys carried on men's shoulders, and various other sights. The most interesting were several gaily dressed girls, who seemed to be standing on almost nothing at all. One girl standing on a chariot, carried a branch of a tree careless-

ly on her shoulder: on one of the twigs of the branch stood a little girl, on one foot, with the other in the air. Another girl held up in her hand a plate of cakes, and a smaller girl stood with one foot on the cakes, and was thus borne along. Of course all this was done by means of iron or brass supporters around their bodies. The crowd of people was immense, and numerous policemen seemed to be busy, or rather to make themselves busy, for I never saw so large a crowd, and so little disorder.

It was a curious sight to look over the crowd and see the forest of pipe-stems. Nearly everybody carries a pipe with a stem from two to four feet long, and when held up to keep them out of harm's way, they looked like a forest of small sticks, or perhaps like a cane-brake stripped of its leaves.

May 19. The ditch along the southern side of the monastery being nearly dry, some boys made arrangements to catch the fish. They dammed up a part of the ditch at a time, and having emptied the water out of it, by groping among the stones and black mud at the bottom, they procured quite a handsome mess of fish, from three to seven inches long. There are numerous canals in the city which abound with fish, as do the rivers and streams without. Most of the canals in the city are navigable for small boats, but so narrow, that two boats can pass only at certain places. They connect with the moat and canals outside by two water-gates, one of which is near the gate of the Etherial Bridge, and the other near the west gate. In them the lower order of the people wash *all* their dirty vessels, they also wash their clothes, and the rice they eat, and they also wash their own bodies; consequently they are not always very clean, and must prove unwholesome in summer.

May 21. Having occasion to be out at a prayer-meeting until after eight o'clock in the evening, we found the north gate closed on our return. It is closed sooner than the other gates, being less of a thoroughfare: they are commonly open till nine or ten o'clock. A present of a hundred cash (about nine cents) to the gate-keeper, opened it for us. A Chinaman gets it opened for sixty cash, but *we* have to pay more. Sometimes the officers of the city seal the gates at night, by pasting a strip of paper across them, and then it is more difficult to get in or out.

May 27. It is amusing to observe the commotion excited by the appearance of a foreigner in the retired parts of the city, where few have yet wandered. Every one cries out, "Hung ma nying! hung ma nying!" a red-haired man! a red-haired man! this being the name for all foreigners. The women and children scatter in all directions; the men stare and gaze, or pass their comments, as the fancy strikes them. It is melancholy to witness the fear of foreigners that still exists, especially on the part of the women and children. Some of the men look as if they would be glad to hide, and if you look at them, seem ready to sink into the ground. Commonly, however, this fear is giving way to curiosity;

and nothing is more common than for those who see the stranger to beckon to the women to come and have a look also. One little boy, in his haste to do this, dropped his basket, overturned his playfellow, and running to the door, clapped his hands and called out, "Here's a red-haired man! come! quick, quick, quick!" The titles they give, and the remarks they make, are sometimes amusing, and sometimes provoking. "Mantele!" for mandarin. "Wailo fuhke, wailo!" Be off with you! "Lailo!" Come here. "Hung ma nying!" are the common terms; and sometimes "Pah kwei," and "Kwei tsz," *white devil*, and *devil's child!* Some few, on the other hand, are polite enough to say, "Hungma seen saung," foreign teacher; and the beggars say, "Hungma laou yay," foreign esquire.

The sun is sometimes called *Kin woo*, or "golden crow," from its spots, which are thought to be crows; and the moon is called the *Yuh too*, or "jewelled hare," because they say a hare is distinctly seen in it. Hence, in poetical style, the setting of the sun and rising of the moon is expressed by "The golden crow sank in the west, and the jewelled hare arose in the east."

May 28. The Chinese are fond of high-sounding and poetical names for everything, and this fancy displays itself on the bridges, as well as elsewhere. A little stone bridge over a ditch by the Yu shing kwan monastery, is dignified with the title, "Bridge of Longevity and Happiness." and one at the west water-gate is call "the Bridge of Extended Virtue." At Shanghai, I saw a bridge over a canal with the inscription, *Paou sheu keaou*, "The excellent jewel of a bridge!"

May 29. Went out with Dr. McCartee several miles into the country, by water of course. Stopped at a small village, and went into a temple, when a crowd soon came round us, and notice being given that Dr. McCartee would prescribe for the sick gratuitously, a number of patients applied for medicine and advice. After this Dr. McCartee and his teacher both spoke to the people on religion, and were listened to with good attention. Tracts were then given to the eager crowd, and we took our departure, much gratified with our visit and the behavior of the people.

Returning, saw a large house in the western suburb on fire. It seemed to be the family mansion of some wealthy person; but the Chinese have little skill in putting out fires, and the owners were removing their furniture, and leaving the house to its fate. The Cheheen (mayor of the city) and several other military and civil officers, were speedily on the ground with their retainers. Being tired and hungry, we did not stop to see the end, but were informed that by breaking down parts of the adjoining houses, the flames were prevented from spreading.

May 30. Spent part of the day in visiting acquaintances among the Chinese, then went to the house of a Mr. Lin, to see his garden, which is spoken of as very fine; but were rather disappointed, as it had nothing remarkable in it. While in the garden

Mr. Lin came out to see us, and politely took us over his house, which is large, airy, and well furnished. He had some six or eight large clocks of European manufacture, but all out of order, with numerous beautiful scrolls of writing and painting. His father left him a fortune of some three hundred thousand taels, (over four hundred thousand dollars,) but his extravagance has diminished it to one hundred thousand. He smokes opium freely, and looks sallow and thin. Some friends were with him at the time, and he had an opium pipe, and lamp burning in the room to which he led us. This opium is the curse of China. It is draining out their money from the land, sucking the heart's blood of their industry, and destroying the constitutions and the lives of their people.

May 31. A good deal of commotion in the city to-day, on account of the boldness of a gang of robbers last night. They attacked the house next door to Mr. Lin's, which we visited yesterday, severely wounded some of the inmates, and carried off much property. Some of the mayor's police went to disperse them, but the robbers attacked and drove them off, and escaped with their booty. This is the most daring outrage that has occurred for some time. Robberies out of the city are not uncommon, but within the walls, such daring attacks have seldom been attempted.

June 3, 1845. On Saturday, May 31st, Dr. McCartee was called to see a woman in the country, who had poisoned herself by taking opium, but she was dead before he arrived. It seems she was the concubine, or second wife, and had a quarrel with the first wife, which led to her destroying herself. This evening, another case of poisoning occurred but a few doors from our residence. In this case he was in time, and some sulphate of zinc soon relieved the man's stomach. The cause was a quarrel with some of the neighbors.

Yesterday and to-day have been wet and cold. Thermometer down to 64 deg., which is eighteen degrees lower than it was the day before.

June 5. Reading in the Kea Paou, or "Family Jewels," I came across the following sentences, which are rather remarkable. "If your parents treat you with unkindness, or even do what is wrong, you must still, with the utmost quietness, submit. And if they will not hear your attempts to correct their errors, you must not become angry, and scold them; but bear it in silence. For, remember, that below the skies, there is not such a thing as a father or mother that does wrong. Your father is *heaven*, and your mother is *earth*, and where is the man that dares to contend with heaven and earth? Is it right to do so? Therefore, it was well said, by an ancient sage, 'Although a father should ill-treat his son, yet must not the son cease his filial obedience.'" The following sentence is equally remarkable: "Let not your love for your wife and children prevent your paying all due respect to your parents. Should your wife and children die, you may yet procure

others; but if your father and mother depart, whence will you replace them?" Kea Paou, vol. i. p. 6. The sentiment of this last line must remind the student of history, of the saying ascribed to a Persian lady, whose whole family had been condemned to death. The monarch, permitting her to save the life of any one she chose, she selected a brother. On being asked why she had not rather chose to save one of her children, she replied, "I may have other children, but another brother I cannot have."

To-day being the first of the Chinese month, several people have come to worship at the temple. Several travelling monks assist at the devotions. Among the worshippers were some respectably dressed females, one of whom took her little child, that knew not its right hand from its left, and making it kneel before the idol, taught it to lift its hands and worship.

June 7. Another case of opium poisoning to-day. It was a young man who could not collect money to pay his debts on the fifth of the month, when, according to custom here, all debts must be settled. The application for assistance was too late, as he was dying when Dr. McCartee reached the house.

June 16. A visit from sundry official persons, and some scholars, to-day. They were civil, very inquisitive, and not at all backward in asking for anything they took a fancy to. One of them requested a few sheets of writing paper, as a curiosity, and when I took out half a quire, meaning to give him a sheet or two, he held out both hands, and took all, exclaiming, "Oh, thank you, thank you!" We gave them tracts, several of which were printed on our own press, with the Parisian type. They expressed much pleasure at the beauty and clearness of the type, as I have more than once or twice heard scholars do, when they opened one of our tracts.

June 18. An animated discussion with my teacher to-day on idolatry. He is the most zealous defender of their idolatrous rites that I have ever met among the Chinese, and does not, as most of them do, assent to everything that we say on the subject. According to what he says, idols were not formerly worshipped in China, nor are they now, by the literati, who pay their adoration only to the souls of the deified persons, and not to the images. When pressed in argument, he admitted that it was of no use, except to show reverential feeling, for the souls of the idols being in heaven, could not hear or enjoy the worship paid to them. At last he confessed that it was only "long-established custom." I rejoiced to be able to tell him distinctly, that it was only by renouncing all idols, believing on Christ, and worshipping him, that any man could be saved.

It is curious to see how they use the same arguments in favor of their worship, which the Roman Catholics urge for the adoration of the saints. Among other things, he said that it was better to worship heroes, and such like, because God is too great to be troubled with our prayers, and therefore, we must approach him

by means of persons greater than ourselves. When asked if there were any good and sinless men on earth, he replied with emphasis, "There are few indeed!" When asked, "Did you ever see one?" he replied, "*Never.*" At this point he seemed to feel uncomfortable, and admitted that man's natural disposition is not good, though he was hardly willing to say this, without some qualification.

June 19. Another long conversation with my teacher, on religion, in which I could not but admire his independence. He freely admitted the difference between Christianity and the religion of China; but unlike most Chinese teachers, he would not compliment me, by saying that ours was the best. He listened with interest, while I spoke of the way of salvation, through the sufferings and death of Christ. Oh, that he were himself a Christian! He is acute to detect the inconsistencies of professed Christians, and asked some questions to-day, respecting some, which were hard to answer.

The Sz' family are in a good deal of trouble, from the youngest brother having borrowed money, which he is now unable to repay. The creditor insists on immediate payment, and the young man, in despair, attempted to kill himself to-day, by swallowing opium. The timely application of remedies saved him; but the whole family are in great distress. By Chinese law, all the brothers are responsible for each other, and for the father's debts; but the father is not responsible for the debts of his grown-up sons.

June 21. Went into the main building of the temple to-night, and found all the monks busy at their devotions. Some person was making an offering, and his gifts were spread out in order before the idol. Fourteen candles were burning. The old abbot was beating the drum, and twelve monks, more than half of whom were visitors, were chanting from the *Shangteking*, or Classic of the Supreme Ruler. Each wore a long yellow, or orange colored robe, fringed with black, and read from a copy of the book beautifully written with red ink. They chanted, beat their bells and blocks of wood, knelt, and rose again, and bowed their heads. Oh, how melancholy to see it! Some of the monks were old and gray-headed. One was young, with the ruddiness of boyhood still on his cheeks. I thought of the command, "Thou shalt not bow down unto them—" and my heart sank within me, as the question rose, "How long, oh Lord, how long?—" Will this kind go out except by prayer and fasting?

June 26. Several conversations with my teacher, of late, on religion, which seem to have made some impression on him. He was much struck with the idea of missionaries coming here, not to make money, but simply to teach religion, and after a pause, said seriously, "It requires great faith to do all this. I do not think our Chinese would do it." Giving him an account of my being shipwrecked some years ago, he was much interested, and remarked, "Truly, you would not have escaped, if Jesus had not preserved you."

July 1. The warmest day we have yet had. Thermometer at 91° for a while, and now, at nine o'clock, P. M., at 88°. Little wind, and weather very damp. It is what the Chinese call the *wang may teen*, or yellow plum season, because the plums are then ripe, when the atmosphere is so overloaded with moisture, that even when the sun is shining, the stone and wooden floors are as damp as if they had but lately been scrubbed, and had not time to dry.

July 3. The first sentence of the *San trz king*, the first book read by children in the schools, asserts that "man's disposition, originally good, becomes depraved by habit." The following sentence, however, from the *Kea Paou*, or Family Jewels, asserts a different doctrine. "In all the world where is there ever a good man born? All, by education alone, become perfect. Where is there ever a bad man born? All from want of education become bad. The gem uncut is but a useless gem. To what purpose can it be applied? The field unwatered and untilled, is but a weedy waste. How can it produce abundant and mature harvests?" Vol. I.

July 6th, Sabbath. Greatly disturbed in our morning worship, by a number of Chinese carrying alum, the property of a *Christian* merchant, out of a neighboring store-room to load a ship, the property of a *Christian* owner. Verily, there is but little fear of God in the eyes of many who do business in this heathen land. Alas! for our work among this people, who know not how to distinguish among the professed and the real followers of Christ.

Very rainy, damp weather for some days, and so cold, notwithstanding the heat a week ago, as to render thick clothes and woollen stockings comfortable. But it is the last, probably, of the cold weather for a while.

July 10. Warm weather now.

July 15. A visit from some inferior officer to-day, who had nothing to distinguish him save a beautiful silk dress, and long nails. The nail of one of his thumbs was more than two inches long, and two of the fingers on the same hand, had nails nearly as long.

July 19. Being the 15th of the Chinese month, there was a great crowd of men and women in the temple, and the house was filled with the smoke of the burning incense.

July 24. Had a visit to-day from a Mr. Lefevre, a French Roman Catholic missionary, who has spent five years in Keangse, one in Nankin, and three in Macao. He seems to be about fifty-five years old, and is now on his way to Tartary, to take charge of their theological school at Siwan. He speaks Chinese, the court dialect, fluently, and tolerably well, but with rather a French accent. As he knew no English, and I but little French, we talked together in Chinese. He goes first to Shanghai, there changes his garments and puts on a queue, with Chinese spectacles, to conceal his eyes. From Shanghai he goes by the grand canal, and

expresses no fear of being detected on the way. Though he speaks fluently, he knows but little of the written language, not being able to write so common a character as *Kung*, (noble,) which he has occasion to use every day.

He speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Ramaux, Roman Catholic bishop of Keangse, and says he speaks Chinese better than even his own language. (I have since heard that Mr. Ramaux was lately drowned in Macao. From some of his letters, I had formed a good opinion of him.) The Roman Catholics in China call their priests *Shin foo*, spiritual fathers, and the bishops *Choo Keaou*, lords of the religion.

July 25. Went into the temple with a bundle of thirty or forty gospels and tracts in my arm, and found many worshippers. Presently some came and asked what books I had. On giving one away, there was instantly a crowd of eager applicants, and in a few minutes all were disposed of. A hundred more would have been taken, if I had thought fit to give them; but it seemed better to stop while they were eager for more, than to give them to satiety.

July 28. This is the birthday of the god of thunder, though, as my teacher laughing said, "No one knows how old he is." A crowd of men and women were in the temple. My teacher says, "Most of the worshippers are women, who greatly fear the thunder, though there are some men. The women like these worshipping days, because it gives them an opportunity to see, and to be seen in their fine clothes; and most of the men who come, come to amuse themselves, and look at the women." Among the crowd of the common folks, there were many men and women in silks and embroideries. Stalls were at every corner, where men were selling candles, incense sticks, and paper for offerings. The temple was full of smoke; and the crowd, together with the smoke and the burning paper, renders the place almost insupportably hot. I took some forty or fifty tracts, but the crowd was so great, and the eagerness to get them so excessive, that there was little satisfaction in distributing them.

In the *Kea Paou*, vol. i., line 562, is this sentence. "Ancient men have well said, 'A relation afar off is not so good as a neighbor that is near.'" Almost word for word with Prov. xxvii. 10. "Better is a neighbor that is near, than a brother afar off."

My teacher was greatly shocked to-day, when I said that "Abraham was the friend of God." "How can it be?" he exclaimed; "how can a man be the friend of God; for a friend implies equality. Such a thing ought not to be said." These poor heathen have little idea of the exceeding grace and condescension of God. The other day, talking with him, he advanced the sentiment that the affairs of the world to come, being beyond our personal observation, are of no importance to us; that if we attend to our own business in this life, the future may be safely left to take care of itself. In confirmation of his opinion that the future world is en-

tirely beyond our knowledge and concern, he quoted the saying of Confucius, "Not knowing even life, how can we know death?" How truly it was said of Christ, "He hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel;" for they were not known before, and are not known where the Gospel is not heard.

Ningpo, April 30th, 1845.

Mrs. C. M. Hepburn—

. . . . I have little sympathy for those who delight to say that our blessed Saviour never smiled, for when he "rejoiced in spirit," and when he heard the little children cry, Hosanna! it seems to me as if a smile, strangely and yet sweetly blending the divine and human, must have played upon those features. How pleasant, more than "pleasant," to see those features, once marked with the impress of pain and suffering and sorrow! They are not so marked now, for a glory covers them, such as the disciples saw when they were with him in the holy mount, and that glory I trust we shall ere long see.

My previous letter will have informed you of my arrival at Chusan, April 2. I stayed there a week, enjoying greatly the scenery and appearance of the place. It quite surpassed my expectations, and is vastly more beautiful than anything I have yet seen in China, always excepting Chang-Chow and the country around. You have nothing at Amoy or Kulangsu equal to Chusan.

There are some pious soldiers at Chusan, and, among others, I was surprised to see Corporal R——, who used to be such a constant visitor of yours at Amoy. He asked very earnestly about you all. They all seem very glad of Loomis's going there, and he now preaches in the chapel there every Sabbath. I left Chusan on the 10th of April, and go there the next day. Stayed a week with Br. Way, and then came over to the Yu-Shing-Kwan monastery, which is just within the north gate of the city. Dr. McCartee has been here for some three or four months, and I got a suite of rooms just like his, on the same terms.

This is a very quiet part of the city, as there are few houses near; the mass of the population lies off in other parts of the city. I calculate the inhabitants at two hundred and fifty thousand, including the suburbs at the east and west gates, which are very extensive and populous. . . .

We propose observing next Friday as a day of fasting and prayer, both for the mission, and as preparatory to the Lord's Supper, which I am to administer on the Sabbath following. Miss Aldersey has a fine girl's school, numbering fifteen pupils, and sustains herself well. I hope for much good from the organization of a church in these extreme ends of the earth. I trust that ere long we may admit some of the inhabitants of this place into our fellowship. . . .

May 1st. "The laughing month of May;" though we might al-

most apply to it the term given to the following month, "The rose encumbered June."

One of the monks brought me a bouquet of roses to-day, which I have arranged in a tumbler beneath my looking-glass. I have been busy fitting up my rooms to-day, and have everything now arranged much to my mind.

. . . . I hope we are all settled now, and will not have to move about any more, or make any other changes. I would like to see you all; but when shall it be? As my sister E. says in her last letter to me, "I am prepared to say, I hope you will not leave your field of labor, even to come and see us." I am sure I am so glad to be at my long-desired haven, that it would require no slight inducement for me to leave it. How nervous I used to feel sometimes, on my last trip, for fear I should not get up after all. By what strange ways we are led along, and sometimes hard ones to travel. "Oh there are some rough ways to heaven." "In the world ye shall have tribulation." So our blessed Lord himself said.

Friday, May 2d. We have been observing this as a day of fasting and prayer for the mission, and also as preparatory to the Lord's Supper. We met at 10 o'clock—only ourselves—six in all. Bro. Culbertson conducted the services, and made some very good remarks on the duties before us, and the disposition we should have. I read a long letter which I have just received from my father, in which he gives his views on several points in relation to the missionary work in China. I wish you were nearer, I would lend it to you. We all led in prayer. In the afternoon we had another meeting at four o'clock, which I conducted; subject of my remarks, 1 Cor. xi. 23; the administration of the Lord's Supper. What a beautiful and forcible passage it is. The Lord's Supper was instituted "the same night in which he was betrayed." Oh what a night was that! It was the crisis in the world's history. Had our Saviour then drawn back, had the cup passed by him, where had we been? Earth never saw a night like that. It was on that night that Satan's malice and man's wickedness rose to their highest point; and on that night the love of Christ was specially shown in the appointment of this solemn and tender ordinance. How the love of God in Christ stands in shining contrast with the wickedness of man and Satan! And what a beautiful sentence that is: "Ye do show the Lord's death till he come." He will come again "in the clouds of heaven." Yea, he has told us, he will "come quickly." It will be "with power and great glory." "We who are alive and remain, shall be caught up with the risen saints to meet the Lord in the air." Now we are expecting it. "We love his appearing," is the characteristic of Christians.

"Let the vain world pronounce it shame!——
With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left the tomb.
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come."

Herein is a beautiful feature of this ordinance. It was instituted in the time of Christ's degradation and sorrow, as a memorial of the same; but it is to be observed until the time when he comes in power and glory and joy. Every time we observe it we are carried back to the scene of his sorrow, and pointed forward to the time of his and our joy, when it shall be said to us, "Enter ye into the joy of the Lord." Oh that when the bridegroom cometh, we may be ready to enter in before the door is shut.

Our servants are greatly at a loss to find we have eaten so little to-day. We tried to explain it, but they could not comprehend why it was. I have a very simple-hearted servant, and as soon as I came back from the morning service he said, "Mr. Lowrie, don't you want something to eat?"

May 3. I have been witnessing an idolatrous ceremony in another part of the monastery where I live, which has made my heart sick. The old gray-headed Taou priest and three of the monks were reciting prayers, beating gongs, cymbals, and the like, and bowing before their idols. A man had come to offer thanks on the birth-day of his son, and the little boy, six years old, sat and watched the whole proceeding. Who made me to differ? Why have I such glorious hopes? What have I done to deserve them? What am I now doing for him who died for me, and called me into the ministry?

It is a rainy afternoon. The sky is all of one dull, sombre hue; the rain comes gently yet quickly down A light wind blows the damp air into my apartments, and some noisy birds are chattering under the Kwai hwa trees in the court. I should like to have a social chat with you at such a time as this; but we are far away, and, moreover, the day draws to a close, and after hearing the boys say their lesson, I must finish my preparations for the services of to-morrow. Oh, how pleasant to sit at the Lord's table rather than at the table of devils; to hope for God's favor rather than that of idols which cannot save!

With my love to your husband, and to Lloyd and Brown,

I remain yours, ever affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, May 30th, 1845.

My Dear Father—

You will have heard, ere this reaches you, of the departure of Messrs. Loomis, Culbertson and myself from Macao, and of our safe arrival at Chusan about the first of April. Since that time, all things have prospered with us, and we have found much cause of encouragement in our field of labor.

On many accounts we thought it best, that part of the force for this field should be stationed at Chusan. These reasons were, 1st. The importance of the field itself, as the Chusan Archipelago is large and populous, and at the present time, peculiarly open and

accessible. The inhabitants of Tinghai, the chief city in Chusan Island, are commonly estimated at 30,000, though this is probably a large estimate. Judging from what I saw of Chusan, I should think the population of the whole island might be 50,000, and of the whole archipelago perhaps 100,000. All this is only conjecture, there may be more, but can hardly be less. This whole population is at present without the Gospel, as there is no missionary of any other Board there, nor did we know of any likely to go. 2d. As long as Chusan is retained by the English, it is a very convenient station for attending to business matters, a consideration of importance at the commencement of a mission like this. 3d. It is important as a healthy station during the warm months, should any of us need a change at that time. 4th. If Chusan is retained by the English, or if foreigners are allowed to remain there after it is evacuated, it will continue to be an important station, even more so than at present, for most of the trade of Ningpo will then centre there, and it will be an excellent place to send off our tracts by vessels that go and come. 5th. In case no one is allowed to remain there after next January, no time will have been lost; for the dialect of Chusan so much resembles that of Ningpo, that a person accustomed to the one can use the other without difficulty.

Influenced by these reasons, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis have remained in Chusan. They have a good and comfortable two-story house in the city, for which they pay ten dollars monthly rent. As Mr. Loomis will doubtless keep you informed of events there, it is not needful for us to write much respecting that station.

Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson arrived here the first week in April, and myself the week following. We found Dr. McCartee and Mr. and Mrs. Way enjoying good health. Mr. Way occupies a comfortable house, or rather part of one, at one hundred dollars a year rent. Mr. Culbertson has another, at one hundred and twenty dollars a year. Dr. McCartee and myself occupy rooms in a monastery of the Taou sect, within the city walls, for which we pay one hundred and twenty dollars a year. The rents are one-half less than in Shanghai, and would be still less here, were it not for the example of the English, who pay much more than is needed. Our rents are twice as much as the Chinese pay.

As these rents are moderate, and the houses are on the whole very passable, it is a question whether it is worth while to build or not. For the present we are not disposed to take any steps towards erecting houses. After some more experience we shall know better, whether it is best to build houses for ourselves. The points which we shall need to be assured about are, 1st. Security of title and good location. 2d. Expense of building. 3d. Effect of living in Chinese houses, which are not made as we would make them, and which all need to be fitted up at some expense, to make them correspond with our ideas of comfort, and even of health. The houses of Mr. Way and Mr. Culbertson are each

two stories high. Dr. McCartee and myself have rooms both on the ground floor and up stairs, but at present we occupy only the former. The general impression is that living on the first floor is not so healthy as living above, but Dr. McCartee and myself, having a good dry pavement all around our house, and more convenient rooms, have preferred the lower story.

Dr. McCartee has informed you of his medical practice previously to the arrival of Mr. Culbertson and myself; his proficiency in the language is very creditable indeed.

We have decided on commencing a boys' school, as soon as suitable buildings can be procured. There is no difficulty in getting scholars, though there may be some in keeping them; but the whole expense must come on the mission, as there is no foreign community here, who could contribute anything to their support.

Mr. Culbertson and myself give our attention chiefly to the language. In regard to this, it may be stated positively that the language both here and at Shanghai is not Mandarin. There are many who understand it, but the large majority do not.

In Ningpo there are, properly speaking, two dialects, the "too hwa," or local dialect, which all understand, and the "Ningpo koon hwa," which is used by such as make any pretensions to learning and refinement. In regard to the former, I am scarcely entitled to express an opinion as yet; but it seems to me, that the body of it is Mandarin, a good deal corrupted, while most of the connectives, particles, and little words are totally different. E. g. for 今天 *Kinteen*, say *Kimmi;* for 明天 *Mingteen*, say *Mingtseaou;* for 我的 *Woteih*, say *Allah;* &c.

The consequence is, that a person speaking pure Mandarin can scarcely understand them at all; but they can gather his meaning in part. Now, as our business is with the poor and the ignorant, this is the dialect we must learn. This is, however, very difficult to do. The colloquial is unwritten, i. e., for many of the words there are no characters. Moreover, a teacher of any abilities is generally averse to teaching the colloquial, and they are almost sure not to give it, unless you dig it out of them. The common people, such as boatmen and servants, are therefore our best resources in getting at the colloquial; but with them we are not sure that the phrases we get will not be low and vulgar.

The *Ningpo Koon Wha*, (*kwan hwa,*) is also a corrupt form of the pure court dialect, but so different, that at first I found my acquaintance with the latter of but little use. I can now, after more than a month's study, understand my teacher tolerably well, but not so well as though he spoke the purer form. It was this corrupt form of the court dialect which Mr. Milne had studied, and that he had been studying for a year before he came, so that his experience does not show what the true language of the place is.

I am half inclined to think it would have been more advantageous if I had studied the Canton dialect; for, though that

differs more from this dialect than the Mandarin does, yet I should have learned so much more of it, hearing it spoken on all sides, that the fluency in speaking would have compensated for a considerable difference in other respects. But as I do not mean to neglect my Mandarin, hoping I may yet live to enter Pekin, it is best perhaps that it should be as it is.

It is necessary, or at least highly desirable, that we should acquire the Ningpo Mandarin, as well as the *Too hwa*. This it is not difficult to do; for, while studying the latter, especially if we study books at all, it is scarcely possible to avoid picking up more or less of the former. I am not yet prepared to say that the Ningpo Koon hwa does not bear the same relation to the Too hwa, which the speech of a polished Englishman does to that of a Yorkshireman, or even of the lower classes in London. If this be the case, a question of some consequence will arise, How far should we use the *Too hwa* in our prayers and solemn addresses? For example, is it proper for a person addressing a congregation of colored people in the United States, to pray in the broken English which they use, when they can understand, though not so well, the more chastened language we use in our addresses to the Supreme Being?

I should be glad to know the custom and the views of the English missionaries in the West Indies, or of some of the missionaries to the colored people in the south.

You may think this is a degrading comparison to the Chinese, but the fact is that the educated classes look down with great disdain on the common people; and much like the philosophers of old, they can scarce conceive what the lower orders have to do with learning and science, or what *we* want with the *Too hwa*.

Hence if our tracts are written in a plain and simple style, the learned throw them away as trash; but eagerly peruse them if written in what they call the classic style, a style of all others most unfit to teach clearly that Gospel which is preached unto the poor. The misfortune is, that the poor, for whom our tracts are most suitable, are seldom able to read. Readers will multiply, doubtless, but slowly; and the impression formed more than a year ago gains strength in my mind, that a change must come over the Chinese literature like that which so totally transformed the literature of Europe about the time of the reformation.

The difference between the written and the spoken language, even in Mandarin where it is least, is a serious obstacle in our way. As but little is known respecting this, I will add a few sentences explaining it, though I am not sure that I can convey a very clear idea of what it is.

The *spoken* language of China, (my remarks are about the Mandarin, but they are substantially true of all the dialects,) is like all other languages in the world, *polysyllabic*. I am aware that some of our best scholars, with whom I would not pretend to compare myself, assert the contrary; but to me it seems as

plain as that two and two make four, that if words have any meaning, the Chinese spoken language is not monosyllabic. For example, If I want to say,

a thing, the proper *word* is	. .	tung-se;
lantern	" . .	tung lung;
teeth	" . .	ya-ch';
mouth	" . .	tsuy-pa;
father	" . .	foo-tsin, or kea-foo;
husband	" . .	chang-foo;
a (respectable) woman	" . .	foo-jin;
an axe	" . .	foo-tow;
officer	" . .	kwan-foo;
deputy governor	" . .	foo-yuen.

I believe in regard to all of these, (unless perhaps foo-tsin) that unless one uses *both* syllables, he will not be understood.

This list might be increased to volumes. It is not meant that these are the only words used, but they are the common ones; nor that there are not many monosyllables, just as there are in English. In consequence of this fact, that the spoken language is not monosyllabic, it would be perfectly easy to write it with Roman characters; and there would be no more danger of mistaking the meaning than there is in English. In consequence of this also, I am inclined to think that we should learn to speak faster and better, by not attempting the Chinese characters at all, at first; and were my missionary life to be gone over, I would do so. It is the way the Roman Catholic missionaries do. So much for the *spoken* language. This is not the first time I have expressed these views.

Now in regard to the *written* language, the case is very different. There are a vast number of characters, and most, not all, of them are complete in themselves; the sound of many of them is alike, but their shape and meaning are different. See them, and you know at once what they mean. Hear them, and the first Hanlin in the empire cannot tell you.

For example, you will have seen in the foregoing list, how often the syllable *foo* occurs. There is 父 foo, a father; 夫 foo, a husband; 府 foo, an officer; foo, a deputy governor. Look at them, and there is no mistaking the meaning; but hear them, and you must hear the whole word. E. g. 父 foo becomes, 父親 foo-tsin, a father; 夫 foo becomes, 丈夫 Chang-foo, a husband; 府 foo becomes, 官府 Kwan-foo, a Magistrate; 撫 foo becomes 撫院 foo-yuen, Deputy-Governor. There is no more danger of mistaking the meaning when you hear the second, than there is when you see the first. But in writing, which is intended to meet the eye, there is no occasion to write both characters, as

one conveys at a glance all that is wanted, provided you only know it. Hence in writing, commonly only one character of the compound word is written; and the man who reads aloud, in order that others may understand, supplies the additional syllable as he goes along. E. g. If a man in reading was simply to read *foo*, and some one of the hearers was at a loss as to the meaning, he would say, Chay Ting, Shi Shih yin *Foo* Tsze, "what *foo* character is that?" And the only reply would be, Foo-Tsin, Teih Foo. "The *foo* in 'footsin,'" or, Kwan Foo, Teih Foo. "The *foo* in Kwan *foo*." I have heard such expressions hundreds of times.

Here then is the radical difference between the written and spoken language. The classical style abbreviates as much as possible, using only one syllable, whenever that one will convey the meaning to the eye. The intermediate style is not so very close; and the *Seaou Shwo*, or vulgar style, approaches closely to the spoken language, in using very often both the characters that form a word. But a scholar will scarcely degrade himself by writing, and never by praising such a style.

When a boy goes to school, the first thing he does is to learn the names of the characters, but not their meaning. Five years are spent at this, and at the end of that time, he can perhaps repeat the whole of the Four Books, without knowing the meaning of a solitary character. Then the characters are explained to him. The teacher takes the Four Books, or some other volume, and goes over each character one by one. "This 父 foo character is the character for father—i. e. Foo-tsin." "This 府 foo character is the character for officer—i. e. Kwan-foo." "This 夫 foo character is the character for husband, Chang-foo;" and so he goes on, explaining in the colloquial, which of course the boy knows, the meaning of the written, which he can repeat, but does not understand. There are a vast number of persons whose education is not finished, i. e., who can read, but not understand. If you see a boy reading, you may almost take it for granted, that he does not know the meaning of what he reads. Dr. McCartee has three boys, aged, one sixteen years, and the others fourteen and fifteen, all of whom can read, and the two elder can write beautifully; but nearly all they know of the meaning of the characters, they have learned within the last six months; and though they know the names of far more characters than I do, I doubt whether they understand half as many.

This difference between the written and spoken dialects is the radical one. There are others, however, not less perplexing. The greatest is, the *pedantry* of the Chinese, which is incomparably worse than Dr. Johnson's, and has nothing of his powerful intellect and varied intelligence to render it tolerable. High-flown expressions are employed, and most laboriously concise sayings, covering as common-place thoughts as you will meet with in the

essays of a village newspaper. For example, there is the first sentence from the Shang-Lun, or Sayings of Confucius,—Tse yue, heo wrh she seih che poo yih shwo hoo? "The philosopher says, To learn, and times to practise it, not also gratifying, eh?" Yue pang tsuh yuen fang tae poo yih yo hoo, "To have friends from distant places come, not also joyful, eh?" gin poo che urh poo, poo yeh ke tse hoo? "Men not know, yet not be displeased, not also a worthy man, eh?" The above is literal: here is the meaning. "Confucius says, 'That men should learn what is virtuous, and constantly practise the same, is not this gratifying? That persons of the same sentiments with myself, should come to me from a distant place to learn, is not this a cause of joy? But for men to be ignorant of the virtues of another, and he, notwithstanding, be perfectly satisfied, and careless of applause on account of his merits, is he not a worthy prince indeed?'" But I have written more than I meant to do, and fear you are as tired as I am myself. This subject may therefore pass, unless you write for more particulars.

The city of Ningpo lies nearly in the centre of a large plain, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and intersected by innumerable canals, which are nearly all navigable, and serve the double purpose of irrigation and travelling. A covered boat and boatmen can be had for a whole day for twenty-five cents, and whenever we want to extend our ramble any distance beyond the city, we find it most convenient to make use of them. The plain is at least twenty miles in diameter in its narrowest part, and much wider in other places. The whole of this great amphitheatre is thickly studded over with villages and farm-houses, and has two or three large cities besides Ningpo. Foreigners are not allowed to wander beyond the *heen*, or district of which Ningpo is the capital. Its exact dimensions we do not well know, but we can go at least three miles on every side, and in one direction as many as twenty or thirty. By a little prudence and care, we shall doubtless obtain a wider range for our excursions. For the present, unable as we are to speak with fluency, the field is vastly larger than we can profitably occupy; and whenever we can speak well, we doubt not the door will be opened wider. Should it not be opened, the question will arise, whether obedience to a higher authority and covenant than any of human devising, will not justify us in exceeding the limits that have been fixed, and preaching in other cities the Kingdom of God. On this point there is some diversity of opinion amongst us; but I am disposed to think that a blessing would attend our efforts, if carried on, occasionally at least, where the prince of this world now exercises supreme authority. Opposition and excitement on the part of the rulers would but rouse attention to our work. But it may be thought that this is looking too far ahead.

The foreign trade of Ningpo is not so great as it once was. It once carried on an important commerce with Manila, when South

America belonged to Spain, as well as with other parts of the Chinese Empire. But of late years Shanghai has greatly surpassed it, and the latter city is likely to possess by much the largest share of trade with western lands. When the treaty was formed in 1842, it was supposed by Sir Henry Pottinger, Mr. Morrison, and nearly every other person, that Ningpo would be the most important of the five ports; but it has been found, that the vicinity of Shanghai to the City of Loochow, and to the grand canal, give it great advantages over any of the other ports. The best days of Ningpo are probably past, and painful evidences of decay are visible on all sides. Still it has a considerable trade with Fuhkeen, and with the northern provinces; and numerous junks are constantly lying in the river. It offers more advantages to Americans than to the English, as it lies nearer to the green tea district, and offers a good market for the sale of American manufactured goods.

The people are as civil and obliging as could reasonably be expected, considering the severe and uncalled for treatment they received during the war, and the thoughtless course of some of the English officers, in destroying the public buildings for firewood. We are better treated here, by far, than a Chinaman would be in New York or London; though it does occasionally ruffle one's temper to hear himself called a pah-kwei, or *white devil*, with some other such choice epithets. So far as I have seen, there is little difference between this place and Shanghai in that respect; and the difference in favor of this place, which was observed not long ago, was probably owing to the fear of foreigners then fresh in mind, but now wearing off.

We have lately organized a church here, under the title, "Presbyterian Church of Ningpo," of which Mr. Culbertson has been elected pastor. It consists of seven members, to wit: D. B. McCartee, Hingapoo, a Chinese servant of Mr. Way's, together with Mrs. Way, Mrs. Culbertson, Miss Aldersey, Ruth Ati, and Christiana Kit. The two latter are Chinese girls whom Miss Aldersey has educated, and who were baptized by Mr. Medhurst in Java. Dr. McCartee was elected ruling elder, and Mr. Way and myself also act as ruling elders for the time being. The church was regularly organized on the 18th inst., when Mr. Culbertson preached a sermon on Acts ii. 42–47, and Dr. McCartee was ordained as ruling elder, with the laying on of hands of the bishop, and the right hand of fellowship from Mr. Way and myself, in our capacity as ruling elders. It was a good day to us all; and though the beginning is small, we trust the latter end will greatly increase. It is a day of small things, but a day not to be despised. As this is the first Presbyterian church in China, pray for us that the small one may become a thousand, and the weak one a strong nation.

May 31st. In regard to the facilities for distributing tracts a good deal might be said, but the nature of it would depend much

on the disposition of the person who writes. Any number might be given away. I would undertake to give to eager applicants more than as many as our press could possibly print, but the misfortune is, that they would be just as eagerly sought after, if they were copies of Paine's Age of Reason, or any other book in the world. I think each member of our mission disapproves of indiscriminate distribution. We do not yet know the proportion of the people who can read, though it is probably small; yet we have an excellent opportunity here of circulating tracts and gospels, and there is rarely a day that Dr. McCartee and myself do not give away one or more, where we are pretty sure they will be read. We regard this, therefore, as an important means of circulating the principles of our religion, though greatly inferior to the oral preaching of the Word.

You have several times spoken of the ease with which a synonymous character might be substituted, in case we could not make the required one with the types on hand. This is a thing very difficult to do; for there are very few characters indeed, that are properly speaking synonymous. It is much better to get the characters wanted cut by the hand, on metal blocks, which we can commonly have done without difficulty. I must stop now, for my letter is swelling to an unreasonable length.

I remain your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, July 22d, 1845.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . Did you ever notice Psalm xxx. 5. "His anger endureth but a moment, in his favor is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Is not that beautiful? But here is a literal translation of it, which is, if possible, still more beautiful and expressive:

> "A moment in his anger,
> But lifetimes in his favor:
> In the evening, weeping will abide;
> But in the morning there is shouting."

Observe the force of the expression. "In the evening, weeping will abide." It "will abide." It threatens to remain long with us; sorrow seems as if it were about to take up its abode. Night is before us, and we see no sun, no day, no joy beyond. But the night quickly passes, "as a dream of the night," and what then? "In the morning there is shouting." And how true it is. Just compare Isaiah liv. 7, with 2 Corinthians iv. 17.

That a person can be a Christian, and yet afraid of death, I have no doubt. Indeed, I suppose most Christians are so. But why should it be so? It is hardly correct to say, "The Bible says 'Death is the king of terrors.'" Bildad the Shuhite said so, or some-

thing like it, for I am not sure that he meant death by that expression; but if he did, I would not like to take all he said for the Bible. The New Testament does not so represent it. It says that Christ "gave up the ghost," and that Stephen "fell asleep." The apostle says, even of the offending Corinthian Christians, "many sleep;" and of deceased Christians generally, that they "are asleep." Asleep! what is so peaceful! quiet repose in Christ! how long or short it matters little. Soon the Lord will come again, and them that are asleep will he bring with him. How soon? We know not; but *soon*, not a thousand years off, but so soon that we may not fall asleep, perhaps, before he comes. . . . .

As ever, affectionately yours,
W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, August 2d, 1845.

My Dear Father—

. . . . My health is better, so far, this year, than any year since I came to China. Still, however, the warm weather has a weakening effect, which we all feel more or less. There is too in this place a constant tendency to diarrhœa in summer, which needs a good deal of care to avoid it. In another month the cool weather will commence. If this year be a fair specimen of Ningpo summer, I think there is every prospect of good health here. It is said, however, to be cooler than usual. . . .

I am now engaged in preparing a copy of Luke for publication, with short notices, which I hope will be ready by the end of the year; and perhaps I shall prepare also Acts in the same way. I am losing faith in the doctrine, "The Bible without note or comment," at least as far as the Chinese are concerned, from the often witnessed fact, that the most intelligent of them fall into frequent and gross mistakes as to its meaning. For example, many think we worship our ancestors, because the Lord's prayer commences, "Our Father, which art in heaven." If we only had enough of our small type, Luke and the comments might make a volume of seventy-five or one hundred pages. With Dyer's type, and the Paris type, it will be one hundred and fifty or more, and consequently far more expensive, and, as I think, not so good-looking. Perhaps if we print it, we may get enough of small type cut by hand to supply all we want. This will be expensive, but not much more so than to use so much more paper, &c., with larger type.

. . . . "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." His own cause is infinitely dear to him, and our follies, weaknesses, sins, mistakes, all things shall not retard it; no, not for one moment. His way may be in darkness and storms, and the clouds may be but the dust of his feet; but in due time, at the appointed season, all will be plain. Till then, "Wo unto the world because of offences.

It must needs be that offences come;" but I pray God that they come not from us. Oh for that happy time when they shall not hurt nor destroy, nor cause to offend, in all God's holy mountain.

Ever affectionately your son,

W. M. Lowrie.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MISSIONARY.—NO. III.

It is a fact which can neither be denied, nor sufficiently lamented, that the influence of nominal Christians in heathen lands is too often adverse to Christianity. It is not necessary to refer to the countenance, and in some instances open patronage which some *Christian* governments have given to idolatry, nor to their excessive scruples, lest their subjects should, in the slightest degree, interfere with the religious belief or the prejudices of the heathen, while equally reprehensible interference with their social customs and laws and feelings are overlooked and neglected. Of the mass of nominal Christians in heathen lands, it must be said, that while often retaining, in a high degree, the character of gentlemen, upright as men of business, and most obliging in their deportment to strangers, they, with few exceptions, drop that of a Christian. To do business on the Sabbath, in many places, is so common, that it is the rule rather than the exception. In a frequented port I have noticed that more ships were sent to sea on the Sabbath, than on any other day of the week; and I have heard it said in reference to this, "the better day the better deed!" while, with very many, the Sabbath is the day for visiting and amusement. Where there is divine service in English, a part of the community attend, and generally give a most respectful attention; but the large majority are never seen in a house of worship, even where they have the means of easiest access to it. Of profane swearing, and of some vices of which it is a shame even to speak, it is not my purpose now to write anything, nor to add more on this topic than this: that far too commonly, even where there is nothing outwardly incorrect, the heathen would never suspect that those coming from Christian lands had any more religion than a Mohammedan, or a Parsee, or an infidel.

But though a regard to truth requires these melancholy facts to be stated, it equally requires to be made known that there are some bright and honorable exceptions. There are few places where any number of foreign residents are collected, where there are not *a few* who are "clothed in white;" and were it proper to do so, the writer of this article, and perhaps nearly every missionary, could speak of "honorable men and devout women," who are, in their appropriate spheres, lights to the heathen, and examples to their own countrymen. Without speaking of any who are now living, or betraying the confidence reposed in me by those who are dead, I wish to trace a few lines respecting one with whom I spent

many a pleasant hour, which, while they confirm the statements just made, will give another evidence of the *incidental* benefits of missionary operations.

During the greater part of my residence in ——, there was no other clergyman there, and, as there was a small number of English and American residents, several of whom had their families with them, I was in the habit of conducting divine service on the Sabbath morning, with some occasional meetings, and also administering the Lord's Supper once a month. The number of attendants on the Sabbath varied from twenty to fifty, (there were one hundred and fifty who might have attended), and from six to twelve sat down at the Lord's table. Among the constant attendants was a lady with whom I became slightly acquainted, and whose earnest attention to the word preached, was such as I have seldom seen equalled. Of a sweet disposition and polished manners, she was a general favorite, and had so many visitors, that it was seldom possible for me to see her alone; and this, joined to an exceeding diffidence to speak on religious subjects, prevented me, for a long time, from forming much acquaintance with her, or seeing fully the character of her piety. She was a member of an evangelical church in her own land, and, maintaining a consistent deportment, she commonly met with us when the Lord's Supper was administered. On one occasion, however, she declined coming, without assigning any reason, and on the next occasion did the same. Not feeling that I possessed the *pastor's right* to inquire into the matter, nor being sufficiently acquainted to do it as a friend, I was at some loss what to do, and even wronged her so much as to think that her refusal to come might have proceeded from improper motives. After waiting several months, and observing no change in her consistent deportment, nor her attention to the ordinances of the sanctuary, it seemed a duty to see her, and, if in my power, to assist her. But the place was then full of visitors; and after some ineffectual attempts to see her alone, I wrote her a note, urging on her the importance and benefit of meeting with her fellow-Christians, and offering any assistance or instruction in my power. An immediate answer was returned, on the perusal of which it was difficult to refrain from tears. Her declining to attend at the administration of the Lord's Supper arose from no want of desire to do so, for it was her earnest wish to be a disciple of the Saviour, but from some views of Christian character and experience respecting which she had had no Christian friend to set her right. Being exceedingly afraid of death, she thought this a proof that she could not be a Christian; but her whole note breathed so thoroughly the spirit of one of "the lambs of the flock," and exhibited so many of the marks which are found in all true believers, that, after pointing her attention to them, in answer to her question, "Do you think I ought to come to the Lord's table?" I could not but reply, "For you, and such as you, there is a special right, and a special place reserved,"

or something to that effect. The answer sent relieved her mind so much, that on the next day she met with us, and afterwards, overcoming her natural reluctance to speak of herself and her religious feelings to a stranger, she frequently applied to me for counsel, and, during the few remaining months of my sojourn in ——, gave me many opportunities of assisting her in her pilgrimage. It was delightful to witness her Christian character expanding, and her rapid growth in grace and in knowledge. Timid as a bird in an unknown region, or a child that is but just beginning to walk, her chief anxiety seemed to be, to know and to do the will of the Lord. Too delicate a plant to have braved the winds that others might endure, I could not but notice how the Lord "stayed his rough wind in the day of his east wind," and caused the temptations that fell more heavily on others to turn away from her. Ever anxious to know the truth, she put many a question to me, which my own limited experience scarcely enabled me to answer, while her gratitude for the assistance she received, formed, at the time, one of the sweetest solaces, and now, one of the pleasantest remembrances of my sojourn in ——. I never heard an unkind or slighting expression from her lips, in regard to any of her associates; while for some, and especially for her husband and children, her anxiety for their salvation was deep and overpowering. She frequently asked respecting missionary operations among the heathen, and, when I came away, put a considerable sum of money in my hands, to be used in any way to facilitate labors among them.

Several months passed thus away, and it became needful for me to leave ——. She did not attempt to conceal her deep regret when she bade me farewell, for, owing to her natural diffidence, she feared that it would be long before she should meet another to whom she could so freely resort for counsel. One or two letters, breathing the same deep and simple earnestness in seeking the favor of God, followed me to my new place of residence; but ere the answer to her second note reached her, she was no more. A sickness that she had foreseen, and from which she had scarcely expected to recover, carried her away. She had, all her life, been much afraid of death; and this, as much as anything else, led her to suspect her own piety; nor could all my counsels enable her to overcome it. But, as the pious Bunyan remarks, "The river [of death] to some has had its flowings and its ebbings when others have gone over. It has been, in a manner, dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others." When the trying hour came, her gentle spirit was sustained by an unseen hand; and, with the utmost calmness, she made every arrangement for her departure, spoke words of consolation to her weeping husband, and slept in Jesus.

JOURNAL AT NINGPO.

August 7th. Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson went to Chusan yesterday, and Dr. McCartee to-day, principally for health. I am left alone in the temple. Commenced to-day for the first time explaining the portion of the Scriptures read at prayers, and reading a prayer. Took the "Two Friends," as being easier for me, and more colloquial than the Gospels, and was told by Azhik, when done, that he understood all I said. This was encouraging, for I spoke "with stammering lips," but it is likely to be a profitable exercise. Went this afternoon to take a view from the "Teen fung ta," a tower of Ningpo; but though it was clear on one side, the other was so covered with smoke that little could be seen. From the door to the highest platform are one hundred and fifty steps, which, being about eight inches each on an average, gives one hundred feet as the height. To the roof of the highest platform is perhaps ten feet more, and ten feet above this for the top, with five feet for the foundation above ground, gives about one hundred and twenty-five feet as the total height. The walls are very thick, at the top over five feet even. It has seven stories, each lighted by six windows, with a wooden railing in each to prevent accidents. It looks old and ruinous, and suffers much for want of the wooden projections, with which it was once ornamented.

The view from the top was magnificent, and in a clear day must be enchanting. The citadel of Chinhai; the hills all around, except in the direction where the plain is lost in the sea; the numerous towns and villages; and the three rivers meandering through the plain, form a scene of beauty rarely witnessed. The city and suburbs seem very extensive as seen from the summit. There are a vast number of trees in all directions, principally the small dark Junipers, over the tombs.

August 8. Exhibiting a microscope to my teacher and servants, at which they were in great astonishment. The beautiful workmanship of the instrument itself, (a present from a kind friend in New York,) attracted much admiration; but its power in displaying minute objects was a thing of which they had formed no previous conception. The hairy leg of a fly was an object of especial curiosity, and they exclaimed frequently, "Why, the fly's leg has hairs! the fly's leg has hairs!"

The weather is now warm, and weakening in its effects. One's strength is easily exhausted, and two or three hours of close application, either to the pen or one's books, is fatiguing.

August 9. A feast for the dead, who have no surviving children to worship them, is just now (nine o'clock, P. M.) going on outside of my rooms. Two long ropes, with numerous strips of colored paper suspended, are hung along the sides of the streets, and tables with various eatables, as eggs, water-lily roots, beans, fish, ginger, rice, cups of spirits, and the like, are spread over them. At one end is a hideous monster made of paper, and at the other a com-

pany of priests are performing some monotonous ceremonies. Budhist and Taou priests mingle together in the rites, and the little children look on it as a great "raree-show." The object is to feed the souls of dead men in this neighborhood, who have no children left to provide for their wants. Contributions have been given by the neighbors around to the amount of four thousand cash, and as all the expenses will scarcely amount to one thousand, the remainder will of course fall into the pockets of the priests.

It is now early harvest for millet and rice. The grain is threshed very soon after being cut, and entirely by hand. Threshing-floors seem unknown, though the paved fronts of large old tombs and similar places are often used for drying floors. After being cut, or pulled up as the case may be, which is done handful by handful, the stalks are spread out to dry for a day or two, and then carried to the threshing box, which is moved from place to place as it is wanted. This box is about four feet square by two deep, being wider at the top than at the bottom. In the box on one side there is a strong frame of long strips of bamboo, against which the heads of the grain are beaten, while a large mat on the other three sides prevents them from flying away, and they fall down to the bottom of the box. It is slow and hard work, but seems quite effectual. After drying this grain some days longer, it is winnowed, either in sieves in the open air, or in a windmill, much the same as those used by farmers in the United States. After this the rice must be pounded in mortars, or rubbed between two wooden grinders to remove the husk adhering to each separate grain. There is a vast deal of labor in cultivating rice, as the Chinese do it. The grain is first steeped in water, then sowed in nursery beds, then transplanted by hand, then *weeded*, an operation which requires men to go over the field on their hands and knees, in mud and water a foot deep, irrigated two or three times by water-wheels, cut, threshed, dried, winnowed, pounded, winnowed again, and I do not know how many more operations.

Saturday evening, August 23. A warm oppressive day. Feeling a slight headache in the evening, I went out and sat down on the wall by the north gate, to enjoy what little wind might be stirring. Several workmen who lodged in the guard-house over the gate, came up to me, and after a few questions and answers we were on the best possible terms. The conversation, where all were in a good-humor, and all wanted to talk, was very mixed, and sometimes diverting enough. After a few ordinary phrases, I began to find myself out of my depth, but still a word here and there, and half a sentence sometimes, kept us going. At last I asked them "what gods they worshipped?" to which some replied, "Yuh-kwang," (the Jewelled Emperor,) also "Kwan-yin," and various others. On this I remarked that these were all false gods, mere wood and clay, they were unable to speak, hear, see or walk. Of what use were they? Why should they be worshipped? These remarks excited frequent bursts of laughter, with exclama-

tions, "True!" "Just so!" and the like. They then asked if we had no idols in our country, on which, "with stammering lips, and in another tongue," I set before them the only object of worship, the true God, the Supreme Ruler of all, the hearer of prayer, and his son Jesus Christ. They were astonished when told that he could see, hear, and speak, and asked various questions, to many of which I found it difficult to reply. On coming away several of them requested me to "come again to-morrow."

Wednesday, September 3. Dr. McCartee and myself started on a trip of relaxation and exploration, meaning to visit Teentung, a celebrated Budhist monastery, some twenty-five miles south of Ningpo. We engaged a boat large enough to accommodate ourselves, with my teacher, and a servant, besides the two boatmen. The charge for the boat and boatmen is about half a dollar a day.

The boat being somewhat slow in starting, we strolled through a large grave-yard near the landing. Numerous coffins were lying about on the top of the ground with no covering whatever, and some were almost fallen to pieces through age. There were three stone buildings about ten or twelve feet square, and as many high, intended for the reception of children's bones. One was the "Children's Pagoda," and the others the "Boy's Pagoda," and "Girls' Pagoda." Such buildings are common, for in China little attention is paid to the burial of children, unless they happen to be the first born. Instead of the massive coffins in which the remains of adults are laid, a slight box is nailed together, in which they are deposited, and laid anywhere, until, the frail structure having decayed, and the flesh disappeared, the bones are collected and put in such buildings as these.

Continuing our walk through the suburb, which is long and wide, and near the city very populous, we gave away some tracts, but refused many applicants, on the ground that they could not read. It soon began to rain, and getting into our boat, we proceeded rapidly on our way. We slept rather uncomfortably in the boat, and arrived during the night at the hills within six miles of Teentung.

The next morning on awaking we found ourselves at the foot of some hills, and as far as the boat could go. The country around had an inviting aspect, and we began to promise ourselves much pleasure in rambling about among the hills. But to our dismay, heavy showers of rain came up every few minutes, and it soon appeared that there was small prospect of getting comfortably to Teentung. There are no nice covered coaches here, nor good broad roads, and the only conveyances to be had consisted of open sedan chairs, in which ourselves, and what was worse, our bedding and changes of raiment, were sure to be thoroughly wet. After some hesitation we deemed it best, since the weather was so unpromising, to keep to the boat, and instead of going directly to Teentung, to go to Tung-woo, a romantic lake among the hills, and see what the prospect might be from there. The hills are less

barren than those farther south, and produce a good deal of long coarse grass, and stunted brush, suitable for fire-wood, ("the grass of the field to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven;") but they are scarcely susceptible of profitable cultivation. All the valleys, however, which are large, and the hollows between the hills, which are numerous, are well cultivated, and the population is great. Villages are in profusion.

During the day we came to a large hill of coarse red sandstone, which has been worked as a stone quarry for some two hundred years, and is more than half cut away. We went to see it in a driving rain, and found it a singular scene. Avenues were cut in various directions, as the veins of the stone happened to be best adapted for working. In some places, high rocks were left standing, like castles towering in the air, and close by there would be excavations dug down in the solid rock as many as twenty feet and more. Vast masses of rubbish were piled about on every side, so as to render walking in some places difficult, while the driving rain, and the wind rushing among the broken rocks, gave an air of indescribable wildness to the scene. A number of men were working in the rain, all of whom seemed cheerful and civil enough. We left a few tracts, though there were but few who could read.

Thence we proceeded till we came in sight of Tung-woo; but to our disappointment found the water in the canal so low, (notwithstanding the late heavy rains,) that we could not reach the lake in our boat, and the frequent showers precluded the idea of walking. We turned our faces towards *Yuh-wang*, a large Budhist monastery, with two high towers, which we had seen during the morning.

We reached the monastery a little before sunset, and found it so embowered in trees that the buildings were not visible till we were close to them. The Budhist priests have certainly, what is rather uncommon among other classes, a good deal of taste in the selection of their residences. This monastery is beautifully situated in a gorge of two hills, with another hill directly in front. This does not furnish a very wide prospect in any direction, but it makes the place quiet and retired. A brick wall inclosing several acres of ground goes round the monastery. Entering the main gate, we went down to the bottom of the valley, crossed a little bridge thrown over the valley stream, and ascending a slight elevation of some twenty feet or more, entered the buildings, and proceeding through one or two large court-yards, were politely received by the monks, and shown into the strangers' apartments, a set of three or four rooms, with some chairs, tables, and bedsteads. Monasteries and temples are the principal *inns* in China, though they seldom furnish more than four walls and a roof. The traveller is expected to furnish his own bedding and food, and to have some one to prepare it for him, though the latter service can generally be performed for him by *extempore* cooks, if he is willing to put up with the ignorance of foreign modes and dirty habits, by

which they are generally distinguished. It is, however, the safest and cheapest plan for the traveller to have his own servant along; and though some good friend of missions at home may ask what business a plain missionary has to carry a servant about with him, yet such would do well to consider, that here we have no comfortable inns, with separate rooms which we can lock when we go out, and where everything in the shape of bedding and food is prepared for us by attentive landlords. But this is digression.—Being wearied by the confinement of our boat, we were glad to get our supper; and after a hasty glance at the buildings, as it was now dark, we soon went to bed, but did not rest very well, for there was an abundance of fleas, and having neglected our own musketo curtains, we were fain to use some we found in the monastery, which did not shelter us perfectly from the attacks of the musketoes.

The first building is a large high structure of only one story. Within it is about one hundred feet long by seventy broad, and the roof is supported by numerous wooden pillars, standing on stone bases. The Chinese have not the art of supporting a roof without using so many pillars as to diminish materially the effect of a large room. The principal objects in this room were three immense figures, the Three Precious Buddhas. They were sitting with their feet drawn up like tailors at work, and were of immense size. Judging from the base of the seat on which they sat, and which, though twelve feet square, they quite covered, they must have been eighteen or twenty feet high, even in their sitting posture. They were richly gilt, and between them stood two attendants, gilt all over, and perhaps twelve feet high. They did not seem to have much worship paid to them, and the sparrows which had made their nests in the roof above, defiled the place with dirt. Behind these figures, and facing the other way, was the image of *Kwan Yin*, "She who regards the prayers of the world," sitting on a horse, (or ass?) and carrying a child in her arms. Several attendants stood round her shrine, which was altogether a curious specimen of working in clay. It represented the sea, with numerous rocks and islands, over which she was crossing on horseback. Along the ends and back of this building, sat thirty-four gilt images, each as large as the human figure, with every variety of countenance and dress. In front of the door stood the most curiously gnarled tree I ever saw. Its trunk was more than a foot in diameter; after rising up some six or eight feet it bent back in a sharp angle to the ground, and then stretched up again, while its branches stood out in every direction. It was inclosed by a stone railing, and evidently was esteemed a great curiosity. There was some story of miraculous appearances connected with it; but I have forgotten what it is.

Directly behind this building, and separated from it by a large square stone paved court, was another some sixty by eighty feet in dimensions, and in much better keeping. The principal objects

of interest were two really magnificent shrines, of a circular pyramidal shape, one behind the other. Over the hinder one an immense silken canopy was suspended, lights were constantly burning before them, and some of the monks seemed to be always in the building. And for what, think you, was all this display? Because one of the shrines contained a veritable *Shay-le* of Buddh, taken from his sacred body before his deification! And what is a *Shay-le?* On this point I can get but little satisfaction. I am told "it is neither gold nor brass, nor stone, nor yet bone nor flesh. It is a small round thing, about as big as the half of a pea, and looks somewhat like a scab from a sore that is healing up." For a "consideration" the priests will allow you to see it, and if you are a good man, or likely to be prosperous, its color is red, but if the reverse, it will be black. As great honors are paid to this valuable relic, as to the blood of St. Januarius, and no doubt the priests make much money out of it. My teacher, who has of late some new views on some topics,) laughs at it as an imposition to wheedle people out of their money. There are several idols in this hall, one of which is a jolly fat old fellow with a continual laugh on his face. The other buildings of the temple have little in them worthy of notice, and the rain was so violent that we were obliged to postpone to another time our purposed visit to the towers and grounds of the temple. This we regretted, as the two towers are each seven stories high, and the country had a very pretty appearance.

There are about thirty monks in the establishment. Those we saw were generally pale and sickly looking fellows, with countenances betokening very little mental exertion or worth. The routine of their duties is such, as must effectually quench every noble aspiration, for it consists in an unceasing round of prostrations and chants, generally in an unknown tongue, and almost always performed without the slightest appearance of devotion or zeal. It is marvellous how men can for years practise such insipid ceremonies, without becoming utterly disgusted with them. One of the monks had deprived himself of one of his fingers by a very painful process; he had wrapped oiled flax around it down to the middle of the joint next the hand, and burned it slowly, another monk reciting prayers all the time, till the finger was consumed. When we saw him the stump was not perfectly healed. He had also seared the flesh of one arm in a dozen places with a hot iron. He had a special vow of abstinence from covetousness, wine, and lewdness, and these were the marks by which he made his vow generally known. But notwithstanding such evidences, which, by the way, are not uncommon, the character of those who bear them is by no means good. The "forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats," by which the Buddhist and Taou sects are distinguished, are followed by just the consequences which all history teaches us to expect.

It was melancholy to meet even here, with traces of the injury

done by foreigners to our religion. This temple has been visited by several Englishmen, and some of other nations, (we were the first American visitors,) and we had not been long there, before the monks told us that a former visitor had gone and bowed down before their idols, and then turning to one of his companions, assured the monks that *this* was the god of England, and in their presence performed acts of devotion to him, such as they performed to their idols! I give the story as it was told, without vouching for its truth. If it be true, what shall be said? The excuse that would be given by the persons concerned, would doubtless be, that it was only in sport, or possibly, to throw contempt on idolatry; but who will deem this sufficient? You ask if I believe the story? All I can say is, I have known of things nearly as bad, nor should I feel surprised if even this were true. One thing is certain, the story is generally believed by the Chinese who have been to the temple, for the monks are fond of telling it, and is quoted by them as a proof that foreigners worship idols. In saying this, I testify to that I do know.

Having seen all we wanted, and being tired of staying, we began to think of going,—but how to accomplish it? The rain fell in torrents, and the road to our boat was flooded the greater part of the way by a stream of water nearly a foot deep. It was a regular scene in wading, and might have reminded one of trout-fishing in the streams in Pennsylvania. Getting to the boat, we changed our wet clothes for others, and going off in the rain, reached home shortly before dark, greatly amused and profited by our trip, though it had not turned out as we had expected.

Tuesday, October 14. Having occasion to visit Chusan, started in a boat about midnight and reached Chusan at one o'clock, P. M. Asking a boatman how far it was from Chinhai to Chusan, he replied, "It's all by water, and nobody knows." The Chinese have no idea of any way of measuring distances by water, and though this man had gone between the two places probably fifty times, he had not troubled himself even to guess how far apart they might be. Such, too, is the ignorance of even learned men in China respecting Astronomy, that it is difficult to give them any idea of the way of measuring distances by celestial observations.

In walking through the streets of Chusan, I was singularly affected by hearing a little girl, daughter of one of the English soldiers now stationed here, saying, "my mother wants you to come back directly." The familiar words and English accent spoken by a young person, were so different from the "unknown tongue" spoken by every one around, that they easily transported my thoughts to a land where all speak my own mother tongue. How strangely it would now seem, to be where everybody spoke the same language with myself!

Tuesday, October 21. Started on a trip to *Poo-too*, one of the most celebrated establishments of the Buddhists in China.

Having a fair wind and tide, the boat proceeded rapidly along the southern shore of Chusan, towards its eastern extremity. Numerous islands, large and small, stud the whole length of the island, and the channels between them are generally deep. About five miles east of Tinghai, there is a small village called *Seaou Yeu*, or "Salt Pans," from the quantity of salt manufactured there. The shores of Chusan for many miles, and of some of the opposite islands, are used for manufacturing salt. There is not much level ground, but much of what there is being low, it is covered at high water, and after the tide is fallen, the mud, saturated with salt water, is drawn up in heaps, and the salt water oozes out into large vessels sunk for that purpose into the earth. This water is then boiled in concave iron pans, each holding several gallons. The heaps of earth thus gathered are often ten or twelve feet high, but the late long rains had so materially interfered with the business, that I was unable to obtain any satisfactory account of the various processes. Judging from the number of piles of earth, there must be several thousand persons employed in the business. The salt trade is a monopoly in China, and some of the salt merchants are among the richest men in the empire.

Poo-too lies east of the north-eastern extremity of Chusan. According to a Chinese history of the island, it is about a hundred le, or a little over thirty miles, from Tinghai. Having an unfavorable wind, we had to beat across the channel, and did not reach it till after three o'clock, P. M. Its aspect from the sea is but little more inviting than that of the other islands around, and what it has in appearance that is pleasant is owing to art; for excepting the trees that show themselves in the valleys and among the rocks, which have been planted by man, it is even wilder and rockier than its companions. A deep cleft or valley near the middle of the island reveals the yellow tiled roof of one of the principal temples, from a great distance off, but the principal landing-place is at the south-eastern extremity.

No sooner does one step on shore than he has evidence on every side that the place is "wholly given to idolatry." A small worshipping place stood close by the landing; shrines and inscriptions were cut in the rocks by the roadside, and a large red gateway covered with tiles announced the approach to a temple. Pursuing the walk a hundred yards further over a broad stone-paved pathway overhung by trees, you enter the *Pih-hwa-yen*, or "white flowery monastery." Here I sought for lodgings, but the monks seemed not to desire company, and complained of having met such uncivil treatment from foreigners who had recently been there, that they did not wish to see any more. However, they finally showed me a suite of three or four rooms, or rather closets, up stairs, of which I took possession, and leaving my servant to keep watch and get dinner ready, I sallied out to see what might be seen.

The Pih-hwa-yen is an old building built on a foundation dug out of the hill-side, and almost concealed from sight by large overhanging trees and shrubbery. It is now in bad repair, and has an old and faded appearance. The number of monks is said to be about forty, but I saw not more than ten or twelve. The idols and ornaments of the temple are all old and shabby, and it has little to interest a visitor. In one of the main courts under the verandah were pasted up some twelve or fifteen large red cards, presented by ships' companies with other offerings in gratitude to the gods who had brought them on so far. Two or three of the vessels were from *Hwny-Chow*, in Canton, most of them from *Chang-Chow*, *Tseuen-chow*, *and Hing-hwa*, in Fuhkeen, and only one from a seaport in Cheh-keang. In the evening a religious ceremony of some kind was performed by the old abbot, assisted by some six of the monks, with several of the young candidates for the Buddhist priesthood, some sailors and myself for spectators. The abbot put on a scarlet robe and a crown, and taking an incense stick in his hand, performed numerous ceremonies, accompanied with a repetition of prayers and chanting, in the chorus of which the other monks joined. But there was not the slightest appearance of devotion, except perhaps in the manner of the old abbot. The others, in the intervals of the chanting, drank tea, gazed about, and talked with one another, while the young candidates for the priesthood amused themselves with annoying one of the officiating monks, and putting balls in his chair, to trouble him when he sat down. This called forth an angry reproof from him, and produced a hearty laugh on their part. Seeing things go on thus, I gave one of the spectators a tract, whereon several others asked for some; and finally one of the monks left his devotions and came for one. I then said something on the folly of worshipping such idols, and a hearty laugh followed the exposure of the helplessness of their gods. With some further remarks on the way to worship the true God, and his son Jesus Christ, I left them, glad to get away from the sin and folly of their unmeaning ceremonies. They kept them up with the beating of gongs and drums during the greater part of the night.

From the Pih-hwa-yen, a paved stone walk, some five feet broad, extends over a hill and down to the central valley of the island, where the principal establishment, called the *Seen-sz'*, is built. On several of the large rocks along this road, inscriptions are cut in large letters, and shrines are built against, or carved out of the rocks. At one place is a little shrine with some characters in a language I did not know, probably the Sanscrit, and beneath *Nan woo oh me to fuh*, words that are constantly and "vainly" repeated in the religious ceremonies of the Buddhists. Several paths branched off from the main road, leading to smaller *yen*, or monasteries, in the recesses of the hills.

Arrived at the bottom of the valley, you pass through a large gateway, composed of four massive stone pillars, each a single block

of granite about twenty feet high. Beyond this a few steps and you pass, at right angles, on the left another gateway leading into the main buildings. Before coming to this gateway is an inscription carved in stone to this effect: "Every officer, whether civil or military, and all the common people, on arriving at this place, must dismount from their horses." The reason of this soon appeared, for just within the second gateway, and inclosed within an octagonal tower, covered with yellow tiles, was an immense marble tablet, with a long inscription, presented by the Emperor Kanghi. It is the custom in China for all to dismount and walk when passing before anything that comes from the Emperor, though there was but little occasion for the order in this instance, seeing there is not a horse or ass upon the island.

Beyond this is a pond of water, with many of the broad-leaved Lotus plants growing at each end, and a beautifully arched stone bridge across it. Beyond this again, reaching clear to the base of the hill, were several large yellow-tiled temples, with open courts in front, and two-storied dormitories at either side of the courts for the monks. In the temples were any number of huge hideous idols, all once richly gilt, but now brown with age, and black and dirty with the smoke of incense. Just within the door of the main building was a shrine for drawing lots, and telling fortunes, with the inscription above, "*Yew kew peih ying*," "He that seeketh will certainly find an answer." Some two dozen monks were kneeling and chanting in the main building, among whom were several older than any I have ever seen. Outside one or two monks were superintending the winnowing of some paddy; others were watching men splitting up the roots of an old tree for firewood, and others were doing nothing. So lazy and good-for-nothing a set as the Buddhist and Taou priests, I have never seen; and I could not but admire the simple truth with which one of the boatmen described their occupations, when I asked him what they did, "Why sir, they eat rice, and read prayers." In one of the side buildings, which is three stories high, there is a bell five feet in diameter, and more than seven feet in height. It is beaten with a wooden hammer, (the Chinese bells rarely have clappers,) and its sound when gently struck, amidst the chantings and chorus of the monks below, was far from being unpleasant.

Everything about these buildings showed signs of age, neglect, and decay. The yellow tiles, the gift of imperial favor, were falling from the roofs, grass was growing in the stone-paved courtyards, weeds encumbered the sacred Lotus pond, windows and doors were falling to pieces, and the curtains and ornaments of the idols were even browned with smoke and dust. Here, too, there was but little evidence of devotion in their worship, and one of the monks stopped in the midst of his chanting to ask me when I arrived. I left the place with an aching heart; for the sight of these old men bending over the grave, and yet chanting the praises of these wooden gods, was a painful subject for thought.

From the Seen-sz', a stone pathway leads over another elevation, and through a valley into a deep recess among the hills, where the next large establishment, the *How-sz'*, is situated. This is smaller than the Seen-sz', and exhibits even more traces of neglect and decay. The roof of one of the buildings had partly fallen in, and the broken tiles and mortar were lying about the altar. Being somewhat wearied, I sat down in one of the court-yards, and soon had five or six of the monks about me, with two or three workmen and servants. One of the former, a man of some fifty-four years of age, with a face full of curiosity, came up, and with a very polite salutation said,

"I presume you are a Frenchman, sir?"

"No."

"No! Oh, then you are an English officer?"

"No, I am an American."

"Oh! an American! Pray how far is your honorable country from England?"

"It is about ten thousand le."

"Hi yah! Ten thousand le! What a vast distance!"

"Yes," said I, "it is a good distance; and my country is distant from the 'Central Flowery Land' more than sixty thousand le."

"Prodigious! More than sixty thousand le! I presume your Excellency has come to the Central Land to trade. I hope you find the markets good."

"No, I have not come here to trade. I came here to propagate religion."

"To what?" said he, looking puzzled.

"To propagate religion."

"Oh, I understand. To propagate religion. I congratulate you, sir! May I ask what is your religion?"

"I belong to the 'religion of Jesus.' We worship only one true God, and believe on his son Jesus Christ. We do not worship idols. What are these idols which you worship here? They have eyes, but they cannot see; they have ears, but they cannot hear; they have mouths, but they cannot speak; they have hands and feet, but can neither move their hands nor walk. What is the use of worshipping such things?" During this short talk, my questioner was looking more and more confused, and as the last question was put, a hearty laugh was raised by all around, in which he also joined, adding, "True, true, what you say is perfectly correct." I went on somewhat farther to speak of the sinfulness of man, our desert of punishment, the mercy of God, the mission of Christ to the world, together with the consequent obligation imposed on us, to believe on him and secure our salvation: all of which was listened to very respectfully, with numerous (thoughtless, it is to be feared, and hollow) expressions of assent. I then took out some tracts, and gave them each one, which were politely received, and one of the younger monks looking at the tract "Two Friends," remarked, "There were some foreigners

here several years ago, before the English came to Ningpo, who left this tract here." He doubtless referred to the visit of Messrs. Medhurst and Stevens, in 1836. Tea was now brought, and after some further desultory conversation, I took my departure, exhibiting as much politeness as possible, which was returned with interest by them. Before going a hundred yards, however, one of them came running after me, calling out with a loud voice, "Your Excellency! please stop a little." I waited for him, and when he came up, all out of breath with his haste, he made a low bow and said, "The great god in the temple where you have just been, would be very much obliged by the donation of one small Canton rupee, so small," he added, making a circle about as big as a rupee. I told him I was very sorry not to oblige him, but the thing was utterly impossible; that I did not worship nor respect idols, nor could I make any presents to them. With this assurance he professed to be satisfied, and bowing, walked slowly back. But the incident was painful, as showing their indifference to the truth. I had the best evidence of their fully understanding and assenting to what was said against idolatry, and yet in five minutes after they could ask me to make an offering to their gods!

The next morning I went around to several of the smaller monasteries, but saw little in them of interest. In one, the monks were so busy divining for some sailors, that they had not time to speak to strangers; in another, they were all gone to some other part of the island, and in a third I found no person except one old monk, suffering from disease. He was sitting in a sheltered verandah, with a little boy waiting on him, and received me quite politely, ordering tea to be brought. He said he was seventy-one years old; and was as intelligent a man as I met on the island. In answer to my inquiries, he said that the beginning of the monastic establishments on the island dated as far back as the Leang dynasty, some eight hundred years ago; but that the Seen-sz' and the How-sz' were built in the Sung dynasty. The total number of monks on the island, he affirmed, did not exceed seven or eight hundred. I had been told the evening before, at the How-sz' that there were fifteen hundred, but the old man's statement is probably correct. There are four large, and one hundred and two small establishments on the island. Allowing one hundred monks for the largest, and thirty for the other three, each, we have about two hundred. All accounts agreed that in the smaller establishments there were not over five or six in the average, being about seven or eight hundred in all. This differs widely from the accounts of former visitors, who make the number amount to "six thousand;" but I am satisfied that those accounts are much larger than is correct. There is not room in all the buildings on the island to accommodate so many.

As the monk with whom I was now talking was old and sick, and might soon die, I felt it to be a duty to point out to him, however imperfectly, the way of eternal life beyond the grave; but

though he understood the most of what was said, and assented to it as very good and proper, it seemed to make little impression upon him. He said that after death he expected still to abide among the hills of this island, which had now been his home for more than fifty years. When asked how he expected to secure happiness beyond the grave, he replied, "By worshipping Buddh, and making many prayers." I set before him as well as I could the way of life through Christ,—to which he listened attentively, and remarked, "There were some foreigners here several years ago, who taught the same doctrine that you do;" referring doubtless to the visit of Messrs. Medhurst and Stevens. On coming away I gave him several tracts, which he received gratefully. Oh that the truth which he has thus heard more than once, may be blessed to him, even in this the eleventh hour! After strolling about a little longer, I left the island at eleven o'clock, A. M., and reached Tinghai near sunset.

Thursday, October 23. Started with Mr. Loomis for a walk across the island. Went through the long and narrow valley, back of Tinghai, and up the steep hill behind it. We finally came out into a noble plain, two miles, or two and a half miles broad, and four or five miles long, all covered with rice, while the neighboring hill-sides, for a great distance up, were cultivated with buckwheat, sweet-potatoes, and other vegetables. This valley appears to be even larger than that in which Tinghai is situated, and has some ten or fifteen villages at the foot of the hills around it. Probably five thousand persons derive their subsistence from it. A large part of the men of the valley were at a theatre in one of the temples, and we took the opportunity to give away some tracts, but found few who could read.

After going down to the sea-shore we went back, and arrived at home about five o'clock, P. M., having walked twenty-one miles. We were foot-sore, and wearied enough.

October 27. Returned to Ningpo; but not reaching the place till near midnight, found the city gates shut, and the watchmen going their rounds. Obliged to remain in the boat all night.

November 5. Walked some three miles or more down the bank of the Ningpo river, which on the north-east side of the city makes a remarkable bend, almost inclosing the ground on which the English consulate stands. A canal half a mile long would save six or seven miles sailing. There are vast numbers of graves on this part of the Ningpo plain, though perhaps not more than may be found in any other direction. They occupy many acres of fertile soil, and cause one to doubt the truth of the remark so often made, that "the Chinese seldom bury their dead except on the sides of barren hills." This remark was generally found to be true in the province of Canton, and in some parts of Fuhkeen, but it is far from being correct in those of Keangsoo and Chehkeang. About Shanghai the number of tumuli, or mounds, inclosing cof-

fins, is so great, that in some places they remind one of haycocks in a newly-mown meadow, while about Ningpo there are thousands of acres thus occupied. In the hills about Ningpo, none of which are within ten miles of the city, there are comparatively few tombs.

Nov. 22. The early part of this month was the season for the harvest of the second crop of rice, and the farmers have now nearly finished threshing it. The cotton is also gathered in, and the wheat is in many places coming up, having been planted early in the month. They do not sow it broadcast, but having first prepared the ground in long beds, they drill holes at regular intervals, with a heavy, sharp-pointed stone, and drop five or six grains in each hole.

Nov. 26. Saw a wedding procession, which must have been several hundred yards long, and numbered several hundreds of people. A crowd of men and boys bearing banners and inscriptions went in front, some trumpets and cymbals followed, then seven or eight men on horseback, then a couple of officers, one bearing a white, and the other a gilt button in their caps; then the bride's chair, a really beautiful article, elegantly painted, carved and gilded, borne by eight men; but the bride was quite too well inclosed to be seen; then several men bearing ornamental bedding-clothes and pillows, which form a part of the marriage presents, and are always ostentatiously displayed; while no less than twenty-one sedan chairs brought up the rear. The lady was said to be the daughter of an officer of rank.

Dec. 1. I congratulated my teacher on the birth of his daughter. "No, no, we do not congratulate here on the birth of a daughter." "No! why not?' "Oh, they are a great expense, and very little profit to us." This led to some conversation on the treatment of females, and finally to the question, whether there was such a thing as female infanticide in this part of the country, he replied quickly, "No, not here, but there is in Canton, and in some parts of Fuhkeen." "Is there none at all here?" "No, not in Ningpo, but in the city of Funghwa, (a city about twenty miles off, and under the jurisdiction of the Che-foo of Ningpo,) there is. It is called *neih-sz'*, or death by drowning, for when the child is born, if it be a girl, the parents or assistants often heap water on it, in pretence of washing it, but in such a way that it dies!" He made this statement very unwillingly, and with many exclamations of horror, and finally added, "But of late years, since the Funghwa people have begun to understand right reason and propriety, there is none of it." Notwithstanding this assertion, there is sufficient reason to suppose that this horrid custom prevails, not only in Funghwa, but in other places in this province; but to nothing like the extent in which it is common in some parts of Fuhkeen.

Dec. 11. A long and serious discussion with my teacher to-day on some points in the systems of Confucius and Christ, particularly in reference to human nature. Confucius and Mencius

teach that every man is born with a heart good and pure, and that it is only by the influence of evil example, and the giving way to one's own wishes, that the heart becomes bad. They do not suppose that it ever becomes totally depraved, but insist that every man is able to rectify his own evil nature, by simply returning to the principles of righteousness implanted in him. It is a favorite expression of my teacher, that "the heart which heaven gives us is pure;" and his comparison to illustrate it was, "a mirror all clear and bright, reflecting perfectly the images of objects presented to it. By degrees, through exposure to the air, neglect, carelessness, or ill-usage, it becomes soiled, dirty and useless," and his strong argument to uphold his position was, "If you tell men that their nature is bad, they will at once turn round on you and say, 'Since our nature is bad, then we can do nothing to correct it, and may as well go on in sin.'" It was to avoid this reply that Mencius insisted so much on the doctrine of the natural goodness of man's heart. Another argument he used was, "It cannot be supposed that heaven would give a man a bad heart." The natural and correct answer, "Man was created upright, but fell by his own sin, and drew his posterity after him," he seemed to think unsatisfactory.

Discoursing still farther on the nature of good and evil, he gave it as his opinion, that if a man obeyed his parents and his prince, avoided theft, robbery, and licentiousness, and was kind to his neighbors, such a man should be called *a good man.* When asked were all men of this character, he replied, "No, but there are some such." When asked how many men were outwardly moral, whose morality was caused more by the fears of the law, and the opinion of men, than by any regard for virtue, as such, he replied, "Such men are not very numerous. I suppose in ten thousand, nine thousand and nine hundred have no regard for virtue as such." "Could such men be considered as good men?" "No, they could hardly be called good men, yet neither were they worthy to be called bad." "What do you think of their heart, their motives? Can these be called good?" "Mr. Lowrie," said he, half angrily, "why do you talk about the heart so much? Why do not you content yourself with saying that men should do good, and live virtuously, without troubling yourself about the heart, which nobody can see?" "Because the religion of Christ, unlike that of Confucius and Mencius, teaches as one of its first truths, that the heart is bad and must be changed, the nature defiled and must be renovated, before a man can enter heaven." "Oh! that's very different from the doctrine we believe, and I do not see the use of talking so much about the heart. Besides," he added, "*I understand the doctrine of Jesus thoroughly*, a great deal better than you do that of Confucius. I have read two or three volumes of your books, and think it all very good. Christ taught just the same that Confucius does, that man should do what is right,—there may be some little points of difference,

but in all the essentials the doctrine of the two is the same." The singular contradictions of these sentences show the character of the Chinese mind, unwilling to admit the truth of a doctrine so unpalatable to the human heart, and yet too polite to persist in open contradiction of a friend.

My teacher is one of the "wise of this world." A more learned man than is common, though a school-boy might justly laugh at his knowledge of multitudes of things, he has a high opinion of himself and his own intellect, and it is easy to see that he entertains much contempt for the humbling doctrines of the cross. What can man do without the aid of the Almighty? Already he knows not quite so much as he thinks he does, but quite enough of the way of salvation to be saved, but it is foolishness to him. Neither can he know it aright. Oh for the life-giving Spirit to breathe on these dry bones, and make them live!

A slight spitting of snow to-day, the first I have seen for nearly four years.

Dec. 14. A fall of snow last night, which whitened the ground, and made things look as natural as in former days.

Ningpo, November 1st, 1845.

To the Society of Inquiry, Princeton Theological Seminary.

Dear Brethren—In a letter from the Corresponding Secretary of your Committee on Foreign Missions, dated October 16th, 1844, which has been lying by me since April 19th, 1845, there are three definite questions and a *carte blanche*, the answers and "filling up" of all of which would occupy more time and paper than I have to spare; and, probably, more patience than you have to give. Perhaps I shall not err in answering the questions first, and then adding what may come uppermost, or find room.

In regard to Morrison's translation of the Bible into Chinese, a singular misconception has long prevailed among the supporters of missions, both in England and America. It is not three years since one of the warmest, and generally speaking, one of the best informed friends of missions in England, asserted, in opposition to the united and unanimous voice of the Protestant Missionaries in China, that "Morrison's translation of the Scriptures was nearly perfect, and another was unnecessary." This was, to say the least, rather a venturesome remark from one who did not know a word of Chinese! . . .

I can answer your question, "Is the translation useful or intelligible?" by saying it is useful, but is not adapted for general circulation. When we are explaining the Scripture history or doctrine in private conversation, it is of use, because it is sufficiently intelligible, with such cautions and explanations as we can give orally, to give those with whom we speak a fuller idea of the truth. It is of use to give to our converts, for you know the

converted man finds good when the impenitent turns away in disgust; and the converts will naturally come to us for explanation. And it is also of use to those who may prepare a new translation. But it is not, as I think, adapted for general circulation, nor would I willingly give a copy to a heathen, except under favorable circumstances. These same remarks apply in great measure to Dr. Marshman's translation, which was finished about the same time with Morrison's, and has never had an extensive circulation.

You also ask, "What progress has been made towards remedying its defects?" A good deal as regards the New Testament; but as it regards the Old, almost none. We have two other translations of the New Testament; one by Gutzlaff, which is not much used; and another by Medhurst, assisted by John R. Morrison, Bridgman, and others. The latter is the one in common use; and it is in general intelligible and good, though paraphrastic sometimes, and far from being perfect. A number of the missionaries, both English and American, are now engaged in a revision of it; but it may be several years before it is completed. When the Old Testament will be revised and published, I have no idea. I hope to live to see the time, and, perhaps, to take some part in it, but it will not be soon. There is a great work yet to be done in this respect, and perhaps some of you may be called to assist in it. The translation of the Scriptures into Chinese is a great, difficult, and most important work, and the preparation of Comments and Notes upon them will require the labors of many men for many years. You can have but little idea of the strange notions they gather from expressions that are as common to us as the air we breathe. . . .

I have gone over the Gospel of Luke very carefully with my teacher, who passes for a learned man in Ningpo, and his mistakes and misconceptions have been both amusing and painful. This arises in part from the imperfection of the translation; in part from an utter and characteristic ignorance of the geography and history of every other nation but China; in part from the use of figures and comparisons unknown in China. Some people say "The Bible is an Oriental book, and the Chinese are an Oriental people, therefore, they can easily understand it. But unfortunately the Chinese are as much beyond "the East" on one side as America is on the other; and therefore the remark is very unfounded, in part from inattention and want of interest in the subject, and in part from the "thick darkness" which idolatry and superstition have enshrouded even the mental, and much more the moral perceptions. Oh brethren! if you were here but a few days, you would understand something of the necessity for the Spirit's influences to open the understanding, and pour light into the heart; and of the feelings of the prophet, when commanded to prophesy to the dry bones. Pray for us. So deep is the "veil of the covering cast over" the minds of the heathen, that were it not for what God can do, the Missionary enterprise would be as

fantastic a scheme of folly as the brain of man ever devised. If it were not for the hope, the belief of what God will do, I would not be a missionary for another day. It requires but a few years' experience in the missionary field to learn that it is not talents nor learning, important as these are, but piety and prayer, that are chiefly requisite in a missionary. "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." Oh that my own heart and practice were more deeply influenced by this conviction, and that the churches at home felt it more.

You ask for "my impressions regarding the climate of China." Having not yet had a full experience of the climate so far north as my present residence. I cannot answer you so fully as may be desirable; but what I know is briefly as follows: In the Canton province, and the climate at Amoy is not materially different, warm weather prevails for nine months in the year; of which four or five are oppressive, while the months of December, January, and February, are pleasant and cool. The natives and the Portuguese at Macao do not use fires in their houses, but the English and Americans find them very agreeable. During three years, the lowest I ever saw the thermometer was 45°, while it generally in the cool weather ranged between 50° and 60° of Fahrenheit. I never used a cloak but once or twice, except in my room, where, as I sat without a fire, it was needful. In the long warm seasons my health suffered, and I became languid and thinner than usual, in August and September. Most persons suffer in the same way, but the winter or rather the cool weather, for ice and snow are almost never seen, is invigorating, and many enjoy better health than in their own land. I consider the climate at Macao and Canton as decidedly healthy; and expecting the indisposition above referred to, which, however, never confined me a whole day to the couch, I never was better at home. The circumstances which have made Amoy and Hong Kong unhealthy, I do not think will have a permanent influence; nor should I have the slightest hesitation or fear in going to either of these places. It would seem, however, from facts already observed, that northern men bear the climate better than southern, though reasoning *a priori* many would think differently.

In Shanghai and Ningpo, the climate is different. We have pleasant, cool, and cold weather, for nine months, and warm weather for three, July and August, and parts of June and September. Of the warm weather six weeks are uncomfortably hot, if anything, worse than at Macao. I have not yet had the pleasure of experiencing the cold weather here in its perfection, though I retain a vivid recollection of the coldness of my fingers and ears on approaching Shanghai in March, when the cold weather was nearly over, and of the strange sensations excited, by seeing my breath come out in thick steam, and sleeping under a load of bedclothes, things to which I had been a stranger for more than three years. The thermometer falls below 25°; ice and snow are seen

every winter; and fur clothes, which are cheap and good, are worn to an extent that would surprise you. Yet even here, the inhabitants do not use fires, but content themselves with abundance of cotton garments, (ten and fifteen jackets worn at once are not uncommon,) wadded clothes, and furs, with small foot-stoves, and finger-stoves. But I do not see how we can do without fires. The climate is subject to frequent and considerable changes. I have seen the thermometer rise from 34° to 84° in a few days in March, and fall back to 40° in forty hours; and after experiencing warm weather in June, I have put on woollen stockings in July. A fall of twenty degrees in a few hours is not uncommon, and is sensibly felt. It is now quite cool, the thermometer being below sixty, except in the middle of the day; and the merchants' shops present a busy and rich scene, from the quantity of fine furs displayed in them. I am looking forward with some interest to the return of snow and ice, things which I have not seen for nearly four years. My impressions of the climate of Ningpo are very favorable, though the last summer being cooler than usual, did not afford a very good opportunity of knowing precisely what it is.

. . . . There are also two or three disagreeably damp seasons in the summer, of two or three weeks' continuance, when rain pours down in torrents; and if it does not rain, you feel as if the very air was damp and cloudy; and the perspiration will gather on the stones in the wall, even when the sun is shining outside. Such weather is hard on books, clothes, and animal spirits; but it is of short continuance.

We get plenty to eat here, but not a very great variety, as the inhabitants have not yet learned to provide for foreigners, as they have at Macao and Canton. Goat's flesh, pork, hams, chickens, ducks, and geese, are our principal meats; though in winter, wild-ducks, pheasants, and hares, are cheaper than anything else. Fish of several kinds we have all the year round; wheat, rice, and a little buck-wheat, form the staff of life; sweet potatoes, turnips, egg-plants, bean sprouts, bamboo sprouts, taro, beans, peas, *Kaou-bah*, onions, and greens, are our chief vegetables; and for fruits we have peaches, pears, plums, lichees, persimmons, pomegranates, and oranges, with walnuts, chestnuts, and pea-nuts. You will say, "This is a goodly list." True, and we are thankful to enjoy so many of God's good gifts here; nor do we complain when we remember that few of them are so good as those you eat in the United States; while beef, such at least as may be called good, Irish potatoes, and apples, are seldom seen. I have tasted none of either in many months, nor apples, which are worth all the oranges of China, for years; nor do we get all these things *at once*. I find in my market-book, (for we bachelors have to attend to such things ourselves oftentimes,) that for weeks together, Dr. McCartee and I sat down together to a table, of which the chief dishes were, chickens, or fish, bamboo sprouts, turnips, and bean sprouts, with bread, rice, and eggs. It is hard to say

what we should do without eggs! When the egg-plants came we were delighted, and when the sweet potatoes were fit to eat, we were satisfied! The married missionaries do not fare any better than we bachelors, though they doubtless have some things nicer!

For the particularity of the above statements, I do not think it necessary to make any apology, though the pronoun "I," occurs with a frequency that is somewhat startling; perhaps it may be some excuse, that they are written in answer to the question, "What are my impressions?"

Your last question, "The magnitude of the field and the prospects of the mission?" is one on which a volume might be written, but the space already consumed warns me to be brief, the more so as I may have an occasion hereafter to refer to it. I can only say this: Few have any idea of the extent of the ground that is opened and opening to our labors, and none know where the things will end, whose beginnings we have lived to witness. The opening of China to foreign intercourse, is an event which finds few parallels in the history of the world. This country is a world in itself; and the thought has often occurred to me, while traversing its beautiful plains and crowded streets, "What a world has been revolving here of which Christendom knows nothing!" I have been led to make excursions of twenty or thirty miles into the interior, from each of the cities of Amoy, Shanghai, and Ningpo, and everywhere the country is like a vast beehive, swarming with inhabitants. It is the same about Canton, where I have also been, and doubtless the same about Foo-chow. I have not known what it is to be out of sight of a human habitation since I have been in China, and where there is one there is commonly ten. I have scarcely ever seen a little valley, or a hollow among the hills, where industry could cultivate a bed of rice, or a crop of greens, that was not occupied. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that temples and monasteries are as common here as farm-houses in Pennsylvania, and I have seen the streets of Ningpo crowded with many ten thousands of people, to see an idolatrous procession in honor of "all the gods." Now all this vast and teeming population of idolaters must have the gospel, or perish. Books will not do the work. It is the living teacher who must speak unto them the words of life. Such is the field we cultivate. As to our prospects, you have them in the concluding verses of Psalm cxxvi.:

> They that sow in tears,
> With shoutings shall gather the harvest.
> Going he shall go, even with weeping, burdened with the seed to be sown:
> Coming he shall come, and with shouting, burdened with his sheaves.

It is nearly midnight, and I must draw to a close without referring to other topics, which, if this letter were not already full enough, might be of interest. Full notices of the mission you

will probably see in the Chronicle before long, and I have omitted them here.

Brethren, whatever your own course may be, whether to come to the missionary field, or to cultivate the vineyard of the Lord at home, there is one thing we pray you to bear in mind, "It is God who giveth the increase," and if success do not attend one's labor, the reason will probably be found in the fact that he is not inquired of by his people respecting this thing, to do it for them. Pray for us.

I am yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, December 5th, 1845.

My Dear Father—

. . . . I have my commentary on Luke, which with the text will make a handsome volume of a hundred pages, ready for the press, and trust it will be of use. The style is pure and good Chinese, for it is written by my teacher, and I know the sentiments to be correct, though sometimes not as full or clear as I could have wished. My teacher said to me, I suppose, twenty times while preparing it, "How can you expect us to understand this book? *I* do not understand it, who have been reading books all my life, and how can less learned persons comprehend it?" The doctrines, historical allusions, geography, customs, e. g., washing the feet, comparisons, everything is strange; and when joined to an imperfect translation, it is not to be thought that a careless heathen can understand such a book. At the risk of being thought a heretic, I must say I think the oft-repeated phrase, "The Bible without note or comment," is in danger of being pushed so far, as to fall over and do harm. However true it is and correct under limitations, it is not correct in itself. It is not true in fact, that our people at home read it "without note or comment;" for there is no one who does not hear many a note and comment from parent, teacher, friend or minister, and there are few who do not form their opinions of most of it from such "notes and comments." If these and innumerable commentaries besides, are needed in a land of so much light as America, what must be the case in China? "Without note and comment" is true, so far as authoritative and infallible exposition is intended; and also, if it be meant that the simple text, when understood, is to be carefully studied and pondered in the Christian hours of devotion; but I humbly conceive there is danger if it be extended much beyond these limits. However, I ought to reflect that you have thought on the subject long enough, not to need such a "lesson" from me.

. . . I was deeply grieved to hear of the accident you met, but thankful it was no worse. How many strange accidents we miss, within a hair's-breadth of them, though unawares. We shall doubtless often wonder when we get to heaven, and look

back on our past life, that amidst so many dangers it was prolonged so long.

. . . . After a good deal of thought, I am about settling down to the opinion, that I ought to aim at a pretty full knowledge of books and writing in Chinese. In a mission so large as ours, and where we have a press, there must be some one tolerably at home on some points. Now, I have been so circumstanced, as to be obliged to turn my thoughts much that way, somewhat to the disadvantage of my speaking fluently, and I am so still. I have laid such a foundation of acquaintance with the written language, as enables me to go on with some ease, and such as the other brethren can scarcely be expected to do in some time. They are accordingly outstripping me in the colloquial, though I have the advantage in the books, and can easily keep it up. My education and previous habits are also such as fit me more for this than for mingling among men, unless actually obliged to do so. I propose, therefore, not to neglect the colloquial, but to lay out a good portion of my strength on reading and writing Chinese. Keeping in view, chiefly, the translation of the Scriptures, and works explanatory of them, and perhaps the preparation of elementary books, and it may be a dictionary, a thing we are greatly in want of. What do you think of this plan? You will not think I mean to neglect the *great work* of preaching, for I trust to be able in the course of next year to undertake regular services. I might do it now, if I had no accounts to keep, letters to write, and advice and assistance to give to others, especially in the matter of the printing office. That you may see how much I have been hindered one way and another since coming to China, I may say that though it is nearly four years since I left you, yet I have had a teacher, and by consequence have been studying the language effectively, only twenty-three months, and of those, three are hardly worth counting from the interruptions I met. I sometimes felt quite discouraged, and now feel ashamed to think I have been here so long, and done so little . . . .

With many affectionate remembrances and prayers,

I am, as ever, your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, December 31st, 1845.

My Dear Father—

. . . . I have to-day finished a first revision of a little Tract on the Sabbath. It will be only four or five pages, and consists of Gen. i., and some remarks on the Sabbath, with the Fourth and Second Commandments; all of which I first put into such Chinese as I was able, and then submitted to my teacher for a thorough revision. He had previously read Morrison's Gen. i.; and after reading mine, made without any comparison with Morrison's, I asked which he would rather use for revision. "Oh," said he, "it

don't make much difference, they are both very obscure!" He found no difficulty, however, in understanding the subsequent remarks, when I was not tied down to a form of words, and even deigned to tell me, that two or three sentences were *correct!* I thought it quite a compliment, for he is very proud of the excellencies of Chinese literature. However, in writing it over, he left very little of the poor thing in the dress I had given it at first. I almost despair at times of ever getting through the labyrinth of Chinese literature. How glad I am that it was not my own choice that brought me here. The remembrance of the way by which I have been led, often holds me up, when I should fail, if I thought I had chosen the path for myself.

It is tolerably cool just now; we have had frost in nearly every night for three weeks past, and I find overcoat, cloak, foot-stove, and finger-stove only enough to keep me going.

It is hard work writing sometimes, for I can scarcely keep my fingers warm; but these are very minor affairs, so I will not trouble you any more.

It is drawing near to eleven o'clock, P. M., and as I do not feel like seeing the old year out, nor soliloquizing about it, I will close. But I cannot help asking, Where are you all now, and how engaged?

I am as ever, your affectionate son,

W. M. LOWRIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

1846.

MISSIONARY LABORS AT NINGPO—HEATHEN CUSTOMS—WORSHIP—SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS—PREACHING IN CHINESE.

During this year the missions in China were further strengthened by the arrival at Canton of the Rev. John B. French, and the Rev. William Speer and his wife, and at Ningpo, of the Rev. J. W. Quarterman. The British troops were this year withdrawn from Chusan, and as the Chinese authorities would not permit foreigners to reside there, Mr. Loomis and his wife removed to Ningpo.

Mr. Lowrie's study of the Chinese language, while in Macao, as already stated, was much interrupted by the business matters of the different missions. The Mandarin dialect, which he studied at Macao, is not spoken in the south of China, and hence he could converse in it with his teacher only. This he found to be a serious disadvantage. The Ningpo and Mandarin dialects are as different from each other as the French is from the Spanish. In learning to speak the former, he had therefore to begin anew, with the advantage however of hearing it daily spoken by the inhabitants. But here also his time was a good deal taken up with the business of the Ningpo Mission, and correcting the proof-sheets of works issued from the press. So many, and such long-continued adverse circumstances, at times almost produced discouragement in his own mind, as it regarded the spoken language. But even in it his progress was not slow; in less than eighteen months he commenced preaching in Chinese. His knowledge of the written language was more satisfactory to himself. In August he wrote several essays, which were published in the Chinese Repository, on the proper Chinese words to be used in translating the name of God into Chinese. These were among the first pieces that were published on the side of the question so ably sustained since by Doctors Boone and Bridgeman.

In September he commenced the preparation of a dictionary of the "Four Books," and afterwards he decided to include also the "Five Classics." These books contain the body of the Chinese language, and if his life had been spared, he would no doubt have made it a dictionary of the whole language. He became much interested in this work, and had even to guard himself against being drawn aside from his appropriate work of preaching the gospel.

The letters and journals of this period throw much light on the interior working of the mission at Ningpo, and still further tend to elucidate the state and condition of the native population. Other subjects are occasionally adverted to. One of much importance, in relation to the return of missionaries, is noticed in a letter to one of the members of the Executive Committee. It would be out of place here to examine the views there presented; but the whole subject is worthy of far more consideration than it has yet received from the Church at home.

Ningpo, January 1st, 1846.

A happy New Year to you, my dear mother, and very many of them! is a wish that, if I had the power, would certainly be accomplished; and yet, though I might have the power, I might not have the wisdom necessary to make it a blessing. So I will change it to the prayer, that He who knows what is best for us, and loves us far better than any earthly friend can love another, would give you such length of days, and such enjoyment therein as will make you most useful here, and most blessed hereafter. New Year's morning! Although it be only an arbitrary distinction that makes this day more important than any other of the year, for *each* day is the point of "confluence of two eternities," yet consent has erected it into a sort of elevation to look back over the past, so rapidly fading from view, and to strain our weak eyes into the unknown future. How little we can know of the one, and how feebly we estimate the importance of the other!

Although I always look forward to the New Year with some such feelings as these, yet it always takes me by surprise, and I find it difficult in looking back to the last one to realize the events that have occurred and passed away. How many events must have occurred in your larger circle of friends. Here, few as are those I know, yet I find strange alterations in the last year. A fellow-passenger in the Huntress (Mr. King) died, and was buried in the Red Sea. One of my warmest friends, Mrs. Sword, has been called home. She was always exceedingly afraid to die, and yet when called away, though fully sensible of it, fear had entirely departed, and peace reigned. It makes me feel desolate sometimes

to think of such friends departing, and she is not the only one whom the last year has removed me from, though the others are not dead, but only farther off, and to remember again that I am a stranger in the earth; but then it is pleasant, too, for the separation is but temporary. I have no patience with those stoics who maintain that we shall not know our friends in heaven. Certainly the Spirit of Christ alone would fill our cup of joy even to overflowing, but why should not those who in tears and temptations and prayers served him here, and encouraged each other in the upward course, rejoice with joy unspeakable together there? We shall remember the way by which we were led through this "great and terrible wilderness," and shall we forget the kind words spoken, the cup of water, the look of affection and encouragement more eloquent than words, and more soothing than the sweetest harmony? I do not believe it. Christ said to his disciples that those who had "continued with him in his temptations," should sit with him in his glory, and if we hold communion with Him in this respect, why not with one another? We shall have bodies as well as souls in heaven, "spiritual" it is true, but "bodies" still; we shall have human affections, too, freed from all sin; and if such affections form our sweetest and most satisfying solace here, what will they be there? But I did not mean to write all this, for I was thinking of other things when I commenced.

Here I am, after voyaging and tossing about again on the rough sea. I am now settled down in the field I have long been looking to. I have made some little progress in the language, and begin to feel at home among the people; but shall I remain here? I do not know why it is, but I seem constantly to have a voice saying, "Arise, this is not your rest!" Nor should I be surprised at any time to receive an order to depart. Yet as such feelings are not the rule by which we are to be guided, I endeavor to work on as if this were to be my earthly home; and be my abode long or short, to be in readiness when He comes, whose coming will not tarry.

My teacher has just come in, and knowing that this is our new year, he has been cogitating a salutation for me, which was as follows, Seen sang, shangte pongdzooe ne taou teendong chèaw, "Sir, may God assist you and enable you to arrive at heaven!" I was not a little surprised and gratified too, for I never heard him utter such a sentiment before. Oh that the wish, which in politeness he made for me, were fulfilled in reality to him! If he were but a Christian, or if I might but see him one, it seems to me I should almost be ready to depart in peace; for his talents and acquirements are such, that if they were sanctified they would be invaluable. But alas, he is proud of his learning, temporizing in his policy, and averse to know the plague of his own heart. The doctrine of human depravity, he cannot away with; it is a very abomination to him, and after all the instructions he has received, if he repents not, how much greater will be his condemna-

tion. I fear we shall prove a "savor of death unto death," to more than we shall be the means of saving, in this land. . . .

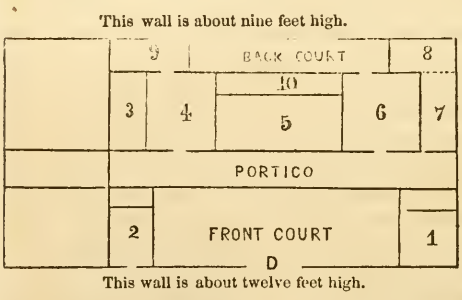
Believe me, as ever, yours in kind remembrances,
And sincere affection, W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, January 17th, 1846.

My Dear Mother—

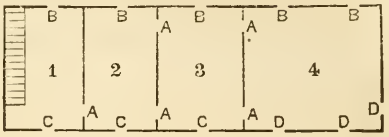
It is Saturday night, and though I might doubtless find some Chinese study to occupy me during the hours that remain before bed-time, yet I have an idea that a letter to you would be quite as agreeable to myself, and more acceptable to you. I have been moving this week, and now feel pretty well settled in my new abode, having to-day done nearly all I intend, for the purpose of making it comfortable. On Monday it will be four years since I left home, and this is the first week since then that I have been in a house I could, properly speaking, call my own. Even here, I am only in "my own hired house," but I hope it will be "two full years" at least before I have to leave it. While in Macao and elsewhere, I have scarcely known from one month's end to another, where I should be in two months more. So you may think I begin to feel somewhat "settled."

Would you like a description of my house? Here it is. It is situated in the "Howse," or back street, between the Salt Gate and the East Gate, and within four minutes' walk of the busiest part of the city. The street itself has few shops, but it is a great thoroughfare. The house is separated from the east wall only by a narrow lane, and by the aid of a pile of rubbish close by, I can get up on the wall without difficulty. It looks toward the south-west, or rather west-south-west. But please inspect this plan of the house, which will give you a better idea of it.

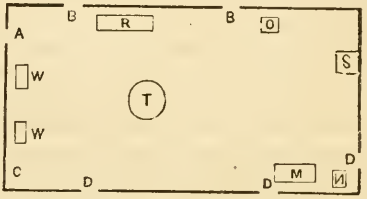


This is the ground floor. Entering by the great door, is the front court, stone paved, about thirty by fifteen feet. Nos. 1 and 2 are small chambers, perhaps ten by eight, which I have no particular use for. Nos. 3 and 7 are passage ways, in each of which is a stair-case to go up stairs, but the stair-case in No. 7 is not used just now. In No. 4 I keep my Chinese tracts, &c., and my teacher has a table where he sits and writes. At present the servants sleep in No. 6. No. 8 is the kitchen, and No. 9 is a private place. The back court is about twenty by six feet. No. 5 is the reception hall, where is a table, four chairs, and some Chinese pictures, all of

which together cost less than five dollars. It is only an earthen floor, as are all the lower parts except Nos. 4 and 6. No. 10 is a little room of no particular use, but does very well for boxes, &c. Please come up stairs.



No. 1 is the stair-way and little passage annexed; 2 is a store-room or spare-room; 3 is my bed-room; and 4 is my parlor, study, and dining-room; A A A are doors; B B B windows, at present nailed up; C C C are windows with only window-shutters; D D D are windows with six panes of glass each. Please now to sit down in my parlor and look around.



The room is about eighteen feet square, being the largest in the house, the rooms below are deeper but not so wide. In this room the back windows, B B, are nailed up; I shall open them in summer. S is my fire-place, a great awkward concern. I mean to take it away when the weather grows mild, and put another between B B. O is a little table; R, a couch; W W, two Chinese book-cases, one filled with Mr. L's. present of the books of the Board of Publication; T is my round centre and dining table; M is my study table; and N is a little table to keep my case of books in every-day use, to wit, Morrison's Dictionary, &c. The door A I keep shut, as it is of no use. In summer I think of having the stairs to come up where the fire-place is. This will cut off some of my room, but it will be greatly more convenient, and will obviate the necessity of coming up through the store-room and bed-room.

In my bed-room I have a single bedstead, bureau, a Macao book-case full of books, wash-stand, and the mission money-chest, besides one or two trunks; and in the store-room only some two or three boxes of my damaged books. So you have been all through my house; it is rather too good for me, but I could not get any other, and I was tired of living in the temple, which was out of the way, and not very pleasant in some respects. The house is large too, but then I can the more easily accommodate a friend. The rent is nine dollars a month, and I have had no little trouble about it this week, but it is all settled now I believe.

I am sorry you put yourself to the trouble of getting the maple-sugar. I will tell you what I do want though, very much indeed, and that is two of the best rat-traps that a missionary ought to possess. What big rats there are here. One end of my blanket happened to fall on the floor, and the rats gnawed a hole in it. It is the only blanket I have got, and I cannot afford to have it eaten by rats. Well, I awoke during the night, and behold, a party of

rats were dancing a jig on my bed-room floor. I dare say, if you would send me half a dozen good rat-traps, I could dispose of them all, for I am not the only sufferer; but do send me two, and I will send you the first pretty vase I can find. I hope father will not laugh at all this. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, February 3d, 1846.

Rev. Levi Janvier—

Dear Brother:—Your very welcome letter of March and April reached me September 9, in the midst of our annual meeting here. I had not intended to defer writing so long, but being secretary, and having to copy all the minutes twice, write the annual report, and a copy of it, the circular of the mission, and other things besides, I have had little time or inclination for any correspondence that I could at all postpone. I wish I had some way of diminishing my correspondence, for it forms a pretty serious part of my work here. I do not mean with you, and such as you, for that is a relaxation and a pleasure; but I am sometimes quite astonished to find how much time is taken in writing to persons of whom I know little or nothing. I find a hundred copies of the circular of the mission not more than sufficient for my wants. Why do I have so many? you will say. Because I cannot help it. Some I do not want to give up; some do not want me to give them up; and to some I can do a little good by writing, and perhaps exert some good influence on them. But enough of this.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of your little boy. I saw it, I think, in the Friend of India, before you wrote. I trust your little girl is still spared to you. As to myself, I am still enjoying the blessedness of single life, having a whole house to "Fanny" (my dog) and myself, with two Chinese servants, who speak not a word of English, and not another foreigner within a mile of me, and often for a day or two, or more, not seeing the face of one. But with all these advantages, I am making but poor progress in this language. I am hoping, within the present year, to be able to commence preaching. You, I suppose, are quite fluent by this time, in your new tongue, as you talk about "preaching." However, I should have been preaching before now, had I all the time since coming to China enjoyed half the advantages for learning the language that I do now.

The weather here is real winter. For twelve days in succession, we had ice every night more than an inch thick. We have had two or three light falls of snow, and a fire is very comfortable, and I suppose will be so for two months yet. The lowest we have had the thermometer has been 20°, but it generally ranges from 35° to 44° or 46°. I have not seen it above the latter point for more than two months, except in the middle of the sunshiny days.

. . . . Did you ever examine 2 Cor. ii. 14—17? I preached on it yesterday, and it is a very solemn and almost awful subject, full of consolation, and yet full of terror. Since writing to you last, I have adopted many of the millenarian views, in regard to the second advent of Christ, return of the Jews, &c., and they *seem* to make many things in the history of missions that were dark before, much more plain and encouraging. I find much satisfaction in them, and often long *inexpressibly* for the "coming and appearing" of our Lord. Oh, to be found doing his work when he comes, and not idling in the field to which he has sent me! With my Christian regards to your wife and associates, believe me,

Ever yours in the gospel and the ministry of Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, February 22d, 1846.

My Dear Father—

Your very welcome letter of August 4, came to hand January 26. The other articles sent at the same time, have not yet been received. I am exceedingly grateful to you for the copy of the "Exploring Expedition." I had been longing for a copy, and had it at my finger's end to send for it several times, but I was really ashamed to do so. I have received so many things from you and others, that it seems as if I ought not to get any more. Indeed, I often think I fare far better even in temporal things, than if I had stayed at home, and the load of obligations to my heavenly Father is often almost greater than I can bear. A sense of my own unprofitableness and uselessness, while receiving so many mercies, has made me feel very unhappy.

In learning to read this difficult language, I am getting on tolerably well—a multitude of petty occupations, connected with the press, correcting font of type, accounts, &c., keeps me from giving much time to composition.

I commenced a Chinese letter to you on my birthday, the 8th inst., but found it so hard that I gave it over, after a sentence or two, and have not since had time to resume it. However, I will try and send you one soon.

I have read carefully your remarks on Millenarianism, and the article in the Chronicle, in which there is much that I believe, and some things from which I might differ. I think the expression συντελειαν του αιωνου a very different one from τελος του κοσμου, and it is a mystery to me how our going to the Lord at death, can be equivalent to his "coming to us," which he commands us to watch for. The fact that there is such a remarkable difference between the phraseology of the New Testament, and the phraseology of Christians, strikes me as very strange. Christ and the apostles constantly exhort to prepare, to watch for the coming of the Lord; but most people say, "watch for the coming of death." I do not think these two are the same thing. I have looked death in the

face, and by the great grace of Christ, could do so without fear; but I could not say to death what we are taught to say to Christ, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

I have no doubt, that until the συντέλεια του αιωνου, the present means, and only the present means for the conversion of sinners, are to be used. I think he would do very wrong who would say, that "The world will not be converted by these means, and therefore we need not use them," for though I do not expect the world to be converted during the present dispensation, by such means, yet I do expect that all the elect, be they few or many, will, by the foolishness of preaching, be saved. The elect, too, during the present dispensation, are scattered throughout the known world, and millenarianism, as I have embraced it, makes it peculiarly the duty of the church to go throughout the world and carry the gospel, for until the gospel is preached unto all nations, the millenium cannot come. What means shall be used after the coming of Christ, I do not pretend to say. They may be the present means, though that does not seem to be clearly revealed. But if they are the present means, there must be a power and efficiency given to them, such as was not witnessed even on the day of pentecost; otherwise, I do not see how the promises are to be fulfilled. Still I do not pretend to make my weak vision the measure of omnipotence.

I do not think there will ever be any revelation from God subverting the present Bible, but I do not see what there is in the Bible saying that no further revelation will be given, or why we may not expect a revelation as much in advance of the Christian as the Christian is in advance of the Levitical. Certainly, when "the people are all righteous," when "there are none to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain," it would sound strange to hear a sermon on the text, "Broad is the gate, many go in thereat; strait is the way, few walk therein:" (I only quote the sense.) When "Kings are nursing fathers, queens nursing mothers, and great the peace of thy people," although it will be profitable to look back to the times of trial, yet it can hardly be said, that "all that will live godly shall suffer persecution." When Satan is "bound," even if only a figurative binding, he can hardly be said to "go about as a roaring lion." Now the greater part of the New Testament is intended for times of trial, just as the greater part of the books of Moses was intended for the land of Palestine. Will it be appropriate when "the wilderness shall rejoice and blossom as the rose?" But I did not mean to write all this. However much in error you may deem me on some points, do not think me in error on the grand ones of human depravity, the atonement of Christ, and the influences of the Spirit. These must always remain the same, whatever differences there may be in the external means by which they are regulated. It is to me a very pleasant thought, that Christ shall reign in honor where he was crucified in ignominy and scorn; that this fair and beautiful earth shall be

redeemed; and that we may reasonably look for his glorious appearing soon to take to him his great power and reign. How soon, I do not pretend to say; but it is my daily prayer, that if you and I live to see it, we may each be found watching for him in the sphere he has appointed, so that if he cometh we may be ready. You will ask, "Why do I trouble myself with these new notions? Why is not the old belief, (though it is not the old belief,) about our going to Him, good enough?" It would be good enough, and far too good, for such a creature as I feel myself to be, and if it be the truth of Scripture, I am most heartily willing to receive it; but with such light as I have, after much prayer and searching of the Scriptures, it does not seem to me to be all that is promised. I should be most thankful to pick the crumbs, but if called and commanded to the feast, it does not seem to be humility or obedience to turn away.

But I will stop now. Pray for me, that I may not embrace or teach error, even on points not essential to salvation. With many affectionate remembrances,

I am, as ever, your dutiful son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, March 6th, 1846.

Rev. Daniel Wells—

My Dear Brother:—The news you sent me from Mr. Jacobus' church was deeply gratifying. Since the novelty of missionary life has worn off, I have learned to prize more highly the prayers of God's people at home. If those good people could but see a little of a missionary's heart, and the crowd of thoughts that pass there, they would think these prayers might be of much service. When one's own corruptions fill his heart with sorrow; when, amidst all his efforts at a strange language, he finds himself making but slow progress; when he finds the people utterly dead to all his warnings, and intent only on gain; when he sees the laborers few, and the field so great, and occupied by those who are sowing tares—O, wonder not if he asks almost despairingly, "Can these dry bones live?" Lord God, thou knowest! It does not require many months' experience among the heathen to be satisfied, that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord," that our work is to become successful. . . . .

Ever yours in Christian affection,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, April 21st, 1846.

Rev. John Lloyd—

My Dear Brother:—It is now near four months since I wrote to you, but you will believe me when I say, that if I have not written I have at least not forgotten you, and often try to

remember you, where I trust you remember me, at a throne of grace. I could give you the usual string of apologies; Chinese, reading proofs, keeping accounts, answering letters; but I fear if I did so, it would make you think I was doing a great deal, when in fact weeks pass away and I seem to have done nothing, to have really made no progress, and have to cry out for mercy to the unprofitable servant. How would Calvin, or men of half his mind, smile at the idea of all I do being called work! I fancy that hundreds of men do as much before breakfast as I do in a whole day. I find it a very serious drawback in my study and acquirement of the language, that so much of the best part of my missionary life was spent where the dialect I was studying was not spoken. Although I know more of books than any other here, yet McCartee speaks incomparably better than I do, and both Culbertson and Loomis will probably be preaching before me. What in the world should I do among the "tones" of your delightful dialect? I fancy I should be among them like a certain Presbyterian clergyman, who attempted to conduct the Episcopal service once, and had it reported of him afterwards that "he wandered up and down among the prayers, like a blind man among the tombs."

This reminds me that in your last you speak of our having no tones in this dialect. This is to a great extent, but not entirely, the case. The tones are necessary in some words; but generally speaking, if you get the idiomatic expression, you need not bother your head about the tones; and none of us pay any theoretical attention whatever to their acquisition. It is a pretty good proof of their not being necessary, that the Fuhkeen men, of whom there are many here, cannot learn to speak this dialect well. The remark is often made that "you foreigners speak Ningpo dialect better than the Fuhkeen people;" and imperfect as my acquirements are in speaking, I have been told a dozen times that I pronounce better than the Fuhkeen men. If I could only get among the people, and not see a book or a foreigner for six months or a year, I think there would be some hopes; and I often half wish some person would run away with me, and keep me captive for a while, for otherwise I do not see how I am to get away. Well, all this is egotism, and much of it is nonsense; but I beg you to receive it as a proof how much I care for you, that I let you see such effusions, and how much I do not care for you, or I would not let you see them.

I have just been interrupted by a long talk from a couple of Chinese, who talked so fast that the words came out like a mill-stream, and all I could do was to gather the drift of the discourse and let the particular words vanish into thin air. I wish I could talk as much as I can understand! But patience, perseverance, and prayer! Oh to be kept from growing weary or careless in God's work. I did not feel afraid of this in the first year or two; but now it requires much watchfulness and prayer, lest I become

weary or discouraged. You have much reason for thankfulness that you got to your field so soon, and have not quite so many letters to write, as I had during my first two years; but I ought not to complain of them, for it was my appointed work, since the providence of God repeatedly prevented me from taking any other course, and perhaps it was the best on the whole. But as I look over my past life, and especially that part spent in missionary ground, I have to pray, "pardon the unprofitable, erring, sinful servant!"

It is so late, having been so interrupted by the conversation above referred to, that I must close my sheet for the night, hoping to be able to finish to-morrow, though I know not when a letter can be sent from here. If the overland route answers, we will try and send in that way.

I think Mr. Smith has led you into a mistake, on the point of the "two dialects." As far as I know, in all parts of China, the written and the colloquial dialects differ so widely as to be really two languages. This is the case here, for Ningpo colloquial cannot be written with Chinese characters. True, many words, perhaps one-half, are the same in the two; but you never can tell from seeing a character in a book whether it can be used in speaking, unless your teacher tells you. *Jin* is spoken *nying; urh tz* is spoken *'ny tz; chay-ko* is spoken *kihko*, while *Joo-tsze* which is book Mandarin, and *chay-yang* which is colloquial Mandarin, meaning, "so fashion," or "in this way," in one dialect is *sz'-ka-go*, which cannot be written at all, i. e., has no characters to express it; though characters might be arbitrarily employed, which would give the sound. This is the case with hundreds of words in common use.

I was both pleased and surprised to hear how much missionary work is done in Amoy. Would that we could report the half of it here! But except tract distributing, at which we all do a little, there is no preaching excepting by Dr. McCartee, who has a service every Sabbath, and talks to the people frequently during the week. I have tried once or twice, but, like the man who tried to swim before he had been in the water, succeeded so poorly, that I feel afraid to try again. I conduct service with my servants morning and evening, and hope I shall soon be able to set up a meeting which might be called "a parish meeting," i. e., not a regular preaching service, but a preparatory one, which will prepare me for preaching. I have been much thrown back by not having been able to get a teacher on whom I could depend for giving me the colloquial expressions. The one I had for nine months after coming was a capital scholar, but proud, disobliging, or rather unobliging, and took no interest in anything of the kind. After bearing with him till I could bear no longer, I turned him off and got another, who was so stupid that I kept him only a month. Yesterday I got a new one, and he has taken such "strong hold" as quite astonishes me. "A new broom sweeps clean;" but this man is a scholar, appears to be a gentleman, is

quite obliging, lively, patient, apt to teach, and on two days' acquaintance I am greatly pleased. I hope he will hold out, but I greatly fear. If he does well, and if he becomes a Christian, Oh, how I should rejoice! With a good teacher, who was a real Christian, I think I might be of very much more use than I am now.

You speak of "feeling as safe as if in New York or Philadelphia." I feel the same here. I live a mile from any foreigner, and have frequently walked two miles through the city after eight or nine o'clock, P. M., without a lantern or any company, with less apprehension than I would go through many parts of New York city. The people here are generally very well behaved, and very civil.

As to mandarins, we see none of them; we do not visit them, and are not visited by them. The English consul has discouraged visiting, and foreigners, except officers, seldom go near them. There is a white-buttoned one whom Dr. McCartee and I have called on, and been called on by; and last year we had frequent calls from travelling mandarins with gilt and white buttons, who came to see the strangers; but of late I have seen none, and do not feel any anxiety to meet them. You get in with them at Amoy, because of the important fact that Abeel and Boone and Cummings have had to act as interpreters, when there were none but missionaries to interpret, and as the mandarins of course know of no difference between you and others, they keep up the acquaintance.

We are all moving on very quietly and pleasantly. The weather is getting pleasantly warm, but even yet I like to sit with my fur coat on in the mornings and evenings, and have as yet laid aside neither flannels nor woollen stockings. It has rained almost every day this month, and in consequence of so much rain now, and the probability of very little next month, when it will be much wanted, fears of a scarcity of rice prevail, and it is already rising in price. As to ships, there has not been one here, except men of war, since last August. I do not know how we are to get our funds after Chusan is given up. Our letters we shall manage to get overland from Shanghai.

We have bought a *burying-ground* here, about one hundred feet by fifty, for fifty dollars. Abraham's first possession in the land where he was a stranger, was a burying-ground.

Your brother in Christ.

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, July 9th, 1846.

My Dear Father—

Your two most acceptable letters of November, 1845, and February, 1846, came, one in the end of May, and the other to-day. I cannot tell you how much I am obliged for your good long letters:

the journals of your trips to Washington and to Albany, were deeply interesting. I wish I could give you an account of half as much done by myself, but all my performances seem to me of small account. Here is a specimen of to-day's employment. Rose before six. Our nights are warm, and following on warmer days, I do not derive the refreshment from them that I could wish. After breakfast and prayers, went over the river to see after the printing office, got a proof to correct, and came back; it was ten o'clock when I got home, and thermometer then at 90°; sat down with my teacher and went over Acts xvii., on which he wrote comments by my explanations. Then read some in Mencius, and looked over some points in Chinese history, and some notices of two or three of their sages. By this time it was one o'clock, and the thermometer had risen to 98° in my coolest room. I was pretty well tired, and told my teacher that was enough for to-day; came up stairs, corrected the proof for the press, and finished the first draught of a letter, one of a series which I am preparing for the Foreign Missionary. This and dinner kept me till three o'clock; all this time the thermometer at blood heat; and though a pleasant breeze blowing, yet coming in at times as if out of a furnace. I have never known such warm weather since I have been in China, and it so relaxes the whole system, that a very little labor is quite sufficient to lay a man by. At three I felt so tired that I lay down, and between reading a little and dozing, whiled away the time till five; then got up, found it a little cooler, sat in the breeze and read an account of the synod of Dort till six. Went out then for a walk; went through a number of streets, and found everybody out of doors, men all half naked, and many of the children entirely so, and the heat given out from the stones and houses so great as to be very oppressive. This, and the foul odors arising from the filth common to every Chinese city, were such that I was glad to get on the city wall, and turn my steps homeward. Somewhat of a breeze on the wall, and getting to my own house about sunset, I sat down to enjoy it. Presently a man came along and seemed anxious to say something; so he asked if I would take a smoke? I told him, no, I did not smoke, and asked him to sit down. Then he asked how old I was? Where I came from? Where I lived? &c., &c. By this time others came, one, two, five, ten, and soon there were about fifty persons collected to see and hear the Hungnan-nying, (Red-haired man, as they call all Englishmen.) Asked a good many questions, and in the course of the talk, gave me an opportunity of saying several things very pointedly about the folly of idolatry, the importance of attending to one's soul, and the way of salvation through Christ. Speaking of Jesus, one of the men remarked that he supposed Jesus was much such a person as Confucius. "No, Confucius was only a man, but Christ was far superior to men." Was listened to with as much attention and interest as I have been at any time, and found it gave me some access to them,

when they found that I had read and could give the sense of their own books. There was one man there from Shantung, but I could understand very little of what he said. He seemed, however, to have no difficulty in understanding all I said, and seemed much interested. Gave away some tracts; gave a copy of "The Two Friends," to one whose appearance had pleased me. He looked at it and asked if all I had were alike, and begged for a copy of another kind. Came away, all of them giving me a hearty *good-by*, and one or two joining their hands and thanking me for the books and doctrine. Came back home, got my tea, and set down to this letter, which I suppose will take all the rest of the evening. The thermometer is now down to 91°. I am sitting in a thin grass cloth suit, and feeling comparatively comfortable after the hot day.

In some of my previous letters, I have probably given you to understand that I was much discouraged about learning to speak this language. This arose in a measure from the unfaithfulness of a teacher whom I employed after coming here. For a while I learned a good deal, and as he was a capital scholar, I wanted to keep him. But after being with me a few months he found out what words I knew, and would use no others, so that during the last four months I had him, I scarcely learned a new phrase. I disliked to turn him off, because in some things he suited me admirably, being good at explaining the classics, and besides he was poor: but at last I could endure it no longer. It was then some two months before I could get a good teacher. If I could go about as some others can, I should be less dependent on a teacher, but my disposition does not lead me to delight in promiscuous company; and somehow I have the knack of getting a large share of the writing, book-keeping, proof correcting, &c., of the mission into my hands, which gives me less time than I could wish for visiting and going about. However, I have been favored in getting a first-rate teacher, and have gained so much in the last two months as quite encourages me; and it is my present expectation, (Deo volente,) to commence a regular religious service in Chinese when the warm weather is over. I might do it now, but prefer not undertaking what would necessarily require a good deal of labor in preparation, until the present oppressive season is past, and in the mean time, go about a little and talk as I did to-night, which is a help in perfecting my pronunciation, and enabling me to speak without embarrassment. In the course of the present year, I hope we shall have several of our number actively employed in preaching.

. . . I quite agree with you in the general principle, that a wife should not always take her husband home. Still in many cases, a wife *cannot* go alone. Dr. and Mrs. H——, (of the L. M. S.,) went home last year on account of her health, and she died before she got to England. Mrs. J. S——, went *without* her husband, and took her children, (five or six, one very young;) she

died on the voyage. I have not heard how the children got home. It is this that makes it so difficult for a woman to go alone. Few missionaries have left China of late for their health, till they were well nigh broken down, and it requires no small resolution to send off a sick wife on a long voyage, especially if she have children to take care of. What is to be done? For a while I was tempted to wish that missionaries could live without wives; but after more experience and reflection, I am satisfied that all men cannot receive this saying. Even if unmarried men could be contented and happy, yet there are other, and serious objections. I have seen more than one or two cases in which I thought the bachelor missionary, merry and cheerful as he professed to be, would have been not simply a happier man, but a more humane, thoughtful, sober, useful missionary, and a far better example to the heathen, if he had been married; and where example is of such vital importance as it is here, whatever conduces to render it better, is not to be overlooked. . . . .

Your affectionate and obedient son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, August 10th, 1846.

Rev. John C. Lowrie—

My Dear Brother:—. . . I heard of Mr. Dod's death, but had not heard of Mrs. P.'s. How many gaps there are already in the circle of my acquaintances at home! You will not perceive it so much as you are constantly making new ones, but mine are only decreasing: so be it. "I am a stranger in the earth," and never so happy as when I feel it most.

This has been an oppressingly hot summer. I will send you a notice of it soon. I doubt whether you saw the equal of it in India. For days together we have had the thermometer up to 100°, but most providentially, it always fell 12° or 14° at night. June, July, and the first week of this month were *roasters;* but the worst is over now, and it felt quite delicious to-day when the thermometer got up only to 88½°. Then we have had a drought all summer; rumors of poisoning; alarms of evil spirits, and an earthquake, a veritable earthquake, which shook the houses right merrily, and wakened every man, woman and child in Ningpo. Such screaming! and beating of gongs! and firing of crackers! I will send you accounts of all these presently. I have them all in my journal. The earthquake was on the 4th instant, about three o'clock, A. M. It did no harm, but it frightened the people terribly, especially as they were then under extreme alarm, from a panic occasioned by the belief that there are thousands of evil spirits bent on mischief in the city. With all the melancholy arising from seeing them so wholly given up to such superstition, it is yet most ludicrous to see what tales they can invent. The panic is dying away now, but when we found the people giving credence to such

tales, we began to fear that evil might come out of it. There is no joke in it, however, for Mr. and Mrs. Loomis have just come over from Chusan, not being allowed to remain there, and can get no house here, on account of the panic and fear of evil spirits, which are supposed to have some connection with foreigners. . . .

Pray for me, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate brother, W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, August 13th, 1846.

My Dear Mother—

Your long letter, February 11, came July 29, about a month after some letters sent in the same ship, which I received before yours. I need not say how glad I was to get it. . . .

So many changes have occurred among my acquaintances in New York, that I should feel quite like a stranger there. . . I can hardly realize that I am already in my twenty-eighth year. When shall I grow to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus? Sometimes I feel lonely; sometimes long for a bosom Christian friend; sometimes long for the wings of a dove to fly away; and then again, oh how cold, and dark, and dead. It seems to me the longer I live the less I know or do, and the harder and worse I become, so that I feel ashamed to get the kind letters that are sent me from home, and almost hope you will not send any more books, or papers, or remembrances, that seem almost thrown away on one so worthless as I am. I seem to be getting selfish of late, and it often distresses me. Perhaps you will say, "all this is but depression of spirits." Perhaps it is, and as I become stronger with the returning cold weather, and can do more, it may go away. . .

Good night, and much love to all.

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, August 26th, 1846.

My Dear Father—

. . . . Our excessive hot weather is now over, and though the days are sometimes warm, the nights are delightful, and we are all in the enjoyment of excellent health. My appetite and strength are returning rapidly, and the summer, notwithstanding my fears in June, has been the most comfortable I have spent in China. I have not done much for two months past, however, for it is really too much labor to study or work with the thermometer at blood heat.

Of late, I have been busily engaged in collating notes and quotations, on the proper word for expressing the name of the Supreme Being, in Chinese. The weight of authority, i. e., most of the most learned missionaries, have given their influence in favor of using *Shang-te*, but many others dislike the term exceedingly, as being the proper name of the chief Chinese god; and when we use it, the people at once say, "oh yes, that's our Shang-te." I

have satisfied myself pretty well that *Shin* is the proper word to use. . . . If this word is adopted, it will then become almost necessary to use the word *Poo să* in colloquial, though many have taken up a strange prejudice against the word, as if it meant an idol, and was a contemptuous or dishonorable term. Nothing can be more contrary to the fact, and I have found myself in my efforts to talk to the people, almost compelled to use it, there being no other term in the language which expresses so well and so intelligibly, what we mean by God. It is a little troublesome in preparing articles of this kind, not to have the proper books at hand for reference. My library is, I believe, the best in Ningpo, (unless Mr. T—— has a better, which I doubt,) but I found it quite insufficient for my wants, as I know of several books which would have materially helped me, but had them not.

Everything goes on very pleasantly and harmoniously in the mission; but the great things, life, and vigor, and zeal, are lamentably wanting. How easy it is, even for the missionary, to seek for pleasure in everything but in God. I am often cast down, and sometimes deeply discouraged, to find in me so little love for my Saviour, and so little disposition to active exertion. Instead of coming nearer and nearer, and being more conformed to God, I seem to be going farther and farther away. I trust that no one else here is so low or so useless as I often feel myself to be. The sense of my own worthlessness often makes me unwilling to send for such things in the way of books as I need, (and there is very little else that I feel any want of,) and even unwilling to receive all the kind presents and letters that are sent to me. Oh, for more purity, and zeal, and love—to be like Christ. Do not cease to pray for my spiritual well-being.

Believe me as ever, your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, September 3d, 1846.

My Dear Mother—

The clock has struck eleven, and I ought to be in bed, but I feel as if I wanted to write to you, though I do not know that I have much to say. I was writing a sermon this evening to preach on the next Sabbath, for I still write sermons occasionally, and getting it finished before eight o'clock, I was a little at a loss what to do, for I did not feel like reading or studying after that. So I took out a package containing the letters received from father and you, during the first two years of my life in China. Getting interested, I kept at them till nearly eleven o'clock, and then felt as if I wanted to thank you more heartily than I had ever done for all your affection, and sympathy, and kindness to me. Of course I could not read them all over, but I glanced over each, and read parts of them, and many a tear fell as I recalled the scenes through which I had passed, and your deep sympathies with me.

It is good to weep sometimes, and I often wish I could weep more over my own sinfulness and uselessness. It is nearly five years since I have seen you; sometimes I catch myself asking, "Shall I see you again?" and then again, "But how is it possible?" I was discouraged a few months ago, for fear I never would learn this language, but for the last seven months I have made such progress that I should be loath on any account to leave this field of labor. I think now my prospects of acquiring a pretty thorough and extensive knowledge of it are quite fair; and if so, then here is my field, and here would I gladly labor, and die, or, if the Lord pleases, abide till he comes. It would be a sad thing not to be at my post when he comes, though much I fear that I shall not stand before him without blushing for my manifold imperfections, and great unprofitableness. Yet if I may be of a little use here, it will abundantly repay me; and at present I can conceive of scarcely anything that would be so painful as to go back to the United States without an unmistakable call to do so. It does seem to me as if I could not do it. How much of this may be from a desire to preserve my reputation, I will not pretend to say, but among other motives, I trust that of preaching Christ to these poor idolaters is not the least. How wretched is their condition! I stood at my window the other day, and saw an idolatrous procession go by, till my heart asked, "Oh, Lord, how long?"

But I am wandering from my purpose, which was more immediately to tell you how I felt in recalling the trials and events of the first few months of my life out in China. Somehow, they seem to have happened much longer ago than is really the case. Most of them seem to have occurred ten years ago; and I sometimes think of them as if they had happened to another person. How much goodness and mercy were mingled with them all. I was much struck, too, in reading your letters, to notice how many that I knew when with you are already dead: Miss P——, Miss R——, M—— T——, H—— V——, F——, Miss H——, and so many others. Some that were careless then, are pious now. Changes, breaking up, and settling down:—I am more at home here than I should be in the United Sates.

I am commonly very happy, all but in one thing; I have so little grace. Pray for me. It is a hard thing to keep the flame of piety burning bright when the sickening blasts of idolatry blow on the soul, and there are few to speak of Christ. Oh for the time to come when he will take to Himself his great power and reign. I hope my Millenarianism will not offend you. I find unspeakable comfort at times in thinking of his "appearing," willing to labor till he comes, but saying, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." What a glorious time it will be! He came once, and though he came to suffer and to die, yet even then the "groaning creation" was on tip-toe to receive him. The winds heard his voice, the waves became solid beneath his feet, the fish came at his command, the tree shook down its leaves when he spoke. Good angels hovered

near, and devils fled at his word. If all this happened when he came to be "a servant," what will it be when he comes "to reign?" and we shall reign with him. Yes, forever and ever. Now, you believe all this, of course, as firmly as I do, though we may differ as to the time. I think it may happen in our day, but it will certainly happen some day. Oh to be accepted when he comes! Who will think of labors, or trials, or separations then? "So shall we be ever with the Lord." It makes me wonder, how can he condescend so low? how is it possible we can be lifted up so high? But "fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It is his "good pleasure," and so we shall have it. If it were our "good deeds," we might despair. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

I do not write so much and so freely as I used to; and I sometimes fear you may think I am forgetting, or losing my affection for you; but it is not so. I have more to do than I used to have, though I do not seem to accomplish much, and it is often of such a kind as indisposes me for the free and easy letters I would like to write. But nothing brings tears more easily to my eyes than to recall past hours with you, and I sometimes seem to live them over again. Well! here is the last corner of the sheet, and though I have not said much, yet it seems like a relief to say even this, disjointed as it is. It is nearly midnight,—high noon with you. How often is it so in life! Bright noon and joy with one, and perhaps his dearest friend at the same moment in midnight gloom, but the Sun is still in his place, as bright and cheering as ever; and "when I awake, I am still with thee." I presume you know my meaning. I have not space to enlarge it, and so write here

Ever affectionately yours,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, September 15th, 1846.

My Dear Father—

. . . . You will unite with us in thanksgiving, that we have been permitted to receive a Chinese, a native of this place, into the church. He was for a long time, eight or ten months, under pretty constant instruction and examination, and gave us every satisfaction before being admitted to the church. He is employed by Miss Aldersey, who has been very faithful to him in teaching him.

. . . . I got my head full of a notion of preparing a Dictionary of the Four Books the other day, and may perhaps try to make something out of it. There is no existing dictionary by which a Chinese student can read even the Four Books with satisfaction. Morrison's is the best. My plan would be to make a Dictionary, 1st. Of all the words in the Four Books, about 2500: this would be the great body of characters used in the language—Dyer's list having only 3500. 2d. To give all the meanings of each word that

occurs in the Four Books, which, as they are the foundation of the literature of China, would be by much the greater part of the important definitions needed. 3d. To give pretty full biographical notices of all the persons, and notices also of the places mentioned in the Four Books: this would give nearly everything that is important in ancient Chinese history. The above is the better half of what I have cut out. To do it, without interfering with my more direct and more important missionary labors, would require between two and three years. Should this plan succeed, I might afterwards try my hand at a more important and ambitious effort, i. e., a Dictionary of the language; but this is so vast an undertaking, that at present I have little idea of trying it. The Dictionary of the Four Books I think I can manage, and it would be an important contribution towards a general dictionary. I have not spoken of it to any one, and do not wish to do so, as so many things may interfere, but I should be very glad to get all the assistance possible in it, even if only for my own advancement. I should like to get the translations published at Paris and Berlin. I do not know where the money is to come from for all these, but if you can manage to get them for me, or for the mission, all the same, I should be very glad. I hope you will not say I am engaged in any such work, for I am not yet so committed to it that I feel myself bound to continue it, even to myself; and if I did commence it, I would not want it known, till I was in a situation not to fear the reproach of beginning without counting the cost.

I have been a good deal encouraged of late in my hopes of learning the language, and if God spares my life, and gives me health, I think there is a reasonable prospect of my becoming a tolerably thorough scholar. My early education, for which, under God, I am most indebted to you, gives me some qualifications for it, which, I trust it is not vanity alone tells me, are not possessed by all those who have gone before me to this field. . . . .

Ever your affectionate son, W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, December 9th, 1846.

James Lenox, Esq.—

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of April 20th has been lying by me for some three months, a longer period than usually elapses before I answer letters; but my time has been much occupied with writing appointed me by the mission, and with the preparation of my weekly Chinese discourses, which take much of the time that I once gave to correspondents.

I am exceedingly obliged for your kindness in regard to the books. On several occasions we have been very glad to have some at hand; and I have no doubt they have been a means of doing good, by being put in the hands of persons who would otherwise have had few or no religious books near them.

I do not think the books for the blind would be of service here. They are, of course, in the English language, and it could hardly be considered a profitable employment for us to turn from the multitudes around us, and spend time in teaching a few blind persons to read a strange language. One or two at each station, as a curiosity, and to show the Chinese the comprehensive benevolence of Christian society, which regards even the dumb and the blind, would doubtless be interesting. My teacher was exceedingly astonished the other day, when I showed him a hymn for the blind, which I happened to have, in raised letters. The idea had never occurred to him before. I fear it would be impossible to adapt it to the Chinese language. Even with "the skin burnt off," the fingers could not appreciate the fine lines of our many thousands of characters. They are trying enough even to the eyes.

I have been trying to teach my teacher lessons in music, partly with a view of finding thereby what are their ideas of music; but the experiment has not been very successful, partly, no doubt, because I know so little of music myself. I wish, (when will wishes end?) that we had some missionaries here, who were adepts in musical composition, to study the nature of Chinese music, improve it, and compose tunes suited to Chinese poetry. It seems to me rather incongruous to tack Ortonville, Old Hundred, &c., tunes composed for English words, to Chinese poetry. In Luther's judgment, music composed for Latin poems was unsuited to German verse; and if so, foreign music must be still more unfit for Chinese verse. But I feel at present comparatively little interest in singing Chinese poetry, from the fact that it is so utterly unintelligible to the mass of the people. This language, I mean as written, is one of the greatest possible barriers to the spread of the gospel here. I may be mistaken, but to me the conclusion seems irresistible, that till a change as great as that which came over the languages of Europe at the Reformation, comes over this language, it will be unfit for the extensive dissemination of truth among the mass of the people;—I mean, of course, the written language. We can now preach the gospel in the spoken language; but the spoken language is not a written language; and thus, as far as the mass of the people are concerned, we have no means of reaching them, except by the living preacher, or such of their own educated people as may feel interest enough in our books to explain them to the people. Why not write the spoken language? It may be done, but not in a day, nor in a year. I hope to see a beginning made in my day, but it must come gradually, and against strong opposition and contempt from the literati of the country. We think of preparing some books, or rather sheet tracts, in the colloquial language of this province; and, as a means of making them attractive, in spite of the contempt of the people for what seems to them so low, we want to have them illustrated with pictures. Pictures are like the corks which hold a man up in the

water oftentimes; at least, many a book is read at home for the sake of the pictures, and there is no reason why it should not be so here; and we shall soon make an application to the Committee to send us out a good supply of the pictures of birds, beasts, utensils, and various figures, prepared by type-founders, which are precisely what we want; and I feel disposed to speak for your vote in the Committee beforehand. Some might laugh at the idea of sending such things to a mission-station; but really, a picture of a steamboat, or railroad car, with a suitable description, or pictures of the costumes and customs of different countries, with short accounts of them, would do more to arouse a spirit of inquiry, and awaken the dormant mind of this people, than a person at home, accustomed from infancy to such things, could well imagine. Such a book as the New England Primer, well translated into the colloquial dialects of this country, and with good pictures, would be a national blessing. The book would be eagerly taken and read for the sake of the pictures. It may be said, this is treating the Chinese like children; but the fact is, the wisest of them are ignorant of things which every child knows at home; and amidst all the diversity of talents which we require, and can employ here, scarcely any is better than aptness to be an "instructor of babes."

. . . . Much as the return of missionaries is deplored by our friends at home, it can hardly be felt by you so much as it is by us; its effects here are almost always more sensibly felt than at home. Our little number diminished, men of experience taken away, the remaining parties discouraged; the heathen, judging from one, that all are equally uncertain to remain, and hence feeling less interest in us; are only a part of the difficulties. But has the question ever been fairly studied and looked at, at home? It is felt that something is wrong, but who knows where to lay the blame? or where to apply the remedy? A thought has often occurred to me, which yet I feel some delicacy in expressing. The difficulty, or one difficulty is, that the Church expects of the missionary what the mass of church-members would not do themselves. Now it is hard for the stream to rise higher than the fountain; and missionaries generally possess very little, if any more piety than Christians at home. It does seem unreasonable for those who stay at home, and know comparatively little of the pains of separation from friends, of loneliness and isolation among the heathen, to say to their missionaries, "Good brethren, go; and the blessing of God go with you. We will support you, and pray for you, (?) and think of you, and read your letters;—*but do not come back here.* If you do, it must be at the risk of losing much of your influence, and being thought to be tired of your work, and you had better not come." Doubtless, many of the best friends of missions would be far from using such language, and yet if I am not mistaken, it is the feeling of the mass. It is a serious question whether those who use such language, or feel such sentiments, are entitled to use it; or whether they should

not, first, pluck out the beam before they spy the mote. Now it strikes me that it would be better to say, "Go brethren, and labor faithfully, and as long as you can. We will do our part. We do not expect, and we do not wish you, to forget your father land. You have the feelings of men and women, of sons and daughters, and it is natural and right, that you should at times long for Christian intercourse with the great congregation, and the family fireside. Should these feelings become strong in you, we shall not interfere with your once more visiting your aged parents; but shall welcome you among your friends, and endeavor to fit you to go forth again with renewed vigor to your work. Only remember you are the Lord's, and may not needlessly or extravagantly use his time, even for objects so sacred, as cultivating the kindlier feelings of your hearts." Some such language as this, expresses the feeling I would like to see among the churches. My meaning is, that it ought to be understood and allowed, and in many cases approved, that a missionary, after a certain time, should have the right to return home on a visit. The Church ought not to require *exile*, as many seem disposed to do. I am satisfied that to have it understood on all hands, that a man had a right to see once more, those whom he cannot but long to see, would have no tendency to increase the number of returns home. It would make most men and women better contented to stay and labor ten years, if they felt that at the end of that time there would be no obstacle to a visit home if desired. And a person who had spent ten years in heathen land, would not, after that, want to leave it finally, if he had the smallest portion of true missionary spirit. If he did, it would probably be better that he should. It seems to me, that the prospect of a cheerful visit home would encourage many a man to labor on, and to form his plans for life here, who might be appalled by the idea of a lifetime, unrelieved by any such prospect; nor do I see how the mass of Christians can object to this, without either condemning themselves for their own want of self-denial, or else requiring of their missionaries to renounce many of the finest feelings of their nature.

In the English army in India, the officers are allowed after ten years' service, three years' furlough; and after twenty years, to retire finally. I should be sorry to see the latter regulation applied to our warfare; but at present it strikes me, that the privilege of a visit home, after every ten years of service, for a much less period than three years, would be a saving both of men and money in the missionary cause. There are some who would not embrace it; most persons probably would. It would make their first ten years pass more pleasantly away, and it would revive them bodily, and mentally, and *spiritually*, for the next ten years; and at the end of twenty years, if they wanted to leave the missionary field it would probably be for sufficient reasons. . . .

Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours, in Christian bonds,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, December 31st, 1846.

My Dear Father—

I have been writing my weekly Chinese sermon this evening; and after writing rather more than half, finding that I had still a spare hour before bed-time, I thought I could not do better than spend it in a letter to yourself. I write a sermon in Chinese every week; about eight pages; not so large as a letter-paper sheet. This I look over several times, especially on Sunday; put up a notice on my doors, that in the afternoon there will be preaching; and open my doors shortly after dinner—say at half-past two. One of my servants, or my teacher, stands at the door and invites passers-by to come in. The great difficulty is to get an audience to begin with. My house is in a part of the city where there are not many respectable residents near, but it is on a thoroughfare, with many passers-by, and with any attraction there is no difficulty in getting people to stop. I commonly commence as soon as there are five or six present, and if the weather be at all fair, I am pretty sure in five or ten minutes to have from fifteen to forty persons. My discourses are extempore, i. e., I read my written sermon carefully, and then leaving it in my desk, go down stairs, and, as the Scotch say, "overtake" as much of it as I can. It commonly takes me twenty minutes to get through, but this is a strange tongue, and to an audience not very attentive, is as fatiguing as a sermon forty or fifty minutes long would be in a small church at home. By the time I am done, it has several times happened that the house and verandah were quite full; and as people, seeing a crowd, still keep coming in, I have several times, after giving away a few books, and talking a little separately to a few persons, got up and preached the same discourse right over to an entirely new audience. In this way I have the opportunity of preaching to from fifty to a hundred persons every Sabbath, and I expect generally to adopt this course. After the discourse is over, I offer a short prayer, all standing. As to my own fluency, perhaps the less said the better; but I find these services, both in preparation and in delivery, are not so appalling or difficult, as were my first efforts at preaching at home; and this very polite people compliment me exceedingly on speaking the language so well. It is not at all uncommon to hear them say, "Why he speaks our language *with a full mouth!* How can a foreigner learn to speak it so well? Why, a Fuhkeen man would not speak so well in ten years," &c. I think there can be no doubt that, difficult as this dialect is, it is one of the easiest in China; and were I less of a recluse, or fonder of company, I might soon be a fluent speaker. Dr. McCartee, who has more freedom of tongue than I have, talks like a native, and has a command of words quite unexampled in a person who has been so short a time in China.

We are all talking of building now, but as yet no one has got a place to build on. We find the present plan is *Poo chung*—

"does not meet our wishes," as the Chinese say. The houses do very well for a while, but they want so many repairs, and the rent and repairs come to so much, that we begin to think building with all its troubles better than renting.

The members of the mission are all in very good health. I know of nothing of special interest among us. I am ordered by the mission to write for a second printing press; but as the letter will go overland, I suppose you will get it before this.

What is to be done about procuring Chinese books? I am now beginning to be able to use a Chinese book, and want a library. I have already two hundred volumes, (Chinese,) but my pocket is empty now. Is there any appropriation for books? Hitherto I have paid for all mine out of the money Mr. —— gave me, or what I could save out of my own salary. But the former sum was used up long ago, in buying elementary books, and a set of the Chinese Repository, and I have now used up all of my salary I can spare for the present year. To be sure, I shall not read all I have got for many a year, but I shall want to refer to most of them, and to others too, very soon. A good mission library would obviate the necessity for any member of the mission buying a number of works that would be contained in it; but there are others which each person should have for himself. Hitherto none of the books I have bought have been paid out of the mission funds, and I should prefer not to get any with the mission money if I can avoid it.

I still keep at preparing a dictionary of the Four Books, spending two or three hours every day at it. It is a very pleasant recreation, and I find it one of the best modes for getting accurate ideas of the sense of characters, so that it will be time well spent, if never a line sees the light. I thought at first that there were about two thousand five hundred characters in the Four Books, but on counting, as I have made out a list, I find there are about two thousand two hundred and fifty. I have already noted down one or more, sometimes eight or ten, significations to about one thousand two hundred of them. But this is not the half, nor the hardest part of the work. I think, however, if I go on as I have begun, that I may get all the significations noted down in four or five months more; and then eight months' moderate work would bring it into a state fit to see the light. Since writing to you at first, however, I have thought of extending it so as to include the Shoo-king and She-king, or Book of Records and Book of Odes. This would increase the number of characters to about three thousand five hundred. My plan would include pretty full biographical and historical notices of China, from the days of Yaou and Shun to those of Mencius, say from B. C. 2100 to B. C. 300, and would make a large quarto volume.

If the work were well done, it would be invaluable. If even moderately well done, it would be of much utility. I have no idea that I could do it well, and doubt whether I could do it moderately

well. The actual expense of printing and binding five hundred copies would be under a thousand dollars. After the first hundred were sold, say at six to eight dollars a volume, it would have but a slow sale. I would cheerfully make it over to the Mission or the Board, if they would undertake the expense of publication. The estimates alone are mere guesswork, as I have not yet made sufficient progress to encourage me to think of looking seriously to publication, nor would I trouble you with these accounts now, were it not that by the time I can hear from you, I shall want to know a little what your views are. I shall probably know definitely whether I shall be able to do anything or not; and if then I feel disposed to continue, a good deal will depend on the probabilities of getting it published. The Shoo-King, She-King, and Four Books, are pretty complete; and no other books would give so full an account of ancient China, and the beginnings of many customs and modes of speech that are common now. At present there is no dictionary with which one could read even the Four Books satisfactorily, and much less the Shoo-King, and She-King. In saying this I make no exception, even for Morrison, much less for M———, who, though doubtless the best acquainted with Chinese of any of the foreign sinologues, is not a very satisfactory authority for philological purposes.

December 4. I do not know when this letter will get off, but I must finish it to-night. My teacher was away all day, so I had to study by myself. Spent the time principally at my dictionary, and noted sixty-five new words, besides additional meanings to as many more. This was a great day's work, for I seldom give more than two hours a day, and in that time can note only from ten to twenty new words. A visit across the river, airing and putting up my Chinese books, and finishing my Chinese sermon, have occupied the rest of the day. . .

I suppose the new brethren have arrived in Canton before now. A letter from Mr. Morse informed me of his having heard of their sailing in the Grafton in July. . .

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, September 13th, 1846.

To the Rev. John Lloyd :—

Dear Brother John :—You will judge from the date of this letter (Sabbath evening,) that it is not to be about everything under the sun. I do not know how it strikes every person, but occasionally I like to spend a part of the Sabbath evening in Christian conversation with an absent friend, and I do not know that it is more improper to converse with pen and ink, than by word of mouth. . . . Your note of July 1, inclosing a letter from J. M. L., came two days ago, and your note of Aug. 27, reached me this morning. . . . In several notes you have spoken of a wish to be

near me. I heartily wish it could be so, but I fear you would find only a very weak and bruised reed to lean on, if you expected any good from me. You would not expect much if you knew me better. God is showing me of late in a very painful way that in myself I am nothing,—can do nothing, and am utterly sinful and vile; and the way he shows it is by leaving me to myself, to walk on in my Christian course, and to do my duties without any sensible support of his grace; and the consequence is, that I am very low. Oh, how many bitter things I write against myself; but the worst is, my utter deadness—no life or delight in prayer, the Scriptures, or meditation. What dreadful things these hearts of ours are! It amazes me to think that God can be gracious to people naturally so vile, and who sin so grievously after conversion. I preached a week ago on the prodigal son's departing from his father's house. I felt the subject a good deal myself, and several of the little audience were in tears; but alas, I do not seem to have "come back" yet. To-day was our communion, but I found little or no benefit. There has been much strangeness between God and my soul for many months past, and often a great reluctance to close and faithful dealing with myself. So dead that I have lost the savor of spiritual things, and the perception of the beauties of the Bible, and seldom draw nigh unto God. I seem to satisfy myself with very faint services. Oh to be revived! and yet this lazy heart would be revived without effort on my own part. Awake, thou that sleepest! Alas! I am so soon wearied in my efforts. Like the little flying-fish, but a moment up, and then back in the troubled waters of this heaving, restless world. Oh Lord God, give me wings, and enable me to breathe the pure and spiritual atmosphere of heaven. I find myself by nature diseased by sin, which, like the leprosy, affects my whole frame. Yea, "the plague is in his head." Yea, the "whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint;" and thus I neither properly appreciate, nor comprehend spiritual things, nor feel them aright; therefore I am unclean, separated from the society of the holy, dwelling without the precincts where the people of God's love are. How deep should be my sorrow, and self-loathing, and abasement! and how should I come to him whose word can cleanse.—Lev. xiii. 44–46.

But I trust I am one of God's people, and yet even this is but renewed reason for humiliation. "My people have committed two evils." "Forsaken God, the fountain of living waters;" what greater despite, contempt, unbelief, and sin, than this? And "hewn out broken cisterns which can hold no water." How true is this! It is so with me. Made for God; heart disquieted till it rests in him; and yet unwilling to come to him; and on the contrary, seeking rest in creatures! Well may heaven and earth be astonished at this!—Jer. ii. 12, 13.

I trust I have not wholly forsaken God's service, but there is small comfort in this. It has been with but half a heart that I

have served him. I have sought happiness in my study, books, correspondence, business, friends; and with a half heart to them and a half heart to God, how miserably have I gone on! Oh Lord, unite my heart to fear thy name! Psalm lxxxvi. 11. It is impossible to serve God if the whole heart be not his. If with a half heart, then as good none at all. Thus with my half heart I have fallen asleep, and am become dead. Oh let me now awake, and arise from the dead, and may he who is the light of the world give me light. Eph. v. 14. None but he can do it. Blessed Jesus, raise me to thyself, and shine into my heart with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, of which I now know so little. 2 Cor. iv. 6. Let me rise with thee, and being risen, let me seek those things which are above where thou sittest, Col. iii. 1. I have too often forgotten that he who is risen with Christ, must still seek and labor. Oh let me forget it no more, and thus laboring and believing, praying and trusting, I beseech thee show me thy glory, Exod. xxxiii. 18; xxxiv. 6, 7.

You will ask, why do I live thus? Because, I am "sold under sin," and "the good I would I do not." I know I ought to do it, and am guilty for not doing it. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Jesus Christ our head? Yes, but there is the worst of it. Like the prodigal departing from his father, I have gone away from Christ, and therefore have no life. Pray for me. I will continue this strain no longer.

We have much reason for gratitude in not being left entirely destitute of a blessing here. As many as three persons have hopefully experienced a change of heart here during the past year. One of these is Azin, Miss Aldersey's Chinese servant, a native of this place, who was baptized to-day. He has been inquiring for nearly a year, and after a very satisfactory examination, was received by the Session into the Church. God be praised for this! Oh for more! There are others who sometimes give us hopes, but we are often grievously disappointed. My servant seems to be somewhat serious, but I dare not hope that any real impression has been made on his mind. I think my teacher thinks more than he is willing to admit, but I have as yet no hopes of him. What a dreadful thing a backwardness to speak on religious topics is! There is no one thing that has troubled me in all my intercourse so much as this. No duty I find so hard to perform, or which I oftener fail in attending to. Nothing has caused me to doubt my piety so much as this one thing, and now I almost despair of ever overcoming it. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," but if I am judged by this rule, I shall stand very low. I am glad others are not so deficient in it as I am.

Monday, 14th. Your summer has been very cool, and ours excessively hot. Such hot weather, *and so long*, I have never known. After having the thermometer up to 98° and 100° every day for six weeks, it was quite a luxury to find it rising no higher

than 88° and 90°. It is now, however, and has been for three weeks, very pleasant, and has been down as low as 74° at night, now generally below 80° at night, and even at the warmest there was always a fall of 10° to 15° at night. I do not think we could have lived through it if it had not been for this.

Walsh, at Mynpurie, speaks of 122° *in the sun*, as very hot. We have had it much higher than that in the sun here; but in India the hot weather lasts much longer than it does here.

Why do we never see your *lucubrations* in the Chronicle, or Foreign Missionary? A man who holds as ready a pen as you do, is bound to let it speak *pro bono publico*. Tell Brother Brown I am very glad he has commenced at the right end, and I hope he will keep on.

I am engaged of late in preparing a report on the word to be used in speaking the name of God. We are pretty unanimous here in disapproving of the word Shang-te, as it is perpetually confounded with the Chinese idol of the same name. I believe we are all in favor of Shin, and I have been quite surprised at the amount of authority, I mean from the Chinese classics, in favor of its use. What words do you use? and how do they take with the people? I would like much to hear what your custom is.

When you write for the Chronicle, I mean you and Brown both, would it not be well to spell Chinese words after the Mandarin fashion, and Morrison's spelling? Part of Brown's letter in the April Chronicle is Greek to me. Who is *Giam lo ong*? I suppose the first word is intended for *Yen* in Mandarin, and the last for *Wang*. But I cannot make out the *lo*, and as for the *hok-sai*, I have no idea what it is, unless it be *Fuh-sze*. Our dialect comes much nearer the Mandarin than yours, but most of us prefer, in writing for the Chronicle, &c., to use the pure Mandarin, which all who study the characters are supposed to know a little about, even though they cannot speak it. I must close this scrawl. You do not expect good penmanship from me, but I wish for the sake of your eyes that it was better. Give much love to Brown, for I take it you and he are pretty much one, and I do not write to him, for nearly all I would say to him I say to you.

Believe me, ever yours, in the gospel and ministry of Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

GENERAL REMARKS IN CONCLUSION OF THE THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NINGPO MISSION; OCTOBER 1, 1846.

We have thus presented a brief sketch of our operations during the year. It may strike you perhaps as exhibiting but a meagre return for the labors of a year. It affords us, however, much ground to thank God and take courage. True, indeed, most of the work done has been of a preparatory nature, but we should remember that the husbandman has long patience in waiting for

the reward of his toils. He does not regard the time as thrown away which is spent in breaking up the fallow ground, enriching the soil, and putting in the seed, because he cannot immediately reap. In the history of modern missionary enterprises, the season of patience by which God has tried the faith of his people, has generally been of many years' continuance. We have been more highly favored. We have already been permitted to introduce into the fold of Christ's flock by baptism, one, at least, of the former victims of superstition. Much has been gained too, in experience, in a knowledge of the habits, disposition and modes of thought of the people, which may help to guide us hereafter to the means of gaining access to their hearts. We have laid a foundation for such a knowledge of the language, as will enable us to declare intelligibly the whole counsel of God. We have begun to be favorably known among the people. Large numbers have had opportunities of learning something of our character and habits, and have particularly noticed our observance of the Sabbath. Many have become acquainted with our object in residing among them. Not a few have obtained a very considerable knowledge of the doctrines we teach; while hundreds have learned enough of the way of salvation, to put their trust in the Saviour and secure eternal life, were it not for an evil heart of unbelief. The year has not therefore been entirely barren of results.

The nature of the work to be done cannot, however, be learned from a simple statement of labors performed. The missionary work in all lands must be essentially the same, but it assumes different phases, varying with the character and habits of different nations. It is everywhere a conflict of truth against error—of the word of God against the impure teachings of the corrupt heart. But error does not everywhere manifest itself in the same form; it may not therefore be uninteresting or unprofitable, in connection with the above statement of what we have endeavored to do, to throw together a few notices, which may serve to exhibit more clearly some of the most prominent features of the work in this field, so far as its nature depends upon the character of the people among whom we labor. It must be borne in mind that we are speaking chiefly of Ningpo, and that many statements may be true in one part of China, which are not true in other parts. We confine ourselves to such observations as have a direct bearing on missionary effort.

To whatever land the missionary of Christ directs his steps, bearing the religion of the cross, he is almost everywhere met by a counterfeit religion. It is so here. Yet all religion, of whatever kind, sits lightly upon the shoulders of the people. There is no venerable system of superstition deeply rooted in the affections of the people, and sustained, as in India, by a crafty and influential priesthood, wielding a more than princely power: though the number of the gods is countless, they are little reverenced even by the most ignorant, and still less by the better informed. Even

those who are most devout and diligent in their worship of the gods, are influenced solely by the hope that they will obtain some personal benefit by it, and are not wedded to any particular system. They are quite willing to abandon the worship of one, if they can be induced to believe that greater advantages will accrue to themselves by the worship of another. The religious feeling of the mass seems to be simply a vague notion that there are superior powers, probably Heaven and Earth, which ought to be worshipped, and that it is expedient on particular occasions, to seek their favor by offerings and prayers. Men are seldom found worshipping at the temples. The priesthood is to a great extent supported by the devotion of the women, who, though forbidden to go to the temples, by laws which the indifference and venality of the mandarins render a dead letter, are often faithful in reading their prayers before the idols, and in observing the numerous fasts imposed by the priests.

The homage paid to Confucius is undoubtedly idolatrous, yet it can hardly be considered as holding a place among the rites of religion. He is worshipped not as a god, but as a man; and he is not regarded as possessing divine power, or exercising any immediate control in the affairs of men. His followers may therefore be regarded as strictly atheists. Yet the strictest of this class —the mandarins—do not scruple to repair regularly twice a month, to present their offerings at the temples; and in times of public distress, they worship every day. Twice during the present year they have strictly prohibited the slaughter of animals; once to procure a cessation of excessive rains, and once to avert the evils of long-continued drought. But they have gone further than this, in sacrificing their own avowed religious views to those of the people. We have witnessed the sad spectacle recently, of all the highest officers of the city repairing daily to an idol temple, to prostrate themselves before a *senseless fish*, to procure the blessing of rain. This is all done no doubt to keep the people quiet and prop up their own weakness, but it shows how little importance is attached to any particular set of religious tenets. In our work among this people, therefore, the task of pulling down old systems will probably not prove so great as in other parts of Asia. The foundations on which idolatry rests are not laid so deep nor so firm, and we may therefore devote our energies more completely to the work of building up the glorious edifice which is built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

Superstition, the offspring of ignorance, has a firmer hold on the minds of the people than idolatry has upon their hearts. Their minds are filled with vain imaginations, of things not visible; and the learned and the ignorant, the idolater and the atheist, alike yield implicit credence to the system of auguries and portents, lucky and unlucky days, and the whole round of future revealing signs. The day and hour, the year and month of birth, clearly

foreshadow the future destiny, and no one enters upon any important undertaking in the face of an unlucky omen. Not a few of the notions which prevail among the vulgar in more enlightened nations, find their counterpart here; but while they are there confined to the few, they are here the guide-book of the many. The belief and fear of supernatural powers, here as elsewhere, are the cause of much suffering. The effects of this fear are more terrible here from its universality. It is but recently that the whole population of this region was thrown into consternation by the belief that mysterious, powerful, invisible spirits, were sent forth by myriads, by men dealing in magical arts. Thousands were held in terror for weeks, and spent many nights in watching, not daring to close their eyes in sleep. It is thus that Satan rules in his kingdom. He brings the mind, as well as the heart, under his sway. It is not by any address to the reason that such absurdities will be robbed of their influence. They address themselves to the feelings, and will be overcome with greater difficulty than idolatry itself.

The combination of idolatry and superstition have produced their usual terrible effects in degrading the mind. To them we must attribute, in a great measure, the universal stagnation of mental energy, and the general, almost childish imbecility, which characterize the Chinese mind. The effect of this is to disqualify for the enlightened and dispassionate search after truth; to curb, or wholly quench, the spirit of curiosity; and to induce an entire contentment with utter ignorance of all that it is most desirable to know. Hence the difficulty of awakening a spirit of inquiry or anxiety in reference to religious truth. The cold and heartless assent to all that may be said, the careless nod of the head, or equally careless word of approbation, too often the index of utter indifference alike to truth and error, are even more discouraging, more trying to the patience, than open and decided opposition. All seem content with old thoughts, old customs, old modes of doing things: and not only content, but in love with them. Whatever is new is almost an object of suspicion and jealousy. Not only do the farmer and mechanic ply their occupations with the same rude instruments which their fathers were wont to employ, but even the man of letters is content to deal with the thoughts of those who have gone before him, and ring the changes on the words which express them, without caring to alter, amend, or add to them. The end, in Chinese composition, is sound rather than sense. At the examinations for literary degrees, the merit of the essays produced is determined by the smoothness of the sentences, and the acquaintance with the classics displayed. There is no effort to elucidate a subject, to inquire after truth, or to present new and striking thoughts. The classics are used for the purpose of these essays, very much as the carpenter uses his lumber. The material is all there. It is only required to make a display of ingenuity in turning it into new forms. In consequence of this

feature of the Chinese mind as we now find it, our work will partake very little of an argumentative character. We are not likely to be often drawn into disputes, either in public or in private. We will be left to devote ourselves wholly to the more pleasing work, though not less difficult, of giving instruction in the great doctrines of revelation.

The idolatry of China consists not solely, nor chiefly, in the worship of idols. The worship of ancestors, though a less revolting, is really a more dangerous form of idolatry. It is this that rears itself like an impassable barrier in the way of the progress of the Gospel. Permeating as it does every province, and every hamlet of the empire, embracing all classes and conditions of men, overstepping the dividing lines of all religions, it closes every heart against the entrance of the Gospel. Having its foundation deep laid in the tenderest and most amiable feelings of our nature,—feelings which commend themselves as well to the conscience as the heart,—it is a wonderful exhibition of the tendency of the depraved heart to convert virtue itself into crime, and of the art and craft with which the great Adversary turns this tendency to the accomplishment of his own diabolical purposes. Next to Popery, it is one of Satan's greatest master-pieces. The strength of the Papal delusion consists in the amount of revealed truth interwoven with its falsehoods,—of this, in the amount of truth made known by natural religion, which has been incorporated with it. As ministers of Christ we must denounce, as wicked and abominable, the practice itself, while we must approve and commend as highly pleasing to God, the principle—the feeling of the heart, on which it is founded. Unlike heathen worship, it has a hold upon the affections of the people, and the neglect of the idolatrous ancestral rites, is almost universally looked upon with abhorrence, as the index of a heart destitute of every right feeling. Add to this, that the principle on which it depends is the very foundation on which is built the fabric of Chinese law, the corner-stone on which rests the security of the imperial throne, and that it is sustained by all the power of an absolute despotism, backed by the overwhelming force of universal public sentiment, and it may be conceived how perfectly futile must be all the efforts of a few feeble missionaries in the extreme borders of the empire, to overthrow it. We remember, however, that God is glorified in our weakness. When the work is done, it will be manifest to all that the Son hath wrought it.

Gross impurity of morals is ever the concomitant of heathenism. Chinese philosophers teach a comparatively pure morality; and the code given by Confucius is perhaps as pure as ever proceeded, among heathen philosophers, from any other source. But this is not the morality of the people. Dark, indeed, would be the picture of public morals in China, if correctly drawn.

Deceit, fraud, and licentiousness prevail to an appalling extent. To lie is not looked upon as a crime, and to accuse the most re-

spectable men of falsehood is not even regarded as an insult. To be detected in an attempt to defraud is attended with greater odium, and there is a tolerable measure of honesty in the transaction of business, though it is the honesty of policy, not of principle. Though we see but few of the evidences of infanticide, we have every reason to believe that it is lamentably common. The poor destroy by neglect, if not by actual violence, their female children, who would only be a tax upon their resources, and the mother always destroys the fruit of her dishonor.

We must not however look only at the dark side of the picture. The immorality of China is the immorality of its human nature, not of its idolatry. It forms no part of her religion. Licentiousness and fraud are neither inculcated in their holy books, nor encouraged by legendary accounts of the example of their gods. Cold-blooded murders, desperate encounters, and fatal affrays, in this part of China, are seldom heard of; and violent mobs do not often disturb the peace of society. Those which we have known, have been but the popular resistance to the rapacity and oppression of unprincipled rulers. If deceit and fraud are prevalent, you are not more liable to be over-reached and deceived by your neighbor than in most other countries. In our denunciations of vice we shall therefore have the public voice in our favor, and practices which conscience reproves as immoral, will not be defended by the voice of religion as virtuous.

The state of society affords us many grounds of encouragement. No dividing walls of caste separate the people into different grades, cut off from friendly intercourse with each other. The minds of those who may be favorably impressed with the truth, will not be filled with dread at the thought of scaling those walls, and braving the consequences of a step which renders them outcasts from society. There is even a higher degree of community of feeling, and fewer divisions of society, than among the civilized nations of the West. There is no titled aristocracy. Learning and wealth do not draw so distinctly as in the West dividing lines of society, and there are few, if any, great landed proprietors, who stand aloof from the cultivators of the soil. The mandarins have little friendly intercourse with the people. They are a class by themselves, shut out from the people, partly by the dignity of office, partly by being sent to rule in provinces where the people speak a dialect which they do not understand. This is one extreme of society. The other extreme is composed of the vilest of the people, the disgraced, the beggars, banished criminals, and those on whom has been fixed the ban of the government. All between these two extremes may be regarded as a conglomerate mass, made up of poor and rich, learned and unlearned. These may all associate on terms very nearly approaching equality. The master and servant, the man of letters, the wealthy merchant and the common laborer, may meet together at the same table; and no deference is exacted from one which is not returned by the other.

As in every land where the influence of the Gospel is not felt, the female sex are not permitted to occupy the place which belongs to them. They are excluded from all the advantages of education, and for the most part are kept in a state little better than servitude. They are compelled to submit to the usual badge of servitude, exclusion from the table of the other sex, though this rule is often violated. Their situation, however, is incomparably better than in most countries under the influence of heathenism. The service imposed upon them is ordinarily in the sphere of their appropriate duties, and they are commonly treated with civility and kindness, though it is not to be expected that the authority assumed over them should not be often abused.—In view of these facts we may hope that when the truth shall have begun to make an impression upon the public mind, it will run and have free course and be glorified. An influence once commenced will rapidly extend itself. The stream of salvation will flow, not in a narrow channel hemmed in by rocks on all sides, and constantly turned from its course by adamantine walls, but will spread its fertilizing waters over the wide surface of a level plain, and over the face of the whole land.

We think, therefore, that in the midst of many of the peculiar difficulties which belong to the nature of the missionary work in all lands, we have some singular advantages which should animate us in our efforts and encourage the Church in her prayers. Seldom have missionary operations been commenced among any people under more favorable auspices, and there are few missionary fields, if any, which present a less forbidding array of obstacles, or afford greater encouragements. We are in the midst of a peaceful and quiet people, who always receive us politely and treat us with civility. Though dwelling among a heathen people, protected simply by the obligation of a treaty—an obligation not felt by the multitude—we feel as safe from lawless violence as we would even in the peaceful cities of our own more favored land. We may with as much freedom and boldness publish the pure Gospel in all its simplicity, as in any city in America, and with less fear of external interference than in many cities of Christian Europe. The fields are white to the harvest. The view of the field itself, and the developments of Providence, may justify us in anticipating at no distant day glorious triumphs of the Gospel. The victory, if gained, however, will not be gained without a struggle. Already the ground is disputed with us by that wonderful power which has so often been drunk with the blood of the saints, and which is now making such vigorous efforts to extend itself in every part of the world. France has recently, in more than one instance appeared as the ally of Rome, and the French ambassador, when in China, with a zeal which is worthy of all commendation, exerted himself in her favor. At Ningpo he procured the restoration of a house and piece of ground which belonged to the Papists during their palmy days in China, and

which, unclaimed by them, has for many years been in the hands of the mandarins. The house is now occupied by a French priest, and several native priests from their mission in the province of Sye-chuen. Their influence is already beginning to be felt, and their name having so long been associated with the building they occupy, is familiar to the people. We may therefore expect to bear a part in the conflict with the Man of Sin which has already commenced in every quarter of the world.

In the review of the year, we must acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of God in moving the heart of him whom he has placed upon the throne, to repeal those sanguinary laws which, during several reigns, have made the profession of the religion of the cross a capital offence. This is another of those providential events by which the Great Head of the Church is preparing the way for the establishment of his kingdom in this empire. Who can doubt that he will carry on that which he has so wondrously commenced? We are far from anticipating that the tide of foreign influence will be stayed, or that the gates of China will ever again be closed against the Gospel. Yet we must not too confidently expect that the onward progress of the Gospel will not again be retarded. The political revolution which commenced in the triumphant career of the British arms has not yet wrought out its results, and it belongs not to us to say what will be its future developments. Symptoms of instability already begin to be manifested. The weakness of the government can no longer be concealed, and the lowest of the people have not failed to observe it. When it is remembered that the reins of government are in the hands of foreign usurpers, the overthrow of the present political fabric may be regarded as an event brought within the range of probabilities. In any event, we know that He to whom all power is given in heaven and upon earth, will not be indifferent to the welfare of His Church. In His own good time the promise will be made good, and they of the land of Sinim will cast their idols to the bats and to the moles, and give glory to the God of Heaven, who only doeth wonders.

The following paper, with a list of two hundred and seven cuts, was drawn up by Mr. Lowrie, approved by the Mission, and laid before the Executive Committee, by whom it was favorably acted on:

1st. It is well known, that knowledge received by the eye, is more easily comprehended and longer retained than that which enters only by the ear. Hence pictures, as a means of instruction, have been so long acknowledged to be of much utility. It is especially so with the young, and when describing things never seen or heard of before. The members of this mission are already fully aware how utterly ignorant the Chinese are of everything foreign, and how exceedingly difficult it is for us to explain multitudes of things, on account of this ignorance. There can be no doubt that a series of small books on various subjects of Geography, Natural

History, History of different nations, and notices of the Customs, Dress and Manners of different nations, if illustrated by cuts, would be of great utilty here. The time we hope is not far distant, when the members of this mission will be able to prepare such books, and when this is attempted, the want of cuts will be found to be a serious obstacle. The list herewith furnished, though far from complete, will yet be of material assistance.

2d. Although it may seem as if works such as those mentioned above do not properly fall within the sphere of a missionary,—yet we remark, that even aside from the knowledge they communicate, they will serve two valuable purposes, which are essential to our work. First. They will in some measure assist to arouse the dormant mind of this people. One of our greatest difficulties here is found in the utter stagnation of the Chinese mind, with regard to everything but money. Knowledge of almost anything under the sun, by stimulating the faculties will rouse the mind, put it in an inquiring state, and in this inquiring and awakened state, it will more readily appreciate the truths of Christianity. In the present state of the Chinese mind it is conceived that instructive pictures, with appropriate descriptions, will be found to be one of the best means of arousing it. Secondly. The Scriptures refer to a multitude of objects in Natural History, and the history of society and arts, which are unknown in China, and can scarcely be illustrated without pictures. Hence all the illustrations in our Bible dictionaries and commentaries in Christian lands. We see not why these are not more necessary here than there.

3d. In illustrating Bible history, few things would be of more service than a series of pictures, with descriptions, such as are published in immense numbers at home. Every one will recollect the instance of Dr. Doddridge, whose first knowledge of Scriptural history was derived from some Dutch tiles that ornamented his mother's fire-place. We regret that in the book of cuts, to which we have had access, there have been almost no pictures on Scriptural subjects, but as there are doubtless many to be had in the United States, we trust the Mission will be furnished by the Committee with a full supply.

4th. By means of cuts, we shall be enabled to bring books written in the colloquial language of the people, into some favor and repute. It is well known that books in the colloquial language are despised by the scholars in China. And yet, it can admit of but little doubt, that if the press is ever to benefit the mass of the nation, it must be by works in the familiar mother tongue of the people. Now a book on an interesting subject, and illustrated by good pictures, will command attention and perusal, even though written in the most familiar style. And we deem it no ungrounded expectation, that pictures will be of material service in preparing the way for the publication of books in the spoken languages of China.

5th. In support of the opinion of the utility of pictures to those

engaged in a great work of reformation among any people, we may appeal to the history of the Reformation from Popery in Europe in the sixteenth century. According to Merle d'Aubigné, vol. IV., page 17, "Hawkers were selling Christian pamphlets, short and easy to read, written in Latin and in German, and *ornamented with engravings*, in which the errors of Rome were vigorously attacked." And even Martin Luther thought it not beneath his notice to prepare such books. We could not express more happily what we want, than in the words just quoted. We want Christian tracts, short and easy to read, both in the book style, and the colloquial language of this people;—we want them illustrated with engravings, and we want them not only to attack the nonsense and wickedness of idol worship, but to attack that senseless ignorance of this people, which teaches them that they are the men, and wisdom exists only within the boundaries of the Central Kingdom.

Among the cuts in the preceding list are eighteen giving representations of English, French, German, Indian, African, Asiatic, and Polynesian costumes and pursuits. What could be more appropriate than a little book containing those eighteen pictures, with a short description attached to each, specifying where each nation is found, its population, government, religion, arts, commerce, &c. We have seen respectable Chinese lost in astonishment when told of only three or four nations besides their own; for they had no previous notion that there were any people under the sun except the Chinese and a few outside barbarians.

We might pursue this subject further, and give many details to illustrate our meaning, but perhaps this is sufficient. We only add, that while for the present our list may be considered tolerably complete, as far as the more important objects in natural history and purely miscellaneous subjects are concerned, it is very deficient in some that we are most anxious to possess, especially subjects relating to Scripture history.

December 25th, 1846. W. M. LOWRIE.

Ningpo, December 31st, 1846.

REV. JOHN C. LOWRIE—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your truly welcome letter of June 22d, came to hand to-day. I know not why it was so long on the road. A letter from another person in New York, written on the same day, reached me six weeks ago. But we have to submit to some inconvenience up here about our correspondence. As another example, on the 18th of September, we received the papers containing the proceedings of the General Assembly, for about one-half the meeting; the proceedings of the remaining half have not come yet, though it is now three and a half months later, unless they were received to-day, of which I have not been informed. What has become of the Foreign Missionary? We have the Chronicle

of May, June, and July, but no Foreign Missionary for those months.

... I perceive we shall not agree about millenarianism, and I hardly know whether it is worth while to open the subject. I still find much comfort and encouragement in it; but the question of comfort or encouragement is not the first one. Is it in the Scripture? If it is, then "he that doeth his will shall know of the doctrine," and enjoy its fruits. I fear, however, that you misapprehend my views in regard to the use of means, such as preaching, &c. I have lost none of my confidence in preaching, but rather have felt it increased by means of these views. I think, as you do too of course, that when Christ comes, we shall have fuller revelations of his will than we have now. Until he comes, the New Testament is our rule, the preaching of the word our duty, and by the word of God as it now is, and the preaching of that word, every elect soul in the present dispensation must be saved. On this the millenarian and the anti-millenarian are both agreed, and I see not how the views of either interfere with the command to go and preach the gospel to every creature. We differ in this: the anti-millenarian thinks the glorious promises of the prophets, ("blessed is he that readeth and keepeth them,") will be fulfilled in the present dispensation, and by the use of the present means; but the millenarian thinks not. "Many are called but few are chosen," and as long as the New Testament is the only rule for our direction, I cannot see what right we have to believe that the above words will not be true—"many called, but *few* chosen." It has ever been so. No preacher, however faithful, ever sees the majority of his people for a course of years on the Lord's side. Payson did not; Nettleton did not; Whitefield did not; the Apostle Paul did not. He preached the word in Ephesus until "all that were in Asia heard the word of the Lord," but even then it was true; many were called, few were chosen. When shall we see more faithful, more successful preachers of the gospel than Paul? Yet if we do not, what right have we to hope that more abundant success will crown ministerial efforts? And suppose it should be true; suppose a nation be born in a day; suppose that "all shall know the Lord," "thy people shall be all righteous," then what becomes of our Saviour's words, "many are called but FEW chosen?"

I prefer supposing that there is a dispensation yet to come, as far to surpass the present as the present surpasses the Levitical. Nor do I think this opinion is justly liable to the charge of undervaluing our present privileges; at least such is far from my intention; and still less of throwing discredit on the work or power of the ever blessed Spirit. But in the meantime, this glorious dispensation is not come. And till it does come, he would be a most unfaithful servant who should fold his hands, or neglect the work ("to every man his work," Mark xiii. 34) assigned him by his Lord.

I cannot expect you should agree with all this. Some of it you

may think enthusiastic, or even fantastic; but at present I do not see otherwise.

Shall we let this subject drop? I am not anxious to drop it, nor to continue it. I try to hear calmly all that may be said against it, and to state calmly all I have to say for it. Deeply important as it seems to me to be, it is not a point of faith on which salvation depends, and I should grieve extremely to make it a bone of contention with those I love, and with whom I agree on so many other points. I seldom speak of it here. I may be mistaken. You may be mistaken; or we may both be in some mistake. If your views be true, then at the inevitable death that awaits us, and which in all ordinary cases nature must dread, or at least cannot desire, we shall see alike. If my views be true, then at that glorious coming which my soul longs for exceedingly, and which may be before either of us shall die, we shall both think alike. I think I have the advantage in the prospect to which I look forward, and that advantage is not marred by thinking that your different views will prevent your enjoying it when it comes, though it is a pity not to enjoy what is held up that we may enjoy it.

By God's grace I am preaching, though it be with stammering lips, and my prospects of mastering the language are now so fair that I would be very unwilling to leave this mission. I am, therefore, satisfied and anxious to remain; and my present feeling, which indeed has almost always been my feeling, is not to leave unless the Committee, who took the responsibility of sending me to China, will take the responsibility of sending me away. I am glad and happy to be here. It is true I am lonely, sometimes very lonely, but this loneliness is appointed to me by Him who knows better than I do what is best for me. I have not sought it, nor run into it rashly, and in due season it will be diminished; or if not, then it is best that it be so, and I will, if not gladly, at least resignedly, or if not resignedly, at least praying to be resigned, confess myself a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth.

The clock strikes twelve, P. M., and 1847 has begun. I have disobeyed your injunction; but, in the first place, it is very seldom that this happens. I am almost always in bed before eleven. Second, I was anxious to write as much of this letter as possible, for it must be closed to-morrow or next day. I must confess I did not mean to spin it out so long. Third, I do not disapprove of seeing the New Year in, and commencing it with prayer. I wish you, and yours, a happy New Year.

I am always interested in the accounts of your church, and pray for a blessing on it. If you are ever "disheartened" with any among the people you have to deal with, just fancy what kind of congregations *I* have. I will try and give you a peep at one, some of these days, and you will not dare to say a word after that. That leads me to ask, how much *egotism* is allowable occasionally in articles for the Chronicle? I could write an article now, on preaching to a heathen audience, which might surprise and edify

some of your hearers, and give them juster views of the real nature of missionary work, than fifty Tabernacle speeches. I am not boasting, for I grieve over a vast many speeches about missions that are published; they are well meant, but all wrong. But to give such an article, I must enter into my own feelings pretty deeply, and write just as I would talk to you, or any other dear friend, and the little pronoun "I" must come forward pretty often. This is rather hazardous; some really humble men, like Brother Sawyer, could do it very well; but there are very few who can do it. Yet really, as far as I can see, such relations of one's own experience are among the most interesting and profitable articles; for many a man, if he has only the right spirit, may write an article of that kind well, who, if he attempted to write an edifying article on general principles, would soon become very dull. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. M. Lowrie.

June 11th. There has been some talk of poisoning of late in a district about a hundred miles from Ningpo, and some placards have been sent here and pasted up in conspicuous places, warning the people not to take up articles of food that may be found in the streets, lest they should contain poison. To-day my servant came in great trepidation, and said he had heard people say that a man in the city, having eaten a cake, became suddenly ill, and his body becoming black all over, he soon died. This has aroused suspicion that the poisoners are abroad here. In consequence of this, some persons have had a large number of the above mentioned placards printed off here and distributed about. This is considered a very meritorious act, though almost the only effect it can have, will be to create a panic terror among the people.

June 12th. The talk of poisoning is more general than ever; and a man having been taken sick after eating a cake bought in a shop, the shopkeeper was taken before the mayor of the city, and sentenced to be beaten with forty strokes of the bamboo. This was chiefly to pacify the people, for many say that even if the cake was the cause of the sickness, there is no proof that it was not left in the shop by some evil-minded person without the knowledge of the shopman. Among a multitude of reports that are flying about, for the people are fairly panic-stricken, is one which says that about one hundred persons have lost their lives in Seaou-shan, and another, that a Buddhist priest there being detected, or at least suspected of being concerned in the nefarious business, was seized by the people, and on examination was found to have cakes and rolls, and drugs of various kinds concealed about his person. In all probability the whole affair is a panic, originating from some persons having been taken with cholera

morbus, a disease which the abundance of unripe fruit in this warm weather may easily produce. Had it been really a case of poisoning, and half so serious as the placards represented it, the officers at Seaou-shan would doubtless have issued some proclamations, and sent suitable warnings, duly certified, to put the people on their guard, but as yet not a solitary official notice of the affair has come to light.

June 22d. The talk of poisoning still continues to harass the people, and when any man has the least symptoms of colic or cholera, he at once fancies himself poisoned. The poor strolling venders find their "occupation gone," and the respectable shopmen are putting up cards, stating that the people need not apprehend any danger from the articles purchased at their shops; also, that they will in no case receive back articles of food which they may have sold, for fear that some persons may have put drugs in them, and then taken them back in order to injure the unwary. It is reported to-day that a family of seven persons just across the bridge of boats, having eaten a certain kind of yellow fish, and feeling unpleasantly, they all resorted to the disgusting specific of the day for cure.

The panic about the poisoners continued during all the month of June and part of July; and far from being confined to Ningpo, was as bad and even worse in places hundreds of miles off. In Chusan, Chinhai, Funghwa, Shaou-hing, Woo-chow, Hangchow, in this province, and even as far as Shanghai in the province north of this, it caused extreme terror among all classes of the people. It gradually died away during the month of July, but was speedily succeeded by a report of a different kind, which prevailed almost as extensively, and caused even more distress.

The summer of 1846 is likely to be long memorable in Ningpo, on account of the many calamities, some real and some imaginary, with which it was accompanied. The year has been fruitful in terrors, and some were so wide-spread that it was impossible to collect all the facts, or a tenth part of the reports concerning them. Some of us heard one set of stories, and some another, and even contradictory statements, which must account for some of the discrepancies between the following sketch and some others that you may have seen.

The month of April was distinguished by a season of unusually rainy weather. There were but one or two fair days in the whole month, and most of the time the rain fell in torrents. It is in the month of April that the rice is transplanted, and though some rain is required for this purpose, a superabundance is a great evil, which was the case this year. In consequence of the rain the officers of the city, about the middle of the month, appointed sacrifices, and, by way of further propitiation, ordered that for the space of seven days no swine should be slaughtered for food. This is called the *Kintoo*, or prohibition of slaughtering, and is frequently resorted to in times of distress. But their miserable

idols did not hear their prayers, and, as a last resort, about the end of the month, some of them were put out in the rain! The rain ceased soon after this, and the people continued mad on their idols.

During the month of May but little rain fell, and the weather became rather warm, though not oppressively so. The summer of 1845 had been so mild and pleasant that we did not think of the weather becoming unusually hot this year. But the months of June, July, and August, were dreadfully hot. None of us had before experienced such long-continued hot weather. During the three years that I was in Macao, although that place is eight degrees farther south than this, and in the torrid zone, the thermometer never rose so high as it did here day after day, and even week after week. Some houses and some situations were much hotter than others. My house being in a favorable situation for the wind, was perhaps as comfortable a house as any in Ningpo, and several others were much warmer. The sitting-room of my house had a ceiling to it, and a fresh current of air all the time, and yet during those three months the thermometer, in the middle of the day, commonly rose above ninety degrees, and on eleven different days it stood for several hours above ninety-eight degrees. This was in the coolest place in the house; in the open air, and when exposed to the sun's rays, it rose rapidly to 130 degrees and higher. You may imagine that it is not very conducive to comfort to be breathing an atmosphere *hotter than the temperature of one's own blood.* The winds came in like blasts from a furnace; and if the windows were shut to keep out the hot air, the beating of the sun on our roofs made the houses like so many ovens. The lightest clothes were a burden, and we seldom ventured out of the house except in the morning or after sunset. As might be supposed, this weather was very trying; several of our number found it very hard to endure, and some were made quite sick by it.

From the experience of the past summer, we have been completely convinced that good houses are indispensable to health in this climate. We are at present all living in Chinese houses, which are not made for constitutions like ours. The low rooms and thin roofs and walls, are miserable defences against the heat of such burning suns. It is true we are not likely to have many summers so hot as the past, for even the natives spoke of it as "extraordinarily hot;" but we shall have them occasionally, and houses built under our own inspection, might be so arranged as to diminish much of their oppressiveness.

Next, added to the oppressiveness of the heat, was the fearful drought. I have spoken of the abundant rains of April. They were followed by a four months' drought which, like Pharaoh's lean kine, devoured up every remembrance of the preceding rains. During the months of May, June, July, and August, but one copious shower fell; and most of the time the heavens over us were

as brass, and the earth as powder and dust beneath our feet. Clouds sometimes sailed over our heads, or gathered on the hills around the city, and sometimes the thunder and a few drops of rain excited our hopes, but they passed away again, and more than once I have heard natives of the place say, as they saw them disappear: *Teen puh kung lo yu*,—"Heaven is unwilling to drop rain." Vegetation suffered exceedingly. The deepest canals were drained dry in the vain attempt to supply the wants of the growing rice crops. The canals being dry, the internal navigation of the country was in great measure stopped. Deep anxiety sat on many faces. Public processions were appointed in honor of the gods, and the officers of the city, on two or three separate occasions issued the *Kin-too*, which was at last observed so rigidly, that for nearly a month a pound of pork could be obtained only by stealth and previous arrangement.

In my journal of August 17, I find the following entry:

The drought still continues with unabated severity. No rain of any consequence has fallen for nearly three months, and the summer has been one of unusual heat. The first crop of rice is scant, and it is doubtful whether any amount of rain would now save the second crop. In some places the people are in distress for want of water to drink, and those in the city who have not stored up a sufficient supply of rain water, are obliged to buy water for daily use, at a price that interferes materially with the small gains of the poorer classes. In consequence of all this there is great distress throughout the land, and the people are flocking to the temples, and forming processions to beseech the gods to grant rain. The country people and farmers who suffer most are the most earnest. To-day I met one of the processions just come in from the country, which must have numbered several thousands of persons. It consisted of farmers and their sons, whose bronzed skins bore witness to their daily occupations, and whose melancholy faces showed they were in earnest. I have seldom seen so many really sad countenances. Nearly every person bore a long bamboo with a few withered leaves on the end, and a napkin or colored cloth attached to the middle. There were also sedan chairs, lanterns, a ship, and an idol god in a chair, with a table and a smoking incense vessel before him. Gongs, and cymbals, and drums, were beaten, and conch-shells and trumpets were blown. A curious feature in the procession was the way in which the windows of the sedan chairs and sides of the lanterns were made. Across the frames were stretched large cobwebs, with natural flowers stuck on them, so that they looked like very fine embroidered gauze.

"When shall we have rain? It assumes a very serious aspect, now that for so long a time we have had none.

As if the real evils of the heat and drought were not enough, the people added others from their own folly and superstitions. I have already spoken of the alarm caused by the report of poison-

ers. This foolish story gradually died away during the month of July, but was succeeded by another equally appalling, of which the following extracts, entered in my journal at the time, will give some account:

August 1, 1846. There has been no little excitement here for a few days past, on account of a supposed visitation of evil spirits. It seems that some persons living in the main street were awakened a few nights ago by a great noise, as though a large body of disorderly men were marching and carousing through the streets. On looking out, however, nobody was seen, and the conclusion drawn was that the noise had been caused by *che jin*, paper men.* The story spread, and it was speedily reported that there were three thousand evil spirits, that they had been to Yuyaou and Funghwa, and have now come here, and will soon visit Chinhai and Chusan. Of course they can have come for no good purpose, and to drive them away, gongs and drums have been beaten and crackers fired for several nights, filling the air with a deafening noise for hours together. This has caused a great demand for gongs, and it is said that the gong shops in the city have disposed of nearly all they had on hand. In default of gongs, brass kettles are supposed to be nearly as efficacious. Strips of yellow paper with four mystical characters, whose sound and signification no one pretends to know, have been sold by myriads, and pasted up over every door and window, hoping to prevent the entrance of the evil spirits.

"The reason for beating the gongs is thus explained: There are two great principles called the Yang and the Yin, under which all substances material or immaterial are supposed to be arranged. These two are in perpetual opposition, and if either one of them attains too much ascendency, great confusion is the inevitable result. It so happens that the evil spirits which cause all the present disturbance belong to the Yin principle, while the sound of brass vessels belongs to the Yang. By beating the brass vessels the Yang principle will be enabled to resist the too great ascendency of the Yin, which is shown in the present incursion of evil spirits, and thus it is hoped order will be again restored.

* These paper men seem to hold the same position in the superstitions of China that the "familiar spirits," held in the times of the Old Testament, or the "evil spirits," under the control of conjurers and witches of our own and other Christian lands. In the History of the Three States, which is probably the most popular book of light reading in the Chinese language, is the following notice of them: "When the battle began Chang-paou commenced his magical arts, whereupon arose a great tempest of wind and thunder; the dust flew about; the stones rolled over; a black cloud overspread the heavens, and as it revolved men and horses came down from above. Thereupon, at a convenient place, Heuenteh gave the signal, and his men poured out the mixture of the blood of swine, sheep and dogs, previously prepared. By doing this the power of the magic spell was broken, and nothing was seen in the heavens except paper men and straw horses rapidly falling. The wind and thunder ceased to sound, the sand and stones became quiet again, and Chang-paou seeing his schemes confounded, turned his head to flee, and his followers were defeated with prodigious slaughter." In the colloquial dialect of Ningpo, *che jin* is changed into TSZ' ANE, and may be expressed in English either by witches or evil spirits.

Great excitement prevails in the city, and all the higher officers are going in state to the temples, to pray that the evil spirits may be driven away.

August 3d. We were aroused shortly after three o'clock, A. M., by an earthquake. Having been sound asleep, it was some moments before I became aware of the real cause of the disturbance. There was a dull heavy roaring in the air, coming from the north gate of the city, and the roof of the house moved as if being gradually lifted off by a strong wind. Thinking it was a strong wind, I was about to get up and close the windows, when I perceived that the bed and the whole house were moving from end to end. Jumping up, and going to the window, I observed that the motion still continued, and being now sensible of what it was, and fearing lest the house should fall, I ran down stairs and out of doors, and called to my people, who were all awake, to come out. The motion, however, had ceased before I got out. All this took up probably less than a minute, though how long the shock might have lasted before I was awaked, I do not know. The consternation that prevailed in the city was indescribable. Owing to the rumors and panic caused by the fear of the evil spirits, many people have been sitting up for several nights past, and when the shock came it was so violent that even the sleepers were awakened, and the universal idea was that the evil spirits were coming to take the city by storm. The inmates of the house next door to mine set up a terrific shriek, and in an instant the whole city with its quarter of a million of inhabitants, rang with the beating of gongs, the firing of rockets and crackers, and the shouts and crying of men in terror. To increase the alarm a bright falling star shot from the zenith to the north, leaving a long train of light behind it, and to many terrified imaginations it doubtless seemed as if the Yin and Yang principles were wrapped in endless confusion, and heaven and earth about to end. The noise and beating of gongs continued so long and loud that it was impossible to distinguish any other sounds. I regretted this, for once or twice I fancied there was the same dull, heavy roar that struck me on first awaking, and the Chinese, thinking it was the shouting of the evil spirits, cried out, "There they are! They are coming!" It may have been, however, only the blended sounds of rockets and gongs, and the cries of men in terror, as they rose over the night air. It was with difficulty I could prevent even my own servants from joining in the uproar, and one of them asked me, with a trembling voice, "Teacher, *is* this the evil spirit's coming?" Many cried like children when in fits of the extremest terror. It was a solemn thought to think: if such the terror occasioned by a single shock of an earthquake, what will it be when the heavens and the earth shall pass away with a great noise?

August 9th. In consequence of the earthquake, and especially the strange sounds accompanying it, the belief in the presence of

evil spirits has taken a still firmer hold on the mind of the people. Multitudes of them have prepared green branches of trees, supposing they would be of use in warding off the invisible foes, and the most absurd rumors are abroad as to the cause of this visitation. Many attribute their coming to the Roman Catholics, who are about rebuilding the chapel which they possessed here in the reign of Kanghe, while others attribute them to the Protestant missionaries.

One of our missionaries lives in the western part of the city, and the people around him look with much suspicion on him, and on his wife. Among other things, they have it reported that when he and his wife walk on the wall of the city near his house, in the evening, they carry a bottle containing a number of these invisible people with them; it is further reported, that when they take out the cork a number of evil spirits, of different sizes, come out and kneel down to receive his commands, and then, on a signal, disperse themselves over the city. Another of our missionaries is reported to have forty-nine of the evil spirits under his control, and some of the worthy citizens who have seen me walking on the wall about sunset, have reported that they saw a long white devil walking there. All this is very unpleasant; the people are becoming excited and alarmed, and if they were at all of the disposition of the mobs in Canton, it would not be difficult to arouse them to wreak vengeance on the few defenceless foreigners here, whom they suppose to be the occasion of their calamities. One immediate effect has been, quite to break up my soirees on the wall. I had been in the habit, for some weeks, of sitting down to enjoy the cool breeze at twilight, on the wall near my house, and very frequently had quite a little congregation of the people to talk to, and converse with on religion and general topics, but now, when I sit down there, not one comes near me.

The sound of a shaken leaf terrifies them. My next door neighbors heard their paper windows rattling last night, and supposing the evil spirits were coming, they commenced the usual shrieking, shouting, and beating of gongs, much to my discomfort; and there is scarcely a night in which I am not waked several times by the noises around. Last night and to-night are perhaps the crisis of the affair, for there is a report abroad, that six persons of particular classes, will die to-night, if they happen to fall asleep. In consequence of this, all belonging to those classes (such as were born under the influence of certain constellations) sat up all last night, and will sit up all this night, fearing that if they sleep, they will be of the number of the six that must die.

Verily, 'gross darkness covers the people.'

August 21. The rumors about the evil spirits have taken a firmer hold than ever of the people's minds, and the most ridiculous stories are in circulation. Some men have had their queues cut off at night—of course by the witches, and the people are becoming excited. The drought still continues; we have been tan-

talized by clouds, and a drizzling mist, yesterday and to-day, but they are clouds without rain. The delusion about the witches has spread all over the province, and it is everywhere attributed to foreigners. Placards have even been posted up at Ningpo, saying that there will be no peace here till the foreigners are extirpated. My teacher went home a few days ago, and found his family in the greatest distress. He had not gone home for nearly a month, and they thought I had either locked him up, or bewitched him that he could not go. When he laughed at his neighbors for their folly in believing in the spirits, they said, 'Oh yes! you are eating the bread of the foreigners, and it is very well for you to say so.' One of Miss Aldersey's adopted orphan children died a few days ago, and the common report is that she murdered it. It is common here to keep the dates of people's births in the temples for astrological purposes. It has been reported that some foreigners have been copying these registers, and that all whose names are copied, will surely die. In consequence great numbers of the people have gone to blot their names out, lest the foreigners should lay schemes against their lives.

August 22. A little rain last night and to-day supplies us with water to drink, and is very reviving to the crops and to the hopes of the people. But still there is not enough to fill the canals even partially.

August 25. As a last resort to drive away the evil spirits, a procession has been got up in honor of Kwan-te, the god of war. Two companies of it went past my house *on the wall* to-day, in one of which the god was carried along in great state, in a chair upborne by eight bearers. There were dragons, lanterns, gongs, &c., &c., as in other processions; firing of crackers, and guns, and noises of all kinds. Two or three companies of soldiers formed part of the procession, marching in beautiful disregard of time and order. The neighboring foo city of Shaou-hing having been cleared of evil spirits by a procession in honor of Kwan-te, the people of this city are induced to seek deliverance in the same manner. How dreadful to see them so given up to idolatry! I was deeply pained as they passed my house, bearing their earthen gods, and performing their silly rites. Oh Lord, how long?

August 26. The procession is still kept up, going through nearly every street in the city. As the neighborhood around my house seems to have been particularly infested with the evil spirits, probably on account of my being here, a second detachment came past my house after eleven o'clock at night. The effect of the numerous lanterns was very pretty, but it is sad to see such worship paid to men. This Kwan-te flourished about sixteen hundred years ago. He is one of the three great heroes in the San kwo che, or History of the Three States, and was a native of the department of Shaou-hing, which borders on Ningpo.

Nothing was heard of the evil spirits after the procession. The people having full confidence in the power of Kwan-te, their imaginations were at rest, and the evil spirits departed!

September 4. Rain at last! More rain has fallen to-day than all that has fallen since the first of May. It is a great blessing. 'He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'

September 5. In consequence of the rain the *kin too*, or prohibition of slaughtering animals for food, after being in force for several weeks, has been withdrawn. Images of the gods from all the different temples had been collected at one place, for the convenience of the chief officers of the city, who went there daily to pray to them altogether to send rain. In consequence of the rains, they have now been all taken back to their respective temples.

October 3. 'It never rains but it pours.' The long drought of the summer has been followed by a month of rains, nearly as fatal to the hopes of the husbandman. The canals are full and overflowing, and the fields are flooded. Withal it is cool, and it is now doubtful whether the crops will ripen. The first crop was short, and the second crop, after being withered by the drought, and nearly drowned by the rain, is not in a condition to come to maturity in the moderate and cool weather now coming on. A plain-looking man, in the ferry-boat, as I crossed over to-day, was expressing his belief that the gods pay no attention to what is done on the earth. 'In the spring they heard not the prayers for dry weather. In the summer they heard not the prayers for rain. Now it is raining too much. I believe that heaven rains just to please itself.'

In consequence of the cool weather, but a very small portion of the second crop of rice was worth anything. In many fields the farmers did not attempt to gather it.

October 4th, 1846. To-day commenced a Chinese service in my house. Put up a notice at the door, inviting *choo pang yew*, "all the friends," to come and hear; prepared seats for about forty; and about the hour my servant went to the door and invited the passers-by to come in. Except that the words were spoken with a totally opposite intention, they were remarkably apropos. See Prov. ix. 15, 16, to call passengers who go right on their ways. "Whoso is simple let him turn in hither, and as for him that wanteth understanding," &c. Some came in with their burdens; some looking half afraid; some ran right out again; some stood up; some sat down; some smoked their pipes; some said what is the use of staying, he is a foreigner, and we do not understand foreign talk; the attention was none of the best, for it required all my courage and presence of mind to keep going, and the people feeling quite free to talk and make remarks, I got along no better than I anticipated. I am not discouraged, though by no means flattered by the result of this day's experiment. There were some forty persons present.

October 16th. A revolting instance of cruelty occurred opposite my window. A poor beggar who had only a coarse thin pair of trowsers, and a straw mat for his shoulders, in weather when I find woollen clothes comfortable, had by some means obtained

eighty cash, equal to five cents, from a Chinese of this place. This morning the creditor came upon him for the money, and as he had not wherewith to pay him, began to beat him unmercifully. First, he struck him on the head and face with his fist; then he caught him by the hair, and beat him on the arms; then he took his queue or tail in one hand, and putting his foot on the poor man's back, pulled till I thought the man's hair would have come all out; then he struck him again fiercely in the face; and finally taking off his shoe, he began beating him on the bare back. The beggar all this time made no resistance, but uttered piteous cries, and falling down beat his head on the pavement, asking mercy! Several Chinese passed, and some looked on, but none made any attempt to interfere. Finding the brute continued his beating, I could stand it no longer, and going down, I laid my stick on his back not very gently. He looked up in some surprise, and seemed half enraged and half frightened, to find a foreigner interfering. I asked him what he meant, and why he beat the beggar so? He sputtered out some words, but began to edge off, as if he would like to be away; so I told him to clear out, and gave him another blow with my stick. I had half a notion to break it over his back. He seemed glad to get off so well, and went away in a hurry. The poor beggar's gratitude was inexpressible. He lay down, beat his head on the ground, and between his sobs and tears and bleeding face, let me know how much he was obliged to me. I gave him a few cash, and one of my servants, who seemed much interested, gave him an old garment. Quite a crowd had come around us, who seemed quite pleased at the turn affairs had taken.

October 18th. A larger and better audience than I have yet had and very attentive. Oh, for a blessing! Otherwise it is only speaking to dry bones. One young man among others who stayed after the service, was anxious to defend himself from the charge of the folly of idolatry, and declared the monks and nuns were a great nuisance; that he thought the monks had better marry the nuns, let their hair grow, destroy the temples, and follow the advice of Confucius, to "honor the gods and keep them at a distance."

October 25th. Service not so well attended to-day; more disorder, fewer persons, and less attention; must expect difficulty in keeping up the services. If it is hard to command full and attentive audiences at home, how much more so here, where the preacher is at best but imperfectly understood, speaks of strange subjects, sanctified in the mind of his hearers by no familiar or early associations, and of which they see no possible use? Surely were it not for the Word of God, the missionary enterprise were the most foolish experiment of the age. Oh, for God's Spirit! What can man do?

November 1st. A rainy day, but a good many people in the street, going past my house; though the most of them carried bur-

dens or bundles. There are many weddings about this time, and I expected a small audience; made all my preparations, however, and went to my chapel; sat awhile, and one man came in and sat down; determined to keep him if I could; I commenced a conversation, but he seemed frightened at finding himself alone, and remarked, "nobody has come yet, and I'll not stop now, I'll come back soon!" So off he went, and no more came. Many passed the door, a few looked at the notice, but all went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise. After waiting till I was satisfied that nobody would come, (my servant had already invited a number of the passers-by to come in,) I shut the door, and went and prayed. Then prepared a somewhat attractive card, both to paste up on the door, and to distribute about, stating that there is preaching here, &c. If this does not succeed, then I see no way but to get a better location, or to go out into the streets and by-ways, the highways and hedges, and speak unto them. Probably a chapel in any place, after the novelty wore off, would be deserted; certainly, I suppose, unless the Spirit be poured out from on high. Oh Lord, visit this people!

Quite cold to-day; thermometer down to 51°, and a foot-stove quite comfortable.

November 2d. Quite a wintry morning; thermometer down to 43°, which is much lower than we saw it during this whole month last year; not prepared for it, not having my stove up, nor cracks stopped; but it has moderated some towards evening.

Went to call on the Sz' family, the head of which has recently died. He was, take him all in all, the most respectable man I have known in Ningpo. He died of apoplexy; might probably have been spared, had the family been willing to have him bled; but as the Chinese have a great horror of blood-letting, they would not consent, and the poor old man died by inches. Poor, verily! for he knew enough of the truth and rejected it. Oh how dreadful is the reflection, that in the vast majority of cases, our labors only seal this people in deeper destruction. They would have perished if we had not come. We come and speak to them; they refuse to receive our words, and sink into deeper misery. But are we free from all blame in this? Do they see us so in earnest as to be convinced that we really mean what we say? I fear, often not.

My servant Azhih has been getting married; the process has been about this:—It is the parents' duty to provide husbands and wives for their daughters and sons. His mother was old; had no one in the house to attend her; and it was thought, by his marrying, she might get a daughter to wait on her. So after long searching and inquiring, a damsel was pitched upon. The Mei jin, middle man, (or woman, for it may be either or both; one is indispensable, and yet it is not a very reputable occupation;) recommended several, whom Azhih's mother went to see; but one was too short, and another was lame, and another was valued at too high a

price, and another, being the daughter of a literary man, her family thought they would be degraded by her marrying a servant. Finally one was found who satisfied the demands of the careful mother; but a high price was asked. It was finally agreed to give seventy-four dollars for her, and the bargain was concluded. The bride was to be furnished by her friends, with a quantity of good clothing and other things, and so the papers were written, and presents of cake, wine, &c., exchanged, which sealed the contract. In the meantime, however, several messengers passed from each party to the other, to see the height, appearance, manners, disposition, &c., of the man and woman, all which particulars were respectively communicated.

It was then necessary to select a wedding-day. This is commonly done by lot, and the ninth moon and twelfth day was finally decided on. Several months passed between the contract and the wedding, in which not much seems to have been done on either side. At length the important day drew near. It is a time of much more trouble to the groom than to the bride, for all the arrangements are made at the house of the groom's parents; cards of invitation were sent round in due form.

We went to the house of the groom's mother on the appointed day, and found all things ready, and the groom waiting with some impatience for the arrival of the bride. The "flowered chair" had been sent for her. About twelve o'clock a great cry was made, "the flowered chair is coming!" Crackers were fired, and in the bustle the groom disappeared. The chair was brought in and set just before the main room, which was hung all round with inscriptions and ornamented with lanterns, a table was spread with some candlesticks and inscriptions.

Before this table was a mat and cushion for the leader of ceremonies; and behind this, a mat and two cushions for the bride and groom. The bride was dressed rather richly, but her face was quite covered by a square red cloth, that hung over her head. Her attendants led her to her cushion, where she stood a little while, when out came an aunt of the groom, richly dressed, with the rod of a Chinese steel-yard in her hand. With this she tapped the bride lightly on the head, and then took off the square cap which covered her head. The bride, however, had another cloth of the same kind on her head, which still kept her face concealed. At this stage of the ceremonies, out stepped the groom, and took his place beside the bride, on her right, and then commenced the ceremony of *Pae tang*, worshipping in the hall. . . . . When this worshipping was finished, the bride's attendants spread five rice bags on the ground, expressive of the wish, that for five generations there might be no lack of rice in the family. The groom stepped in front of the bride, and one of her attendants took up the skirt of his outer robe, and put it in the bride's hand, and they walked slowly and in state over the rice bags, to the bride's chamber, the bride supported by the two attendants all the way.

Here the covering was taken off her face, and for the first time the groom saw his wife. The groom did not remain long, but came out and sat down among the guests; and in about half an hour, the bride came out in another dress, with her head covered with an ornamental head-dress, and strings of beads hanging down on all sides. . . . . She was then supported to the reception-room, and the attendants held back the strings of beads, to give the guests an opportunity of looking at her. While this was done, she shut her eyes, and then went into her own apartment; whereupon, after staying a short time longer, we came away, leaving the native guests to feast on the dishes. We were most earnestly invited to remain and partake of the feast; but as we could not eat of the feast spread, which we knew was "offered in sacrifice," and as we feared we would only be an unpleasant restraint on the company, if we had another table spread for ourselves, we came away.

All those who come to the wedding are expected to bring a present; and a book is kept to record the names of the donors, and things presented. A common present is two hundred cash, wrapped up in red paper. Those who send any present are entitled to receive a card.

Nov. 4th. Walking along the wall on my way home this evening, I found one of the guard-houses, which is at present inhabited by a man who has often asked me to stop: so, having a little time, I sat down, and had some little conversation with him. . . . . He and his wife are allowed to live in this house by the officers, on condition that they watch to see that the stones of the city-wall are not carried away by thieves. The man is about thirty-nine years old, and his wife is forty-two; has no sons, but two daughters, who are married to people in the city. He makes his living by peddling fruits about the streets; says he goes to the stores and buys a quantity, which he retails at a small profit. Sells about 1000 cash' worth a day, and makes about 100, equal to seven cents and a half, on which he and his wife live; says it is scarcely enough even to provide them food, while there are so many thieves in his neighborhood, that he can keep nothing in his house. He was very polite, and urged me to go and see a great procession to be held to-morrow. This brought on a conversation about idolatry, and the worship of the true God, and I told him of God and of Christ. He professed to approve highly of what I said; and his wife coming back just then, he repeated to her a part of what I had told him, and both, as a matter of course, pronounced it very good.

November 8th. A rather pleasant day. People seemed slow in coming into chapel; and as several went out before I began speaking, I thought it best to try and secure the rest, some four or five, so I sat down and commenced. Had uttered but a few sentences, when others, finding there was talking going on, came in; and I soon had to stand up and address them. Presently I had

some thirty persons, to whom I talked for twenty minutes, but not very fluently, nor satisfactorily; and then, after prayer, gave notice that I would preach on the next Sabbath, and most of them went away. Gave tracts to a few, and some more passers-by came in; gave away more tracts, and more came in. Had some talk with a Mr. Fang, the most respectable-looking man I have seen in Ningpo. He complained that the style of our tracts is too low and mean, but seemed pleased with the "Character of the true God." One man came in, and asked if the talking was over? I said yes. He expressed great sorrow, or rather regret, and then said, "Well, since I can't hear you talk, won't you give me a book?" Of course I gave him one. I then talked some on the folly of idolatry, with very good attention, after which Mr. Fang and others went away. Mr. Fang gave up most of their idols, but insisted that if the local gods were not worshipped, men would get sick. Told him I did not worship them, and yet I was not sick. "Oh, you are a foreigner," said somebody on one side. Finding that more people were there, I commenced and talked my sermon, the birth and preaching of John, over again, to about forty persons; got along rather better than the first time. Thus altogether, I have been enabled to give some fragments of truth to about one hundred persons, and to distribute, and I hope pretty advantageously, some forty tracts. Oh God, add thy blessing! Afterwards, Ching Seensang, a native convert, assistant to Dr. Macgowan, brought a couple of friends, whom he described as inquirers, to ask for an explanation of "no man after drinking old wine, &c." I gave them a copy of my Commentary on Luke as far as printed, and had some little conversation with them. One of them remarked, that a man could get over everything but giving up the worship of ancestors; but it was a hard thing to be a Christian, because they must worship ancestors. Here was forcibly shown the deficiency of this language, to express our religious ideas. The same word is used both to worship the gods, and to pay respect to men. And a person disposed to do so, might easily say, that when he worships ancestors, he does it only in the latter sense. It is certain, however, that it is done in the former; but it is very inconvenient to have no exclusive terms for the worship of God. He said they did not pay much veneration to ancestors above the degree of grandfather's grandfather.

November 15th. In the afternoon I preached on the miracles of Christ, to a small, fluctuating, and disorderly congregation. I was greatly interrupted by their talking, and especially by a crowd of boys, who came in, and behaved without manners. Spoke with more fluency and satisfaction to myself than I have yet done; but it seems like speaking to the wind and waves, or writing one's name on the sand. Spirit of God, breathe on these dry bones!

November 22d. Preached in the afternoon twice, on the death of Christ. Commenced with three or four persons, but more dropped in till there were twenty or thirty, by the middle of the

discourse. Some were very attentive. So many kept coming in, that after the first company were gone, I preached the same discourse over a second time, and had some forty or fifty at the close. Generally pretty good attention, but I was excessively fatigued. An hour's almost constant talking in a strange language, and to an audience where there are always some unruly ones, is no easy work. Some come in and go out; some make remarks; one or two smoked pipes; and one or two were rude enough to make remarks in a very loud voice as they went out, apparently for the purpose of showing how little they cared for what was going on. I have not yet learned to talk at ease amidst all the interruptions which I foresee I must expect in this work; but give me such a day as this—I mean in regard to numbers and attention—and for a while at least, I shall rejoice. Yet to many of the hearers, all they hear must be the merest scraps; something, to allude to Amos, like the "two legs, or a piece of an ear," which others, more eager for something, have sometimes got. Well, "faith cometh by hearing;" and I do rejoice, that, however imperfectly, I can yet give some of this people the opportunity of hearing. Oh for the living Spirit to breathe on the dry bones, and bless the Word.

November 29th. Weather quite cold of late at night, and thermometer twice down to 34° before sunrise, but a clear day to-day, and it got up to 66°; very pleasant.

Preached in the afternoon twice, on the resurrection and ascension of Christ, with pretty good attention both times. One man, who came too late for the first service, said, "I don't care about books, but I want to hear you talk." Yet there was more eagerness for the books than I have often seen. How delightful to be able to speak with any fluency. There were some old men there, tottering on the brink of the grave; will the seed thus sown ever spring up?

When I was in Macao, my great anxiety was to get here; arrived here, and was satisfied for a short time; but then became anxious to be able to talk, and thought I would be satisfied if I could only talk; can talk a little, and for a while was almost satisfied; but now I want to see fruit. Perhaps if permitted to see it, I may be anxious to see it ripen; if it ripens, to see it safely stored away. When shall I be freed from anxiety? When but in heaven? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. I shall be satisfied when I see thee, or awake in thy likeness.

December 6th. Preached on the divinity of Christ, with a good deal of satisfaction to two different audiences; the second very full and generally very attentive, and very eager for tracts.

December 13th. Had the emptyings of a theatre to fill my house, which it did to overflowing. It gave me a larger audience than usual; but those in the back seats were so incommoded by the crowd, that they could have heard but little. Preached on the Creation. One man seemed greatly struck by the account of the institution of the Sabbath; and another, by a comparison

of the sun to a candle. Would he thank the candle, or the man who gave him the candle? "A true remark," he exclaimed very earnestly. The crowd not being very orderly, I gave away no books; and having preached twice already in English, I did not feel like adding a second Chinese service, as I should have been glad to have done in ordinary circumstances.

December 20th. Preached on the Fall of Man; but not very satisfactorily; several of the hearers looked as if they thought, I was talking great nonsense.

December 27th. Preached on the Flood; audience small, but tolerably attentive; labored a good deal in the discourse, and stumbled over it, not very fluently. Find myself advancing somewhat in command of the language, but still find it a hard thing to "speak in another tongue."

We have had much fine weather this winter, and as yet scarcely any ice. Only one unpleasant Sabbath since October 4th, so that I have been much favored in my poor accommodations for my audiences. In cold weather, I could scarcely have a service; but hitherto, the Sundays have been delightful.

CHAPTER IX.

1847.

MISSIONARY LABORS AT NINGPO—VOYAGE TO SHANGHAI — MANCHU LANGUAGE—CHINESE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE—IMPORTANCE OF SELECTING PROPER TERMS.

Until the latter end of May, Mr. Lowrie continued his regular Chinese services on the Sabbath; and during the week he found many opportunities of making known the truths of the Christian system. A portion of each day was given, with increased interest, to the preparation of his Chinese dictionary, his plan enlarging as he advanced with the work.

Having been appointed one of the delegates for the revision of the translation of the Bible, he reached Shanghai early in June: and when his colleagues assembled, he took part with them in this important work. Much time was taken up in deciding on the proper Chinese word to be used for the Elohim of the Old Testament, and the Theos of the New. This question he had carefully examined before the meeting of the delegates, and his further researches led him very clearly to prefer the Chinese word *Shin*. It was his firm conviction, that to use the Chinese *Shang-te*, or the word *Te*, for the true God, was only to confirm the Chinese in their idolatry.

Among his last letters is one to his father, expressing his intention of studying the language of the Manchu Tartars, and requesting that the necessary books might be procured and forwarded. He did not overrate the advantages which a knowledge of this language would afford to the missionary cause; and it will be for those still laboring for the evangelization of this great people, to carry out this and other important measures of usefulness which he left unfinished.

The essay on the trials and discouragements of the foreign missionary, preceded by a note from his friend Mr. Culbertson, closes the present selection from his writings. Although some of the senti-

ments are expressed in his previous letters and journals, it was deemed best to publish this paper entire. His trials and sorrows were soon to cease. The work assigned to him by the Head of the Church was all finished. On the 19th of August, he was called, as we trust, to exchange this scene of conflict and of trial for the joy of his Lord. The particulars of this mysterious and distressing dispensation of Divine Providence,—the estimate of his character by those who knew him well,—and the expression of deep affliction caused by his death, will be given by other pens in the succeeding chapter. Whilst his relatives and friends bow in humble submission to the will of God, and whilst they know most assuredly that nothing happens by chance in the government of Him who has all power in heaven and in earth, the stroke is so severe, the wound so deep, and so many endeared ties have been broken asunder, that they cannot but mourn and weep over the early grave of this beloved missionary. He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, does not forbid the hallowed tears of his bereaved and afflicted servants.

Ningpo, January 18th, 1847.

Rev. John C. Lowrie—

My Dear Brother:—I do not know that I have anything of consequence to write at present. Everything moves on quietly. . . . . I find myself now making perceptible progress in reading and speaking, and begin at last to feel as if I had mastered the chief difficulties in the outset of this hard language. You will, I trust, join with me in gratitude for this. Mind, I do not consider myself a scholar, or anticipate no further difficulties, for I can see enough to know that it is a rough and stony path yet, and up hill too. I do not despair, however, if life, and health, and grace be given, to make at least very respectable acquisitions in the language. One of the greatest difficulties I meet now, is a temptation to devote myself too much to the merely literary part of the work. For I find I have made such progress as, notwithstanding all the difficulties, to find real pleasure in the study; and withal, there is a field of investigation and thought, of philosophy and of poetry in the language, which is well worthy of cultivation. Do not smile at this. Notwithstanding the witty articles of the Repertory, the Chinese are no fools, and they have said and done things worthy of great renown. I begin to have a real veneration for Confucius, and to doubt whether any heathen philosopher ever saw so much truth as he did; while my tastes are becoming so Chinese, that I find eloquence and poetry, and what not, in multitudes of forms. You may laugh as much as you please at my tastes, but let those laugh that win. However, seriously, I do feel

that there is danger of attending to merely literary pursuits, to the neglect of the far more important duties of one whose chief business it should be to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified. *Pray for me.*

Your affectionate brother,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, January 23d, 1847.

My Dear Father—

I had meant to write to you pretty fully on the 19th, being the anniversary of my departure from home five years ago; but then and since I have been so engaged, that it has been quite out of my power, and I can only scribble off a few lines this evening. My health is very good, but I find myself obliged to relax a little in my studies for fear of injuring my eyes, which gave me some symptoms of failing a few days ago that quite alarmed me. They are, however, nearly well now, and I hope will not suffer. Your letter of August 28th, and the list of characters sent by Mr. Sword, came duly to hand January 9th. . . . . We shall endeavor to send the list of characters back as soon as possible; it will require a good many additions. I observe, too, several crossed out of the printed list, and inserted in the manuscript, which I suppose must be an error in copying. I am sorry you have struck out so many of the primitives. Would it not be worth while to try and get a font of the primitives for printing notes? I doubt whether the plan of printing extensively with the primitives of the Paris type can be carried into effect, on account of the too great contraction of many of the characters; but this will not apply to the primitives of the Berlin font. Hence I would advise that as many of them be procured as possible. I made some progress, some time ago, in making out a list of primitives and characters for such an additional font, but did not complete it; and with what I have on hand now, and the necessity of sparing my eyes, or at least not taxing them any more, I would not like at present to undertake to finish it. Probably, too, it is better to get the whole font first, and see about the additional font afterwards; but it might be well enough to keep it in view, and see whether Mr. Byerhaus will undertake it.

I have nearly finished collecting the meaning of the different words in Mencius, in pursuance of my scheme of a Dictionary of the Four Books, and hope to be through with Mencius next week. Thus far I have got meanings to eighteen hundred and fifty-eight separate characters, and have noted *many* meanings to different words, of which Morrison's Dictionary takes no notice, and some meanings which I have not met in *any* dictionary. I think I have got the correct meaning of the word 道 Taou, which has bothered me very often, and of which I have been able to find no satisfaction in any of the Lexicons. Its primary meaning seems to be a

road, but its meaning as used ethically, which is its common and most important one, I take to be *Anthropology*,—excuse the word, it comes the nearest to express the idea. In Christianity, the most important science is *Θεολογια*, the science or word that treats of God. Confuciusism keeps God at a distance, (King kwei shin urh yuen che, as Confucius says,) and makes a God of man; hence the most important object of knowledge in this system is 道 Taou, or *Ανθρωπολογια*, the science or word that treats of man. I got this idea from a passage in Mencius, which I was studying yesterday, "Jin yay chay, jin yay, ho. urk che *Taou* yay," "This humanity is man, uniting both in one description, it is Anthropology." The note on this passage is, "Humanity is the principle which constitutes man a man; man without humanity is a mere lump of flesh and blood. Humanity without man is a mere abstraction; but humanity and man together constitute a perfect man, and are described by Taou, Anthropology." I have not had time to investigate how this new signification will correspond with the use of the word in other places, nor do I know whether you care much about such morsels of philology. They are dry enough to most persons, but thinking it might possibly interest you, I throw it in here.

I take a good deal of interest in this work, because, whether I ever finish it or not, or, if finished, whether it is ever published or not, I find it is giving me a considerable insight into the genius and correct meaning of the language, and I find it time well spent. But it requires some care and self-denial, lest, by attending too closely to it, I injure my eyes and health, and neglect more important duties. I find myself improving some in the ability to prepare and deliver my weekly discourses in Chinese, and hope ere long to be able to increase the number of my services. But oh, for the Spirit's influences! I had a long talk with a young man this afternoon, as we were walking along the road, but it was like beating a bag of wool. He assented to everything, and probably forgot everything before I was out of sight.

. . . . I must close now. My letter is not half so long as I feel like writing it, but it is Saturday night, and I must prepare for the Sabbath. That every blessing may rest on you, and all our beloved family, is the daily prayer of

Your affectionate son, W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, January 25th, 1847.

Rev. Levi Janvier—

My Dear Brother Janvier:—Your very acceptable letter of September 19th, reached me on the 9th inst. I could have wished it had been longer, for though it was really "multum in parvo," yet about letters I often feel like one of the charity boys in Oliver Twist, "Please, sir, I want some more."

I sympathize with you sincerely in your repeated bereavements; but how much nearer heaven you must feel with such messengers sent before you. It will not be long. It often seems to me as if few persons could have such anticipations of the bliss of heaven, as we missionaries *ought* to have; for living in so much solitude, or rather in a society more lonely than solitude, how ought we to rejoice in the anticipation of that home where we shall rejoin the friends we have lost, and mingle with the spirits we love forever and ever. I feel more and more the loneliness of missionary life to be one of its greatest trials. I suppose being single makes me feel it still more, but the idea of walking day after day, for years together, in crowded streets, without meeting among all the people any who care for Jesus, or of looking out over crowded graves, and being obliged to say, "none of these will rise to glory," is a very desolating reflection.

I am a good deal encouraged of late in my work, from having at last got my mouth opened. You know I am rather a slow speaker, and for a while I feared I never would learn this dreadful language. This was increased a good deal by finding some of my brethren who came out after me, outstripping me in learning to talk. To be sure I had peculiar difficulties to contend with; but still it was very discouraging after being nearly four years in China, to find myself so poor a talker. However, I have now been preaching regularly for several months, and find myself improving rapidly. I see no reason why, in ordinary cases, a person may not speak pretty fluently in two years. It is different with regard to the written language, and after five years' labor, one is little better than a beginner.

We have, on the whole, a delightful climate here. A heavy fall of snow last night made everything look homelike, but it all melted away during the day.

There is now a good deal of preaching going on here. We are all more or less engaged in it, except Brother Way, whose time is very profitably employed in the school. I should do a good deal more than I do, did I not feel it a duty to endeavor to master the written language, which is not to be done in a day, or a year either; but if life and health be spared, I hope to accomplish it in due time. Our congregations, however, are not large, and they fluctuate a great deal. The attendance varies from five to fifty, and I seldom see the same faces more than two or three times. It is seed sown by the wayside, literally and spiritually; for my house is on a thoroughfare, "and those who go right on in their ways," "turn in hither," to hear this new doctrine. At present it is curiosity. I suppose by and by curiosity will give way to indifference; then indifference to contempt; and then to open opposition, before we see much fruit. Oh, for faith and patience! I judge from some of your letters which I have seen, that you know both "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," and deep discouragement at apparently unsuccessful labor. I have some experience

of both; but it is a blessed thing to know that if faithful "we are a sweet savor in them that are saved, and in them that are lost." Yet it is a melancholy thought that our coming here is likely to be the occasion of aggravated condemnation to many more than we shall probably benefit by our labors. It is in a small degree true of us, as of our Master, "if we had not come and spoken to them they had not had sin, but now they have no cloak for their sin." However, we should not escape from this reflection by staying at home; for doubtless every clergyman may say the same. Even Paul was no exception, for he preached in Ephesus until "all that were in Asia heard the word," and yet how few were saved! You have doubtless thought all this before now.

I am very anxious to know what term you use for God. Is it a name of any one heathen god; or the genuine name for God; or is it a new term introduced by missionaries? What is the Sanscrit term answering to our word God? and its precise meaning?

With kindest regards to Mrs. Janvier and your associates, believe me,

Ever yours in the Gospel of Christ,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, February 19th, 1847.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . The weeks slip by with a rapidity that would be frightful, were it not for the calm and pleasing hope that they are wafting me to a home where in all labor there is no sorrow. I can hardly realize that six weeks of the present year are gone already, but so it is. Yesterday too was my birthday; finished twenty-eight years, and commenced my twenty-ninth; and it is more than five years since I saw you last. You will ask, what am I doing that makes me so busy? Why, I write a sermon in English about once a month; a sermon in Chinese each week; an average of two or three letters each week, (full letters, notes not counted;) correct two or three proofs in Chinese every week, each proof a good hour's work; and then to fill up and overflow every hour besides, I have this copious unfathomable language, which I find I must study in winter, and take easily in summer. I am, however, now so far advanced, as to find a great deal of real satisfaction in the study; and being thus encouraged by success, do not again apprehend the tedium and labor which I found in it for so long a time. I can now read an ordinary book without assistance from a teacher, though of course I can read much faster and easier with him by my side, and I hope ere long to be able in a great measure to dispense with a teacher in translating from Chinese into English. I am not yet begun to ask, when I can do without one in translating from English into Chinese; that point is as yet many years off. I do not know how much you practise Chinese now, but a pretty little thought came into my

head a few days ago; it may be in some book I have read, but I have no recollection of having met it anywhere. You perhaps know that the word *neen* means *to think*. Now just divide that character in two, and you have *kin sin*, "*now heart*," i. e., what is now in the heart, which is not a bad definition of thoughts. But perhaps this smells too much of the lamp for you. So, for more domestic concerns, I have lost my beautiful dog Fanny. She followed me out into the street one day, and got to frisking about, and got lost in the crowd. I should have felt quite melancholy had it happened a few months sooner; but the fact is, though very beautiful, she was so utterly useless that I did not regret her going. Instead of barking, she fawned on every stranger that came in, and followed everybody that called her in the street. So it seems a fair exterior is no better proof of good qualities in dogs than in men. I've got a little pup now, who yelped incessantly when I got him, until at last the cat took pity on him, and took him under her care. This comforted his heart very much, and he is now famous for eating rice and milk, and worrying the cat, and gives promise of being worth something more before long. I call him *Jim*.

Our winter has been mild, and is now pretty much over. We have had both ice and snow, but no weather so cold as a good deal that we had last year; and as we all knew better how to prepare for it, we have got along very comfortably. I think too we shall not have so severe a summer. . . .

With much love and many warm thoughts,

Ever affectionately yours, W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, March 20th, 1847.

My Dear Father—

Your letters of July 29, September 1, September 11–29, and October 30, all came the same day, March 11. Many thanks, for every scrap of your pen is precious to me; especially when I know that you so often write when suffering from sickness, or overwhelmed with business. I would like to hear from you much oftener, and much more fully; but situated as you are, I am only too glad to hear as much and as often as I do.

The letter you speak of sending by the Grafton has somehow been mislaid. I am greatly delighted with the articles in my boxes, rat traps, cravats, &c., papers and books, especially the Alexander on Isaiah and Princeton Repertory Essays, and with Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia. My own Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge was so much injured among many other books, coming from Macao here, that I could scarcely use it. I have Donnegan's Greek Lexicon, but it has lost its cover, and the leaves are all coming apart, and besides it is much stained and spoiled, so I would much like a new one, especially as I see a new one, based on the Greek Lexicon of Passow, advertised in the papers. . . .

I have looked over the notes on Millenarianism, but I hardly know what to say about them. I do not know how much you wish me to write on the subject, and I have never felt that it was a subject on which I was called either to go about making proselytes, or giving my views where they were not desired. . . .

I am aware that the presumption is against me, from the fact that I hold views so different from the majority of good and wise men. I am sorry that it is so, and I recognize in it a duty implied, that I should hold my own views with modesty, and keep myself open to conviction.

When I first embraced these views, they were novel and exciting, and perhaps I spoke warmly; I trust I did not write or speak dictatorially; if I did, I am sorry for it now. The novelty is worn off. I do not feel any excitement on the subject; but I find myself resting calmly and satisfactorily in them, and I trust I feel benefits resulting from them. There are many things about them that I do not profess to understand, and many things that I do not see clearly. But I suppose that many persons under the Levitical dispensation, who firmly believed in the first advent of our Lord, might have said the same. Yet their ignorance or inability to say how certain things in the Levitical law could be made to harmonize with the administration of a new dispensation, was no proof that He would not come.

I am distressed at some remarks you have made, implying that Millenarians think but lightly of the office of the Holy Spirit, or rather that you think the tendency of their views is to bring the importance of his work into question. I do not see what ground there is for this. Millenarians do not call in question the indispensable necessity of the Spirit's influences. As far as I can see, which certainly is not far, a new dispensation, which I think is clearly implied, may just as much exalt the Spirit's work, as the Christian dispensation exalted the Saviour's work. . . .

Ningpo, as yet, has no prospect whatever of trade. There has been less the past year than the year before, and it will in all probability be several years before any business is done here. We do not regret this, as we now get our funds and papers with tolerable ease, though with some delay. Our quietness and seclusion from the intercourse of ships is a great blessing, notwithstanding its temporal disadvantages. . . . .

I am sorry to hear of the trials in the mission to Africa, but I trust there will be no talk of abandoning it. How often it is the case, that the greatest troubles and discouragements precede the reviving tokens of God's presence! It may be so in Africa. I do not mean that you are likely to talk of giving up the African mission, but I saw in the Chronicle some notice of the missionaries there having told the people, that "the continuance of the mission depended much on themselves."

Now I will close off this letter and this week by the journal of a day:

Rose at six. Breakfast and prayers before seven; at my Bible and Chalmers on Romans till eight. Then corrected a translation of the Shorter Catechism with my teacher till half-past nine. I first write it in as good Chinese as I can, and then copy it off, and correct it two or three times, till I am pretty sure it gives the idea, and then talk it over with the teacher, and get him to correct obscurities and errors in style; to-day finished down to question thirty-nine, which is by much the hardest part. The Catechism is so condensed, that it is a very hard thing to translate; and it is also very hard to find equivalents for some of the terms. My teacher was especially puzzled with the phrase "their bodies being still united to Christ," and wanted to alter it. But by a good deal of explanation he got to see what it meant, and then said that I had expressed it correctly. I am quite gratified to find that I can write whole sentences, in which he does not alter a word, especially in a case where so much care is required as in the Catechism. After I get it finished, it will probably be reviewed by the mission, and if we agree on it, will be published. But it will be necessary to publish a Commentary on it; for many of its clauses and doctrines, even though correctly expressed, will be unintelligible without explanation. The commentaries, in the form of short questions and answers, will be much easier than the text to write.

Then studied a part of the Four Books, noted the new words in my "Collections for a Dictionary," and translated the part I had gone over to-day. This kept me till one o'clock. I am nearly through the Four Books, and hope to finish them in a month. I think now of making my dictionary to comprise the *Shoo king* and the *Woo king*, and of doing it pretty thoroughly. This will require two or three years yet; but the benefit to myself will repay the labor, and if I get the book done as I hope to, it will be a valuable, or at least, an important contribution to Chinese philology. I have not as yet told any of the brethren here, that I am engaged in it, for I want to be sure of carrying it on, before anything is said about it. I feel very little doubt now, that I can do it somehow. How well, remains to be seen, and if I cannot do it well, I do not wish it to see the light.

Mr. Quarterman came and dined with me. After dinner we went to the Ningpo tower, and then took a long walk into the country, I suppose four or five miles. After getting out about four miles, a very old respectable man in a boat hailed us, and asked where we were going? How old? Were we married? &c. I gave him a couple of tracts, and as he seemed anxious to talk, told him something about our religion. He was greatly gratified to meet a foreigner who could talk to him; and asked us to go to his house and drink tea. We took him at his word. So as we were now at his home, he got out of the boat and led us in, and gave us tea. A crowd of men, women, and children came to see us, I suppose two or three hundred. After drinking tea and chat-

ting a little, I told him I wanted to talk to the people. He was very much pleased, and taking me by the hand, led me out to the court, and commanded silence. Not expecting such an opportunity and such an audience, I had not prepared myself, but was enabled to give a discourse some ten or fifteen minutes long, on the main points of religion, which was listened to quite attentively by some, and not so well by others. I then gave away all the tracts I had, for which there was a regular rush, and we came away and got home about dark, pretty tired, but well pleased. I have spent the evening correcting my Chinese sermon for to-morrow, on the Fifth Commandment, and in writing this letter. It is now late, and I am tired and am going to bed. With much love to mother and all good friends, believe me as ever,

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

ON THE MINUTES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF 1846.

Ningpo, March 20th, 1847.

The Minutes of our venerable General Assembly, after being long delayed on the way, have at last reached this place, and are now lying before me. The General Assembly! How many precious and endearing associations are connected with that name! From this heathen land it recalls my thoughts back to the land of my birth and early youth; to the land of my first Christian hopes and preparation for the ministry. It is the land of my parents, of my brothers and my sisters. It is the land where many warm friends dwell. It is the land where the departed sleep; a land of privileges and light! Its external and physical advantages are great; for it might be said as was said of Canaan in old times, "it is a land flowing with honey and milk," and "the eye of God is upon it from the beginning of the year to the end of the year." It is a land of freedom, and of peace. But its Christian privileges are greater still. It is a land of Bibles, and Sabbaths, and preaching and revivals. It has its Sabbath schools and religious institutions. It has its missionary and its Bible societies, to extend to other lands the blessings enjoyed in its own borders. The influences of the Spirit, like currents of vital air, pervade the land. From its hills and its vales go up the voices of prayer and praise, and the saints of the Lord are resting in its graves. A land highly favored—its God is Jehovah! Compare that land with this, and how painful is the contrast.

It is pleasant to think that the Church, the minutes of whose highest judicatory are now before me, *my own loved Church*, holds no mean place among those which, under God, have made that once wilderness land, to bud and blossom as the rose. "The *General Assembly* of the Church!" I love that name. How general and extensive, stretching far and wide throughout the land,

yet comprehending and *assembling* all together in one brotherhood. How goodly is the fellowship of the saints! The representatives of the Church throughout the length and breadth of a vast land are assembled here, and that not for any selfish purposes, but for the highest and the noblest known on earth; they are met to consult for the glory of Christ and his cause. When shall we have such a general assembly in this heathen land? When shall all the earth see eye to eye, and have one General Assembly? When shall we all go up to the General Assembly, and Church of the first-born on high?

It has been a deeply interesting employment to look over the list of ministers in connection with the General Assembly. I have gone over the whole list, pencil in hand, and placed a mark against each name of those I knew. I have looked to see how many of God's people are under the care of each; how many additions to the communion of their churches; how many baptisms. I have looked farther, to see how active, how liberal, how benevolent, the flock of each has been, and how much they have contributed to spread the cause of Christ, at home and abroad. But let me recall that word "benevolent." With most persons it signifies a free gift, or a disposition to give, where there is no claim on the giver. But surely it is no benevolence to give aught to Him of whom we receive our all, and to whom, if we give aught, we but give him "of his own." "All things come of Thee, and of thine own have we given thee." To speak more properly, I have looked to see how much each church of those I knew, has realized of its responsibilities and its stewardship, and what answer it has given to the question, "How much owest thou unto my lord?" In some cases I have almost feared that an unfaithful steward has been there, and in place of requiring the full amount, has said, "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty, or fourscore." But charity requires me to suppose that the minutes of the General Assembly give only an imperfect account of what each church has done. The thought, however, occurs to me, man may see and record what we do, or he may not, but there is One above who sees and records it all, and he has said, "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." See the whole context, 1 Cor. iv. 1–5.

I love to look over the roll of the General Assembly. There are many well-known names there. The venerable father in Christ, the strong man, the gentle, loving teacher, friends of my boyhood were there: classmates and friends of my College days were there: beloved associates in the Theological Seminary were there. If I have numbered aright, there are ten with whom I met week after week and month after month, to hear the instructions of our venerated professors. With you I have sat in the same class-room, gone to the house of God in company, bowed together in the same prayer-meeting, and sat down side by side at the same table of the Lord. Tears fill my eyes, as with an overflowing heart, the

memory of those favored hours comes back; and if it might be so, I could wish for their return. Ye are dwelling in the house of God, whilst I sojourn in Mesech! Ye are going up with the great congregation, whilst I sit in the tents of Kedar! Yet will I remember thee, oh God, from the land of Jordan, and the Hermonites, and from the hill Mizar.

Years have passed away since then. Many billows roll between us now, and many billows have rolled over us since then, yet many recollections of those days come up before me in long array. What constant friendship did some of us vow, when our hearts were warmed as we communed together by the way! And there was our resolve to remember each other in our prayers on Saturday evening. Do ye remember it yet? God's blessing rest on ye all, friends of my heart, associates of my earlier days, fellow-laborers in the same church, and expectants of the same crown! And ye too, venerated elders of the churches! Some of you I have known in your own homes. Some of my earliest and warmest friends were among you. Nor can I ever forget the deep feeling with which one of your number, now gone to his rest, once said to me, "Ever since I knew aught of Christ, it has been my daily prayer that I might know more of him;" or how another of your number said on his death-bed, with an emphasis which only the powers of the world to come could give, "Oh what a Saviour is Christ! He is a rock!" May the spirit of those devoted men rest on you all!

I have read with much interest the proceedings of an Assembly, to which I am bound by so many ties. How great a privilege it would have been to have been even a doorkeeper there! It would be tedious, and unreasonable, to tell you half my thoughts, on reading over the proceedings. May I be pardoned for recording some of my thoughts, on reading a part of them?

It is natural for each one to feel most interest in what most nearly concerns himself and his own immediate pursuits. The foreign missionary looks with peculiar interest to the proceedings of the Assembly in relation to Foreign Missions. Shall I, or may I, say what I thought? Perhaps it may be wrong, or presumptuous, or censorious; if so, forgive me; but there was an emotion not unmixed with disappointment, on the perusal of the resolutions about foreign missions. You know best whether so many as nine resolutions were necessary, but it did strike me that they were dull,—too many words, and the sentences too long. A person almost loses his breath before he reads through some of them. Would it not have been better, if, with less of the character of a grave homily, there had been a more pointed application? If, instead of merely "grieving" and "inviting" and "recommending," they had embodied in few words a glowing resolution *to do*, and *to act?* But I will not criticise. Rather let me carefully read them over again, and may God's blessing rest on their authors, and on him who reads.

It is well. The work of missions is important; the Church should unite under their own Board: missionary intelligence should be diffused; earnest prayer should be offered; and the Jews should have an able and efficient mission. It is well that the Church, through her highest judicatory, should give utterance to these truths. I suppose they were adopted unanimously, as no notice is given of any disapprobation or dissent.

But what shall be, or rather what has been, the result of these resolutions? They are your public testimony, and not merely recorded in your official records, but recorded by one who says, "When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it;" and who will look to see how official resolutions, which bear the nature of a vow, are performed. You have gone down from that high position in the General Assembly, to your separate flocks. If you carry not out your own resolutions, surely no others will. Have you then in your separate fields carried out the principles, and performed the duties you have publicly professed? Is interest in the missionary cause deepening among your own people? Is missionary intelligence more widely diffused? Do your flock take more copies of the Chronicle and Foreign Missionary? Is more prayer offered? Are more efforts made? Or if not, are we to understand that you have already attained to the measure of the standard fixed in your resolutions, and need not to go beyond it?

And how do your resolutions compare with those of the past or previous years? What advance has been made beyond the stand taken ten, or five years ago? The resolutions of the General Assembly of 1841 were very good. The Assembly of 1842 recommended that one hundred thousand dollars should be raised in that year; but that sum has never been raised in any year yet. The resolutions of 1844 I have not yet seen, but a kind and cordial notice of missionary operations, found a place in the narrative of religion of that year.

I fear it must be said, that the resolutions of the General Assembly mark no perceptible advance in the state of missionary feeling in the Church. There has been a slight increase of pecuniary contributions, but the Church has not yet come up to the standard fixed by the Assembly of 1842, as then practicable. Brethren, where is the fault? Your resolutions, to be of any worth, must be acted out; or in the end the people will become hardened by them, and instead of good, they will do harm, and "the rust of them" will be a witness against yourselves. Might I, with all humility, suggest that instead of a long series of resolutions, a few sentences, brief and pointed, would be much better, if each one who voted for them were to resolve that, let others do as they may, he at least would carry them out in his own church. Were this course adopted, in five successive General Assemblies, nay, in only two, what prodigious results would be secured!

But there is one sentence in the last resolution, which calls forth my warmest gratitude. The General Assembly of our Church

solemnly assures us that your "daily prayer is that the Saviour may be present with us, and that the blessing of the Holy Spirit may rest on our labors." Oh ye fathers and brethren! this one sentence is to us worth more than thousands of silver and gold. Let others do as they may, we are here assured that in the daily prayers of one hundred and thirteen ministers, and seventy-six elders, we are remembered. Who would not rejoice to be held in "daily" remembrance by so many ministers and elders? Who would not feel strengthened in his work, by the assurance from the highest judicatory in the Church, that at least all those who composed that body, every day invoke "the presence of the Saviour, and the blessing of the Spirit" on his labors? In the name of every missionary of our Church, I thank you for that assurance; for surely God will hear such prayers. May they be graciously answered by Him, in blessings on our heads, and may they return with tenfold blessings on your own! You are daily praying, and doubtless daily looking for an answer to those prayers. God is the hearer and the answerer of prayer, and our hearts are revived by the thought. How glorious, how blessed to be a member of a Church, so large as ours, where such a bond of union exists, and where those who occupy the most conspicuous stations, assure those farthest off, and least known, of an interest in their daily prayers. I cannot allow myself to harbor for one moment the thought, that this assurance is a mere unmeaning form of words, passed in the routine of business, and forgotten amidst succeeding occupations or more interesting pursuits. It cannot so be.

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, April 10th, 1847.

My Dear Father—

Your letter of July 17–20, did not come till some ten days or more after the things it mentioned had been received. I believe everything has come safe. Some of the other brethren were not so much favored, as some three or four boxes fell into the hands of pirates between Canton and Macao. The pirates are getting exceedingly bold all along the coast. I was told to-day that ten out of the eighteen timber firms in Ningpo had shut up their shops this year, as the pirates on the coast stopped their ships when coming from Fuhkeen province, and required such heavy ransom, that it became a losing business. I hardly know how I shall get to Shanghai this summer, as it is hardly safe to venture out to sea, in our small passage boats, when such customers are abroad. At present I propose applying for leave to go by way of Hangchou, a place I want to see on many accounts.

The convention for the revision of the Translation of the New Testament, is to meet on the 1st of June. I presume you will see the accounts of it as soon as any other person. The most interesting question likely to be discussed, is the one in reference to a

proper term for "God." Increasing dissatisfaction is felt by many with the term Shang-te, which Mr. Medhurst patronizes, and the discussion of that subject is likely to be an earnest one. I should like much if you could find time to make yourself familiar with it. You will find in the Chinese Repository of 1846 and 1847, several articles on both sides. The one in November and December, 1846, and January, 1847, shows my views. I think, if the principles laid down in the article in the November number are granted, that the question is settled in favor of "Shin," and I should be glad to get the opinion of some Biblical scholars on the subject. You will see Mr. Medhurst's views in the January number of this year. I think every one of his positions is capable of a clear and distinct answer. I hope some one will reply to it. I shall probably write an answer myself, but do not expect to publish it, having already said as much as becomes so young a student of the language. As an evidence of the evil done by using the term Shang-te for the name of God, is the following:—Not long ago a very respectable man came to my house one Sabbath. I got into conversation with him, and asked him if he knew anything of Jesus? He replied, he had heard he was the son of "Yuh hwang ta te," the "Jewelled Great Emperor." This is the chief god in the Chinese mythology. His birth-day is on the first month, third day; his image is in one of our largest temples; and he is known indifferently by the name above given, or by that of *Shang-te*. I never use the term now, having uniformly found that the people supposed I meant their own Shang-te.

Sabbath evening, April 11. This has been a very pleasant day clear, warm, and comfortable. Sermon at our church by Mr. Culbertson, on "Joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." After sermon, the eldest boy in the school, of whom you have heard several times, and whose full name is *Yuen Ko Keun*, made profession of his faith, and was received into the church, in presence of all his school-mates, and several other Chinese, by baptism. After a short interval, the Lord's Supper was administered. All the services of Baptism and the Lord's Supper were in the Chinese language, and were conducted by the pastor, Mr. Culbertson. This is, I believe, the first case in which any one whose first impressions are due, under God, to members of our Mission, has been admitted to the church. Others have, it is true, received great benefit from our mission; but, humanly speaking, they would have been savingly converted if we had not been in the field. I suppose in this case, as in the case of Apoo, baptized two years ago, that the principal influence has been exerted by Mrs. Way, and it is worthy of notice how God has been pleased to use the youngest, feeblest, (as far as bodily health is concerned,) and the most unassuming member of our mission, to effect the purposes of his mercy. To his name be the glory. As an offset to the above pleasing account, take the following:—All the time we were engaged in our services, we were disturbed by some Chinese carpen-

ters close by, building a pleasure-boat for a European resident. I went out and requested them to cease, which they promised to do, but for some reason did not. Coming home from church, I found in one place a number of Buddhist priests reading and chanting prayers over a person lately deceased; and a few steps further on, a table full of victuals spread before a new tomb, and a widow woman wailing bitterly. They formed sad contrasts to the exercises in which we had been engaged.

After a light dinner, I preached on the Eighth Commandment, but the audience was neither large nor attentive. One man, however, evidently heard everything, and indeed so did another, who was sitting by the door outside when I began, but became so much interested, that he came close up, and sat down as near me as he could. But most paid little attention, and went away as they came. . . . .

Monday. Quite warm to-day. I hope this week to get through my collection of significations of the words used in the Four Books. There are about twenty-three hundred different characters. Most of them occur in only one or two senses; but several of them occur in such a variety of meanings, that it will take no little skill to get them properly exhibited. After getting through the Four Books, I think of laying the subject by for three or four months, as I am pretty tired of it. In the fall, if life and health be spared, I wish to resume it, and treat the Five Classics in the same manner, which will be a large job, and I suppose will occupy two years at least. . . . .

As ever, your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, May 9th, 1847.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . The city has been all in a hubbub for the last four days with the [*Too shin hwuy*, or] Procession in honor of all the Gods. Great preparations have been made for it for weeks past, as it is the greatest festival of the year, and crowds of people have flocked in from all parts of the country to witness it. Perhaps there have been five hundred thousand persons, residents and strangers, congregated in and about the city, and it has been a curious sight to witness the crowds that collected where anything was to be seen. Numerous companies of strolling play-actors have taken advantage of the occasion, to display their talents and pick up cash. They commonly have their theatres in the temples, nearly all of which have a stage built for the purpose, but it is not uncommon for the actors to erect a temporary stage in the street, occupying nearly the whole breadth of the narrow passage, and with the crowd of spectators, rendering it utterly impossible to go through the street. In every street where the procession was expected to pass, such numbers of people collected as made it a matter of no little diffi-

culty to force one's way through. Parents were obliged to carry their children on their shoulders, and one would be amused in watching from an upper window the tides of men as they swept backward and forward. Wherever any eminence offered a favorable location, it was so thickly covered with people, that it seemed like some great pyramid of shaven heads and black eyes. Yet with all this crowd there were few cases of disorder or fighting. I saw but one example of the latter, in which there were only two persons engaged, one of whom broke his pipe-stem over the head of the other and drew blood, giving him a hearty pull by the tail at the same time; but the bystanders, instead of taking sides, and having a "regular row," as would have been the case in some Christian countries, seemed only anxious to quiet the disturbance as soon as possible. Everybody carries a pipe with a wooden stem from two to four feet long, and it was a curious sight to see the forest of pipe-stems which the living mass held up on every side; but the stems were too weak to have done much harm as cudgels, and the people do not carry sticks or weapons. There was no drunkenness seen, and New York on the Fourth of July night would compare badly with Ningpo on the Festival of all the gods.

It would be in vain to attempt to describe the procession, or to enumerate its component parts, for the number of articles was too great, and our language contains no terms to describe many of them. It will suffice to mention the most conspicuous; and if you will form an idea of them arranged in any order to suit yourself, you will have nearly as definite an impression of the general features of the procession as those who have witnessed the whole.

Imagine then, in the first place, a long narrow street not more than twelve feet wide, and people standing three and four deep on each side through its whole length, leaving room for only two or three persons to walk abreast in the middle. When more room was required to let any part of the procession pass, it was obtained by a process familiarly known to school-boys by the name of "scrouging." But the Chinese pack well, as any one would think who might see a passage boat going from one place to another, and few complaints were heard when fifty men were crowded into a space where twenty could not stand with any comfort. Along this narrow passage way, came low, lean, scraggy horses, half concealed by stuffed saddles, which were covered with rich embroidered silk and with festoons of silk and tinsel sticking about over the neck and hind flank in every imaginable shape. The horses were generally led by a well-dressed little boy, who held the silken bridle, while the rough rope halter, but half concealed, was held by a man who walked at the side to support the rider. The riders were all boys, frequently so small as to be quite unable to put their feet in the short stirrups; they were gorgeously dressed in silk robes, with highly ornamented caps, and a

banner of some kind in a socket fastened on their backs. There was never more than one horse at a time, though there were some fifteen or twenty in all. Then came men and boys, with blue or white or yellow or green caps, and parti-colored dresses, beating gongs, cymbals and drums, and blowing trumpets and clarionets which made one's ears tingle; a few had flutes, whose melody was pleasant enough. These musicians were so thickly scattered through the procession that the charms of music were never wanting, though sometimes they could have been spared well enough. A few men with grotesque masks and odd movements stalked along or danced about, and here and there a man in dirty red garments, doing penance (self-imposed) for his sins, gave variety to the scene.

The lanterns were among the most conspicuous parts of the procession, for no show in China, either by day or night, is perfect without its lanterns. There were some called "the nine collected lanterns," and "the five connected lanterns," which consisted of nine square or five round glass lanterns in a perpendicular frame, ornamented with silken fringe and tassels, beads, shells, streamers and grotesque figures on the glass, often giving ludicrous caricatures of foreign soldiers and sailors. They were also ornamented with pictures of clocks, and crowned with images of birds and beasts. Large single lanterns, each borne by one man, were also carried about; but few of these were so handsome as those exhibited last year. Men bearing long staves or wands, ornamented with tinsel or feather and flower work, filled up vacant spaces. Some bore flags and streamers, and everywhere men with rattans about a yard long, with pieces of colored cloth or silk attached, like the feather of an arrow, were waving them in the faces of the people to keep the pathway clear: the number of these was so great in all parts of the procession, that they formed one of its most conspicuous objects.

Some eight or ten dragons, varying from thirty to fifty yards in length, and each borne by from fifteen to fifty men, attracted due attention. The heads of these monsters were made of a light bamboo framework, lined with green, red, and yellow silks, great staring eyes, large teeth, and diversified figures stuck about them, while the bodies were made of parti-colored silks, red flannel, blue cotton, or whatever else the maker chose. One which was particularly rich, was completely covered with scales made of pieces of looking-glass. Clumsy coaches and ships, borne by four or six men, and carrying either a girl or a boy, or a drum which was constantly beaten, or else a miniature table, with the dishes arranged and chairs around it, or a vessel of smoking incense, occupied their due station in the show. The richest things were a number of large silken canopies, very richly embroidered, with beautiful fringes of silk thread; each of the canopies, of which there were five or six, differed from the others in color, embroidery and fringes. The most amusing objects, perhaps, were a

couple of long-billed birds, with white bodies, and green legs, which stood some ten or twelve feet high. These were men walking on stilts, and so disguised as to present a good, though most grotesque resemblance to birds. They walked on their stilts with much apparent ease, clapped their wings, and moved their heads about, "very much like nature, only a little more so." Behind them followed a man on stilts, with a large trident, (looking, however, very much like a three-pronged pitchfork,) which he twirled about with great assiduity, but he was in an unfortunate position, for his immediate predecessors, the birds, quite eclipsed him.

Perhaps the most interesting parts of the exhibition were the stages, on which what might be called "flying girls" were exhibited. Of these stages were eight or ten, having perhaps twenty girls, all supported in different modes. On one of the stages was a vessel containing a lotus plant growing out of the water, and on its broad leaves, some six feet from the stage, sat a couple of girls apparently about sixteen years old. On another, two girls were sitting on the outermost twigs of a green bush. On another sat a young woman very much at her ease, holding a light bamboo wand in one hand, and having another carelessly resting over her shoulder; and on the outer ends of these two wands stood two little girls, fanning themselves. On another stage, stood a little girl with a gilt double ring; on the upper ring stood another girl on one foot. On another stage sat a young woman with a guitar on one knee, and having another slung across her back; and on the end of each of these guitars stood a little girl. On another stage stood a young girl holding in her hand a crooked serpent, some four feet long, on the tail of which stood another girl. On another stage stood a young woman holding up a rod, the end of which was ten or fifteen feet from the ground, and on the upper end of this rod stood another little girl. These little creatures were all gorgeously dressed, and some were very pretty; they seemed much at their ease, and were delighted at the notice they attracted. They had nothing to support them, except the single hand or the single foot by which they stood or held to the slight poles on which they were perched, though occasionally the men who walked alongside held up a larger pole for them to steady themselves, and rest for a little while. Thus they were carried about for several hours, passing through narrow crowded streets in the hot sun, and often passing under arches so low that it was only by stooping that they could get through them. They must have been supported by iron framework, passing up through the poles or twigs or rings on which they stood, and so arranged as to sustain their bodies, for the most expert rope-dancer could not long have stood as they did without aid, but in most cases the supporting irons were so adroitly concealed, that they seemed borne along through the air.

After speaking of the flying girls, it is scarcely worth while to describe the little boys standing on men's shoulders, or the fire

crackers that were occasionally fired off, as the procession passed along. The whole affair occupied an hour and a half in passing one point, and must have been some two miles long, but it is not probable that the whole of it passed through any one street. The main body went through the city gates, principal streets, and in front of the offices of government, while detachments passed through some of the minor streets, where the inhabitants expressed a desire to have them do so. It is considered lucky to have it pass through the street where one lives, and the inhabitants often give presents to the conductors to have detachments sent past their houses. There were no idols carried this year, though last year a large number were exhibited, and formed an important part of the procession. . . . .

Yours affectionately,

W. M. Lowrie.

JOURNAL AT NINGPO.

January 3d, 1847. Preached on the faith of Abraham, to a strange kind of an audience; most of them very respectable, but disposed to talk and make remarks; some were very attentive; but to some the story seemed amusing and almost ridiculous, and the idea of so old a man having a son only afforded matter for a laugh. How hard it is to preach to such a people—so indifferent, so insensible! I came from my address to my knees; for I am made to feel that the treasure is committed to earthen vessels.

Have some encouragement with my servants, particularly Azhih, whom I am training carefully in religious instruction. They take a good deal of interest in it, and I cannot but hope are beginning to feel a little. Oh, for God's Spirit to be given to them.

January 10th. Preached on the character of God; audience much as usual. It is no small trial of the spirit to one accustomed to address attentive audiences, to have such as I commonly find; people coming in and going out, some making remarks, some laughing, some ruder, and only few attending, and yet some of even these few taking up the strangest notions from the plainest truth. To human eyes all such preaching must seem very foolishness. Well, be it so. "The foolishness of God is wiser than men," and by "the foolishness of preaching he will save them that believe."

The external evidences of Christianity are of little use here. The people have as many and as famous miracles as we to boast of; and their minds are not so trained as to perceive and appreciate the evidence, which proves the truth of ours and the falsity of theirs. Hence they make no scruple of believing whatever we tell of deeds of wonder by Christ and his apostles. They can produce parallels in their own history. I spoke of the miraculous

conception of Christ. "Oh, yes," said one, "that is true, it is just like a similar event in our history; let me see, where was it?" And after some thought, and assisted by one or two others present, he produced the circumstance. How should he believe my story, or feel more interest in it than I in his? Oh, Spirit of Life, come down!

January 17th. A rainy day, and no one came to service.

January 18th. Crossing the ferry, I found a very simple-hearted peddler of silk thread and trimmings, on the boat. He said he sold about a thousand cash worth of articles in a day, and made a profit of near two hundred, or about sixteen cents. He was very curious to know all about my affairs. Had I a father and mother? Did they consent to my coming away? Did not they cry very much when I came away? When was I going back? My answers gave him great satisfaction, but still more to a plain-looking but very motherly woman also in the boat, who seemed at a loss which to admire most, a foreigner speaking her own language, or the evidence he gave of possessing the feelings of a man. Nothing pleases the people better than our speaking their language. Going over there were two or three men in the boat, one of whom knew me, and asked some questions which I answered; quite a respectable man by my side actually laughed aloud from pleasure at hearing me speak Chinese, and asked me several questions, apparently from no other motive than to hear a foreigner answer them in Chinese. I gave him some tracts, which he read very fluently.

Jan. 24th. A wet, rainy day, and apprehended having no congregation again; however, on going down, found a very respectably dressed middle-aged man named *Chuh*, who lives somewhere in the city; he was very polite and respectful, told me he had long "desired to see me, looked up to me for instruction," &c., according to the usual routine of Chinese ceremonial speech.

We had some talk, and as there were three or four persons present, I delivered my discourse to a very attentive, though small audience. The man took a copy of Luke with comments, and promising to come again, departed. I was very glad of the opportunity of talking which was afforded, for I sometimes feel greatly cast down, especially when I find little opportunity of speaking for Christ.

Knowledge that there is such a thing as Christianity is increasing and spreading in this part of the country, as I frequently meet persons who have heard at least the name of Jesus.

Feb. 21st. For the last three or four Sabbaths, nothing special has occurred; audiences varying from ten to fifty; commonly sit and talk more after giving my sermon than I used to do, which gives an opportunity of more pointed and personal application, but also opens the door for any and every kind of question, and is very sure, in half an hour, to get off to questions about food and clothing, &c. The natural man "understandeth not the things

of the Spirit." One man to-day seemed a very merry sort of a fellow, but withal, as respectful as a man could be whose only object was to make sport; asked a number of questions, and started a hearty laugh after each of them, in which he was joined by several others, who seemed to urge him on. At last, I asked him why he asked such questions? And whether his only object was not to make sport of what I considered a very serious matter? He was quite abashed: several persons around told him to be quiet, and he got up and went out. Had quite a full house as I talked the second time; but, alas! it is preaching to dry bones. O, Spirit! Breath of the Almighty! breathe on these dry bones!

Feb. 26th. Took a long walk into the country, to some places where I have not before been; was exceedingly stared at in one place, where the whole village turned out to see me, and the women were the most forward and curious of all. Quite abashed a little girl by asking her what her name was, as it seems she had none. It is not common to give names to girls. But it is melancholy to see the dissipation of morals here. . . . . Oh when shall purity prevail, where there is so much vice?

Went afterwards and had a pleasant little talk with some men in a little resting-house, and then came home, well tired. Some little yellow flowers are in blossom now. I saw dandelions in full bloom a month or more ago, though there had been a hard frost before, and plenty of it since then; but the cold weather must be nearly over now.

March 14th. Preached in the morning, in English, on Gal. iv. 7: in the afternoon in Chinese, to some thirty or forty persons, on the Fourth Commandment; was favored with as much fluency as I have ever had, and fully as good if not better attention. Indeed, the congregation to-day would not have done discredit to any similar congregation in a Christian land. One man came in talking, and I supposed meant to keep on talking, but he behaved very quietly, only putting in a word now and then. After I had said that no work was to be done on the Sabbath, he asked, "Then what shall we do—go to sleep?" This brought on the next part of my subject—Duties to be done on the Sabbath. He stayed after service. I talked some; but there were many who wanted to talk about the news and trifling matters, and I found so little opportunity of saying anything profitable, that I soon left them. The man above referred to, seemed a man of some learning. He insisted on it, that since I was so generous, as to come out here, and preach to the people, and advise them to do good, that I would surely become a god at last! But how hard it is to get a Christian idea into their heads, to say nothing of impressing it on their hearts. After repeating over and over again, the statements about God as eternal, true, and holy, they are sure to confound all you say with their own gods. This is not because they do not understand what I say, for I find that I am pretty well understood; but because, first, they cannot conceive how it is

that their own gods are false gods; and, second, they have no idea of the importance of the subject, to induce them to give a serious thought to what they hear, and hence, when they hear of the "true God," they take it as a matter of course that their own gods are intended.

We are greatly at a loss for a word corresponding to our word *worship*. The Chinese 拜拜 pai pai, which comes nearest to it, is very far from expressing it; so that frequently, when I have been praying in public, some one says, why you did not "pai pai," "worship." By the use of the word, they mean principally the motions of the hand and the body in bows and prostrations before the idol.

March 21st. Opened my doors at three, P. M., and went down as usual, but there were few passers-by. I sat alone for nearly half an hour, having only one little boy carrying a baby in his arms, to come near me. After a while, two or three well-dressed men came in and one sat down, but the other two went away. I asked him his name and residence, but he did not seem disposed for a conversation. I then opened a copy of Luke, and began to read it. He asked what it was, and we had something to talk about it. Others came in; he praised my fluency of utterance and correctness of speech: and in answer to some questions, I had a good opportunity of giving some outlines of creation and redemption. But the subject had no charms for the natural heart; and as soon as I was done, one of the men asked, "Is your sovereign a man or a woman?" Quite a crowd had now collected, and I gave them my sermon as well as I could, which was not very well. Some heard it all; some got enough before it was half done. One quite respectable looking lady came in and sat down, and she at least heard everything that was said. Oh for a blessing on her!

It is hard preaching, for the audience changes so much, that I must go over the same simple truths every day, treating all the time of first principles; and this displeases the few who come more than once, for having already heard all this, they want something else.

March 24th. Started for a walk, got out of the south gate and thought of going up into the country, when I recollected that there were little wax representations of fruit, &c., to be had in the city, which I wanted to get. So I turned off and went through the lowest gate towards the Koolowtseen. Passing by one of the parade grounds, I saw several persons with bows and arrows; and knowing that there were people practising archery there, I went in to see what was going on. There were several groups, shooting at targets; some of the archers pierced the centre, while others shot very wide of the mark. As soon as I came in, several persons gathered around me, and presently there was quite a crowd, mostly well-dressed, and respectable men. The first one that spoke to me asked my opinion of some women, who were looking out of a door

not far off. At home I should not have thought much of such a question, but here it could have only one meaning, and he saw in a moment that I was displeased, and apologized for having spoken so. Great merriment was caused by my speaking in their own language, and several questions were put, apparently only for the pleasure of hearing a foreigner speak in Chinese. I was not in much humor for talking; so I took out what few tracts I had with me. They were gone in a moment. I thought of going too, but a very pleasant looking young man said, "Oh do not go, stay and talk." "What shall I talk about?" said I; and then seeing one of them looking over a copy of the Ten Commandments I had just given him, I took it, and gave them a little talk on them, and on the redemption of Christ. They were very curious to know where I lived. So I told them where, and that I should be happy to see them at my house, at my Chinese service on the Sabbath. Several said they would come. We parted on the best terms.

I then went to the Koolowtseen street, and found a great crowd; now is the time of the annual examination for Sewtsai. Stalls of all kinds of coarse toys were set up on both sides of the street, and the venders seemed to be making money. I was much interested with the dexterity of the men who made wax figures. They had half a dozen kinds of different colored wax balls, and a very small furnace; and three men were busily employed in making figures of fish, four-footed beasts, &c. They also made flowers, fruits, &c. The fruits were especially natural. Everything was done by hand or by little sticks, and pieces of iron; and the resemblances thus formed were surprisingly accurate. The articles made were also very cheap, and for eleven cents I got seventeen or eighteen of them.

March 27th. There is a great crowd of strangers in the city at present, in consequence of the examinations. After dinner Ho Keun, the oldest boy in the school, whom we hope to receive into the church at our next communion, spent some time with me. He thought there were a great many comparisons, or figurative expressions, in the book of Revelation. I told him he would do better not to attend to that so soon. He wanted to know how the Lazarus whom Jesus loved could have been so poor as to be laid at a rich man's gate. He had a number of other questions which I answered. After speaking a while in Chinese, we conversed in English. He speaks well for the time he has spent at it. It seemed strange to hear a Chinese speak in my own language. Our hope is that he will be a blessing to his own people.

Sabbath, 28th. Rose at half-past six o'clock. Morning occupations as usual. Breakfast at half-past seven. Read in the Bible till nine. Fell into a long train of thought about getting a Sabbath school in St. Louis to undertake my support, and many thoughts on this subject crowded into my mind. Looked over my Chinese sermon for the afternoon, and selected some short tracts for distribution. English service as usual, and a good sermon by

Mr. Culbertson. At three opened the doors of my Chinese room, found almost the only constant hearer I have, in the room. A few others came in, and I commenced my discourse, which was on the Sixth Commandment. I believe I never got on better, or had a more quiet and attentive audience. After speaking about twenty minutes, we all rose, and I offered a short prayer, and dismissed them. Gave away all the tracts; and two young men from Hangchow, the capital of the province, were highly gratified at receiving some of them, and at my speaking in their own language, and gave me many thanks.

I am teaching the Shorter Catechism to my servants, but find it hard work; first, the Chinese language has no suitable terms for many things, and second, my command of the language is not yet sufficient for the circumlocution in such a case. There are more terms in the written language than in the spoken, but they are of no more use to the common people than the Latin and Greek terms in theological and philosophical books are to the unlearned at home. I know of no term in the language to express precisely "chief end." For "decree," there is a good word, *ming*, in the written language, but not in the spoken. For "covenant," *yo* is a good word, but it is understood only by scholars, nor is there any good word for it in the colloquial. "Providence," "fall," "redemption," "original sin," "effectual calling," "justification," "adoption," "sanctification," "privilege," "holy," are all very hard words to be put into intelligible Chinese. Most of them may be expressed, after a sort, in the written language, which is very copious, but when it comes to the spoken language one is at a loss, and a great deal of circumlocution is unavoidable. One of the great difficulties in our work lies in this very want of proper terms, and I see not how it is to be remedied excepting in long and patient use of the most suitable terms we can find; thus, at length, "converting" them from their heathenish uses and associations to Christian purposes.

How true are those words, "Sin has reigned unto death!" Its power is shown even in forms of speech. The application of terms to evil, is an evidence of sin reigning. This language is an instrument in Satan's hand to blind men to their ruin. But as sin hath reigned, so shall grace reign, even in the terms of this language, unto everlasting life. Wherever sin hath set up its throne and swayed its sceptre, there shall grace come in and set up a higher throne, and sway a mightier sceptre. Would that I might do something for the conversion of this language, and through it of this people unto God!

Monday, 29th. Busy in the fore part of the day with my teacher, and at the Four Books. At three, visited Mr. Culbertson. Coming back, was barked at unmercifully by several dogs. As soon as I am three steps beyond them, they follow for a square or two, barking and yelping without ceasing. It does make one feel as a

stranger to be barked at in this way, for they do not move their tongue to a Chinaman.

March 30th. All the missionaries in Ningpo met to discuss the question of the marriage of Christian converts with persons remaining in heathenism. The question came up in consequence of a letter from some missionaries in Shanghai, who have a case of the kind on hand, and wanted to know our views. After a comparison of views for four hours, we came to the conclusion that such marriages were inexpedient and to be discouraged; but did not feel prepared to make a term of communion in all cases out of the subject.

March 31st. All day at my Chinese studies, and at the Four Books. At five, P. M., took a walk for relaxation. Gathered some spring flowers for my flower-pot; a few wild lemon flowers, some clover, some yellow primrose, some parsley, and one or two others. In one place came across a dead dog, and two other dogs lying by him. In a few steps beyond, saw a flowering almond in full and luxurious bloom. So it is in this strange, melancholy world of ours. When most pleasantly engaged, you are wounded and grieved by some revolting spectacle, and again in a moment delighted with some scene almost too fair and beautiful for aught but heaven.

April 1st. In the evening looked over my Chinese sermon. At first it took me three evenings to prepare a discourse, but now I commonly get through very easily in one evening. I find I am generally understood, but mistakes are often made by beginners. I often wonder how the Chinese can keep such grave faces, when they hear such queer combinations as we foreigners sometimes make out of their language. The only time they ever laughed at a mistake I made, was when I spoke of "Peter's mother's wife," instead of "Peter's wife's mother." Even then some of the elder hearers seemed scandalized, that the young ones were amused at a mistake of "the guest."

April 3d. Looked a little into a work in Chinese, on astronomy, geography, and watch-making, by some of the Roman Catholic missionaries of former days. It gives the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, that the sun and stars move round the earth. In the numerous books they published in China, they always explained astronomy in the old style, and published books with plates, representing the sun and stars revolving round the earth. I have seen some of these books.

Went up to a Leang-ting, where I preached my first Chinese sermon last year. These are covered resting-places with stone seats, where you may sit down and rest awhile. They are met with every two or three miles, and might remind one of the arbor on the hill Difficulty, made for the refreshment of the pilgrims, if they were not, in nine cases out of ten, built alongside of an idol temple. In this populous country you cannot sit down five minutes in one of these places, without having several people gather

round you. To-day there were twelve or fifteen persons, and I talked to them on the folly of idolatry, the true God, the sinfulness of man, and Christ the only Saviour. After talking ten or fifteen minutes, I gave away what tracts I had with me, and left them with a hearty good-by on both sides.

April 4th. Preached to-day, in course, on the Seventh Commandment to a pretty large audience.

April 17th. The people are now preparing their nursery beds for rice; in a few the rice is already sown, but in most the water is merely let in, and the beds are little else than so many dishes of wet mud, six inches deep.

April 19th. An excessively hot day; thermometer at 97° for some hours. Ripe cherries to-day, but not very good.

April 21st. Green peas to-day. There are shad in the market, but at present very dear, about half a dollar a pound.

April 24th. A poor crazy man has been lingering about, near my house, most of the day. He looks from his dress and countenance, as if he suffered but little for want of the comforts of life. When I first saw him he was kneeling on the grass by the side of my house, and chanting a book of Buddhist prayers, making occasional prostrations; seeing me watching him he got up and went farther off, and then walked backwards and forwards, chanting his book, and making bows. Quite a crowd looked at him, which seemed not to please him, for he hastily put his book under his arm and went off. Just now, half-past eight, P. M., I hear him again singing out lustily, *O me to fuh!* but some of his friends seem to be persuading him to go home. Is this a case of religious madness?

April 25th. Preached to some twenty or thirty persons on the Tenth Commandment, and was favored with a good deal of fluency in speech. Several were very attentive; and after sitting down, I got into a conversation which lasted more than an hour, in reference to idolatry, creation, redemption, the creed, &c. On the whole, it was a very satisfactory meeting, yet alas! without the Spirit of God, of what avail is it all? The people laugh at their idols, but go and worship them still.

After dismissing the audience, I found a couple of natives of the place, a Mr. Tai, and a Mr. Leu, waiting to speak with me. I had seen them both before, and the first of them several times. He was first led to think about Christianity, by a Chinese who came up here with Dr. Macgowan, and who first brought him to my notice. Last week he sent me a letter requesting baptism, and came to-day to speak about it. He said that himself and his friend, Mr. Leu, and another, Mr. Chow, whom I have also seen, are all pretty much decided for Christianity; and though, as he says, he is much laughed at and reviled by his friends, yet he professes a determination to persevere even until death. I had a tolerably satisfactory conversation with them, and we prayed together.

Worship of ancestors is one of the great features of the Chinese religion; every family has a picture of the father and mother, to which incense is offered, and religious worship performed. Mr. Tai asked what he should do? He said he had taken down the pictures and laid them away, and has fully determined not to worship them any more; "and if I should deceive you by saying I do not worship them, when I do worship them, yet I could not deceive God." He has, however, been told he should burn the pictures. Now this seems hard, for being portraits of his parents, he wishes to keep them just as we would. Does this case fall under the rule of destroying every vestige of idolatry, no matter what it be?

April 18th. Finished the first draught of the Shorter Catechism in Chinese, and May 11th, finished revision of it with teacher.

May 10th. Suffering greatly from drought; very little rain has fallen during the winter, though as there was no cultivation of any consequence and no irrigation, the canals have kept full. But of late, since the planting of rice commenced, the water in the canals has been in great measure used up, and some of them are quite dry. The *Kin too*, or prohibition of slaughtering pork, has been enforced of late, to propitiate the gods; but as yet very slight showers mock our hopes, and some apprehension is felt for the result on the crops.

In some fields, the rice is already transplanted; but in most of them, the cabbage is only removed and the water being let in on them.

May 16th. Preached to-day on Heaven; but it was talking of things in which the people seemed to feel that they had little concern. Had more satisfaction in a short extempore address I made afterwards, on the main object of Christianity. Two or three inquirers were present, who have been attending at Dr. Macgowan's, but of late have shown a disposition, entirely of their own, to come to me. I asked two of them to make some remarks, as I knew they had been in the habit of talking on the subject of Christianity. They both did so; what they said was good enough, but it did not seem very direct or impressive.

I find the Commentary on Luke takes very well; one of them inquired with much interest, if any more or other books would be published, remarking that it was very hard to understand our Scriptures without them, which is true. The drought still continues.

May 22d. Very heavy rains. The prohibition of slaughtering pork removed; the rains, however, lasted only one day.

May 24th. Started with Mr. Cole in a boat for Chapoo, I meaning to go from thence to Shanghai, and he to Pooto. Left Ningpo at ten o'clock, P. M., and expected to leave Chinhai at daylight next morning.

May 25th. Found the boatmen determined not to go till next day; many excuses; first, that they did not know the route to

Chapoo, and must get another boatman to go along; then, that they had some repairing to do, &c. Entreaties, threats, and promises were useless, and we found ourselves under the necessity of submitting. I suspect that they wish to smuggle some opium from here to Chapoo, under cover of foreign protection, and having made an agreement to do so, they are determined on so doing, as they would thereby make money. There being no help, we went ashore and rambled about Chinhai, and up to Cho paou sau, a Buddhist temple on top of the hill which overlooks the city, and from which there is a splendid view by sea and by land; nothing particular to see in the temple. It is ascended by three hundred and twenty-three steps, many of them cut out of the rock. One of the monks was quite unable to tell the names of the attendant deities in the hall of Kwan Yin!

The city is apparently not more than a mile square, and not at all thickly settled; one-third of the interior is occupied with rice-fields. The people, children, and dogs were very civil.

May 26th. Wednesday. Started about two o'clock, A. M., and got out of the harbor of Chinhai, but found it so calm that we could not make head against the tide, and came to anchor. Favorable tide at six o'clock, A. M., and with light wind went on well till about noon; got nearly half way to Chapoo; tide turning and wind light, had to anchor. Wind becoming stronger and tide slackening, up anchor at five, and went on; but the wind soon came out dead ahead, and looked squally. About six, blew pretty hard, and all at once the boatmen put the helm down and turned back to Chinhai! They said it was going to blow hard, they could make no progress against the wind, and there was no place to anchor during the night. Several boats ahead of us also turned back, and as the Chinese "are good barometers," we did not like to insist on their going ahead. But though the wind was fair and strong for Chinhai, yet such was the strength of the adverse tide, that we could make no progress whatever against it, and it was not till midnight that we found ourselves going ahead. It was now blowing pretty hard, raining, and a tolerably heavy sea, so that we were not sorry when the anchor was dropped in Chinhai, twenty-four hours after we had left it. I am not very successful in sea voyages.

May 27th. Thursday. Strong wind and dull weather, and no prospect of getting off to-day. As Mr. Cole was anxious to go on to Pooto, I looked about among the boats, and found another going to Chapoo, as soon as the weather would permit. Although the accommodations were of the most contracted kind possible, yet the boat offered several advantages, and I engaged a passage. The weather however continued such that going was quite impossible, and as Mr. Cole could not go to Pooto, I spent the afternoon and night in his boat.

May 28th. Friday morning opened with rain, as if it might continue long; but about seven it cleared off somewhat, and as the weather gave some indications of clearing off, and the wind came

from the south, the boatmen gave me some hopes of getting off to-night or to-morrow morning! Patience—"Let patience have her perfect work." Azhih came down from Ningpo with some letters for me from home, and I concluded to send Apuen back and take Azhih along, as I had originally intended, but which his sickness on Monday prevented.

May 29th. Saturday opened very dull indeed; wind fair, but weather dark, and raining at times. Boatmen said they could not go to-day; so I said, I could not go to-morrow, as it will be Sunday. This brought them to a decision, and after some consultation, the head man came and said they would start in the evening, and if the wind continued fair, one tide would take us to Chapoo. They were very anxious to have us go, for there are many pirates about just now, and the presence and flag of a foreigner is a protection not to be despised. I carry no arms, but such is the terror in all this part of the country of foreigners, that it is thought no pirates would venture to attack a boat which had one on board. Not only my own boatmen, but those of nine or ten other boats which are going together to Chapoo, expect material protection from my presence alone. I do not like going just now, for it will oblige me to spend the Sabbath on the road; but I do not well know how to avoid this, for the Convention meets on Tuesday, and for me to wait at Chinhai till Monday will make it impossible to be there in time; doubtful whether I can be in time as it is, but I hope to be in Chapoo during the night, and by getting a boat early in the morning, and stopping at some quiet place on the canal, I can spend the Sabbath in peace.

Left Chinhai at noon, and anchored under "Joshouse hill" till about five, P. M., when the tide set fair for Chapoo, and with a fair wind we made sail. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the sun set without a cloud. My boat was filled up with one hundred and sixteen bales of mats, each containing seventy-five mats, in all 8,700, besides other things. This filled it so full as hardly to leave room to move. There were seven boatmen, six Chinese passengers, and myself. The apartment I occupied was about eight feet square, and in the middle high enough for me to sit not very comfortably. This was occupied by myself, to whom was given the back part, as the most retired, and by my servant, a Chinese passenger and his servant, and another passenger, who turned out to be an acquaintance of Azhih. It was "pretty thick" work; master and man were close together, and it was hard to say to whom the various arms and legs belonged; outside was no better, for the boatmen were as crowded as we were. Among the boatmen was one much given to story telling, and he amused the other boatmen and the passengers for two or three hours, with an incessant stream of talk.

We went on finely, and got to Chapoo very soon after midnight; but owing to the crowded and close state of the apartment, I slept

very little all night. The rest of the company, however, seemed to feel little inconvenience.

Sabbath. In the morning found the receding tide had left our boat high and dry in the mud, and the only way to get to shore, nearly a quarter of a mile off, was by wading through the mud, or going in a chair. Had the boat been at all comfortable, I should have stayed and spent the Sabbath in her, but the idea of spending a Sabbath in such a confined apartment, on a mud flat, and with people busy taking out the cargo, was not agreeable. So I sent Azhih off to get a boat for Shanghai. He got one for twenty-six hundred cash, not quite two dollars; but when I got there, and they found it was a "Red haired man," they insisted on five dollars. We agreed at last on four thousand cash, nearly three dollars, the day to be spent at some quiet place, and to proceed to Shanghai to-morrow. It was about eight o'clock when we got to the entrance of the canal leading to Shanghai and Soochow. The wind was fair and strong for Shanghai, and the boatmen would have liked much to have gone on, but as they knew the increase of their pay depended partly on staying, they said little, and fastened the boat stem and stern to a couple of lines at the side of the canal.

I now began to feel the effects of the accommodations and sleeplessness of the night, in a headache, which, though not severe, effectually prevented all reading till about noon. Otherwise my situation was very pleasant, and the Sabbath passed quietly away.

I could not avoid noticing the immense number of boats of all shapes and sizes, which went out from Chapoo, and passed us on their way to Shanghai, Soochow, and other places. It would certainly be a moderate estimate to say that in four hours, there were upwards of three hundred boats, and perhaps twice that number would be nearer the truth, for in the little reach of the canal, about quarter of a mile long, where my boat is moored, there was never less than one boat passing through, and frequently from four to ten at the same time.

The dialect of Chapoo is so much like that of Ningpo, that my servant finds no difficulty in talking with the people and understanding them. It has some peculiarities, however, which makes it difficult for me at present to understand it; and I find that they understand me much better than I do them.

I did not go into the city. In fact my coming this way at all, is against the law; but as no notice has been taken of several persons, who have passed and repassed without permits, I have made no scruple in walking through such of the streets as was necessary in getting to the boat. Crowds collected to see me, but I observed no rudeness, and but seldom heard the term "white devil," which, indeed, is often used without intending any insult. Chapoo is the town where the English met with the fiercest resistance, as it is partly inhabited by Manchus, who are much braver than the Chinese. It would seem, from the number of

boats to be a place of some business and population, though I suppose the canal I am now on, is the greatest of all the arteries that issue from it.

May 31st. Monday. Started during the night, and on going out in the morning about sunrise, found ourselves at a thriving town, called San Kew, twenty-seven le from Chapoo, or about nine miles.

The canal was here quite wide and deep, and at each end of the town was crossed by a beautiful arched bridge. The handsomest tower I have seen in China stood by one of the bridges. It was five stories high, had galleries all round in each story, sounding bells attached to the cornices, ropes passing up and down, with some beautiful trees close by, and the whole looked new and clean. For many miles we passed on through a country, occupied with fields of wheat, and stalk-beans nearly ripe. The people have not yet commenced their rice, but will in a very few days; they are three weeks behind those of Ningpo. The banks of the canal are lined with willows or mulberry trees to feed silk-worms, and the water-wheels are generally covered with thatched roofs, which is quite an improvement on the plan at Ningpo, where no such care is shown. I did not observe when we left the canal for the Hwangpoo river, but it was some time during the forenoon. We made pretty good progress till about noon, when we were thirty-seven miles from Shanghai, where we found the tide unfavorable, and as we were now beating by long tacks against the wind, we came to anchor and got dinner. Proceeded again about dark, but had to anchor during the next tide. Went on again at daylight on Tuesday, and by seven o'clock reached Shanghai. A forest of masts of junks filled the river, but there were no foreign ships. Found my way to Bishop Boone's without difficulty, and after breakfast went out with Mr. Syle, to call on some of the foreign merchants and the missionaries. The foreign residences form quite a town, and when all are finished will be a settlement quite unequalled in China. Some of them are very expensive, and everything indicates an expectation of this place becoming, at no distant day, the head-quarters of influence in China. Called on Messrs. Medhurst, Milne, and Lockhart, but did not stay long at either place.

In the evening, went over the river with Dr. Boone, Mrs. Boone, and a number of others, and walked among the rice-fields; afterwards, all spent the evening at Dr. Boone's, and so closed the first day of a residence in Shanghai, which they all tell me will extend to six months or a year, a length of time which I had not at all anticipated.

Shanghai, June 3d, 1847.

My Dear Father—

In some of my previous letters, I mentioned to you my expectation of visiting this place. The object is to be present at the

Convention for the revision of the translation of the New Testament, to which I have been appointed one of the delegates. The other delegates are Drs. Medhurst, Boone, Bridgeman, and Mr. J. Stronach. I do not yet know of any others, and presume there are no others. Bridgeman and Stronach are not here yet, but are expected daily. I supposed the Convention would not sit more than six or seven weeks, but every one here seems to think that six months is the shortest possible time, and a year is spoken of as more probable. The work is important enough, no doubt, to deserve so much time, though I have some doubts as to the expediency of it just now. However, as I am the youngest and least skilled in Chinese of all the members, I do not expect to do very much, except to look on and see what is done. In the mean time, I expect to pursue my Chinese studies, much as at Ningpo, except that I fear I shall lose in the practice in the colloquial of that place. The dialect here is a good deal like that of Ningpo, and yet so much unlike, that while I can make myself tolerably well understood, I find a good deal of difficulty in understanding others; but a little practice will assist me.

I left Ningpo, May 24th, but owing to adverse winds, had to lie at the mouth of the river till the 29th. I then came by way of Chapoo to this place in three days, one of which, being the Sabbath, was spent at anchor in the canal. I did not apply for a permit to come by the way of Chapoo, and met no molestation or hinderance in passing through that place. The route from Ningpo to Shanghai, via Chapoo, may now be considered an open route, as several foreigners have passed both ways, and no notice has been taken of it by the Chinese authorities. It is a great convenience to us, and is one among the many evidences, how the country is opening. Chang-Chow, where the visit of Mr. Abeel and myself made so much noise, some years ago, has been visited several times of late, and I have no doubt that the country will be as wide open in a few years as we can desire it.

Your letter of December 17th reached me last week, also two mission letters of November and December. . . . .

I have referred so often to my Dictionary, that I am afraid you will be tired of the very mention of it, but I will trouble you once more. I have collected all the significations of all the words in the Four Books, and have concluded to go on with the work so as to include the Five Classics, though perhaps I may not include the *Le Ke*, a large and for the most part very trifling and useless work. In the Four Books there are in all two thousand three hundred and forty-five different characters, and in the Four Books and Five Classics, the *Le Ke* excepted, there are rather more than four thousand and two hundred. I may perhaps send a list of them some day, from which you will see that the great body of the language is contained in them, i. e., the great body of the really useful characters. Now, my plan is to give each of these characters with its pronunciation in Mandarin, and in the dialect

of each of the five ports now open to foreigners. Then to give the etymology of the word from native dictionaries, where I think such etymology worth notice. Then to give the different significations, whether as verbs, nouns, adjectives, &c., and at least one quotation to illustrate each signification, with reference to the page and line where found. This will be the body of the work: but my plan includes a good deal more, for as the whole of the ancient history, geography, &c. of China is contained in these Four Books and Five Classics, I want my work to be a sort of "Classical Dictionary" on these points. Hence I propose short biographical, historical, geographical sketches under the appropriate characters, with references to such native and foreign authors as may give the student fuller details. You see this is a pretty extensive plan. As to time, I have no idea that I can do it in less than five years, without neglecting other works which I think are entitled to the first place.

But here I am met by a great difficulty. We have few books in Ningpo. My library is by far the best there, and yet it is a poor thing compared with some that are in China, and it is miserably deficient in works relating to China, many of which are quite essential to me, in carrying on my undertaking. Is there any way of supplying this want? The books I refer to would cost I suppose some five hundred dollars, and would be of great service, not merely to myself, but to all our mission, and I think ought to be possessed in a mission like ours. I will make out a list of them in a few days, and send to you by next mail. I mentioned several of them in some former letters, which I hope you will be able to procure. They are all to be had in Paris or Berlin. . . .

My health is very good, and I remain as ever,

Your affectionate son,

W. M. Lowrie.

Shanghai, June 4th, 1847.

My Dear Mother—

. . . . I am now staying at Bishop Boone's, and see as much company in a day as I did in Ningpo in a month. I do not know yet how long I am to stay at Shanghai, but I suppose at least six months, to my great regret. I shall be glad if it be not a year. The change of scene and air and employment has done me good, for I had begun to "run down" in Ningpo, and lost both appetite and flesh. This, however, did not alarm me, for it has been so every summer since my coming to China. . . .

The changes here since my visit two years ago, are quite surprising. A whole new town of foreign houses has sprung up since then, and some of them are quite magnificent. It will soon be the Canton of the North, but give me Ningpo for a residence and for missionary labors.

I believe you do not know anybody here, so I have nothing to say about them to-day. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

W. M. LOWRIE.

Shanghai, July 23d, 1847.

REV. JOHN C. LOWRIE—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I am in your debt for several letters, which I must now endeavor to repay. I have been here nearly two months, and as yet am quite unable to give any definite idea when we shall get through. Owing to the uncertainty of travelling up and down this coast, some members of the Convention did not get here till the 28th ult.; while I, who was punctual to the day, had to wait on my oars from the 1st ult. After we got together, all went on well for a week, when we were stopped by a question which has excited no little talk and writing for some time, "What is the proper word for God in Chinese?" Morrison and Milne have adopted the word 神 *Shin*, which, according to the best judgment I can form, means *God*, or *Divinity* in general. Mr. Medhurst for many years used the same term, and even so late as this present year, 1847, has published a dictionary in which he says, "The Chinese themselves, for God, and invisible beings in general, use 神 *shin*." But some twelve years ago or more, he began to use 上帝 Shang Te, *Supreme ruler*, for the true God, and 神 *shin* for false god. Mr. Gutslaff also did the same; and these two being the best and most experienced Chinese scholars, had of course great weight. And most of the missionaries were carried away by their example. For some years past, however, there has been a good deal said on the subject, and a strong disposition manifested to return to the old way. 上帝 *Shang Te* is objected to, first, as being the distinctive title of the national deity of China, and hence something like the Jupiter of Rome; and second, it is not a generic term, and cannot be used in such passages as "Chemosh thy God, and Jehovah our God," "If Jehovah be God," &c. "The unknown God, him declare I unto you," &c. In fact there are many verses where the point and emphasis rests on the use of the same *generic* word all through, as in John x. 35, 36, 1 Cor. viii. 6, &c. Hence of late many of the missionaries wish to return to the old word, and a good deal has been written in the Chinese Repository, and a great deal said on the subject. Dr. Medhurst, however, has taken up the cudgels in earnest, and printed a book of nearly three hundred pages, in which he maintains that 神 *shin*, never means god, much less the supreme God. This, by the way, is in opposition to three dictionaries of his own, published in the last ten years. And he fur-

ther maintains that 帝 *te*, which properly means *ruler*, is the *generic* term for God in Chinese; and that 上帝 *Shang Te*, "High or Supreme Ruler," is the proper word to translate *Elohim* and *Theos*, when they refer to the true God. So the case stood when the Convention met. We went on with the revision very well, till we came to Matt. i. 23, where the word *Theos* occurs. Dr. Bridgman then proposed that we use the word 神 *Shin*. Bishop Boone seconded this; and it was well known that my views coincided with theirs. Dr. Medhurst and Mr. Stronach, took decided ground for 上帝 *Shang Te:* and so we have now been discussing this question for three weeks, Medhurst and Boone being chief speakers. The latter is a superior debater, and having a very quick and logical mind, pressed Dr. Medhurst so closely, that he declared he must have all down in black and white. We agreed to this, and Bishop Boone and myself worked hard for a week, and wrote out an argument for 神 *Shin*, covering twenty-six folio pages. Mr. Medhurst, who had spent five months in writing his book, and scarcely allowed us ten days to answer it, took our answer so seriously, that he said he must have some weeks to prepare a reply. So he and Mr. Stronach are now engaged on this. I greatly fear that the result of all will be, that each side will hold their own views, and Dr. Medhurst and Mr. Stronach will secede. In that case there will be two versions or none. A large majority of the missionaries in China, I believe, are for 神 *Shin;* most of our missionaries are strongly for it, though one or two hesitate a little; all the Baptists; all the Episcopalians, both English and Americans; most of the American Board missionaries, and several even of the London Missionary Society. This of itself is a strong proof for 神 *Shin*, for it shows that even the acknowledged Chinese scholarship of Medhurst and Gutzlaff is not able to command assent for 上帝 *Shang Te*. But I did not mean to write so much on this.

. . . This summer, so far, has been very pleasant; nothing like so hot as last year. I am staying at Bishop Boone's, where they make me feel very comfortable. Hitherto our agreement of views on the question we have been discussing, has made us the best of friends. He is of course a strong Episcopalian, but withal very catholic, and speaks very cordially of "other churches" and their ministers as "ministers of Christ." He has shown an excellent spirit, thus far, in the convention.

Mr. Milne often speaks of you with much kindness. He and Medhurst and Stronach, are all well. Believe me ever,

Your affectionate brother,

W. M. Lowrie.

Ningpo, 29th July, 1847.

My Dear Father—

.... I think it probable that we shall have the remainder of the discussions respecting the term for God next week. It is my daily prayer that we may be directed to a right conclusion. The importance of the subject seems to grow the more it is examined, though this is often the case, even in unimportant matters, when the mind is intently fixed on them; and the more examination I give it, the more I feel satisfied that without the *generic* term for God, it will be extremely difficult to give the Chinese correct ideas of our theology. If that word be not *Shin*, I am utterly unable to see what it is. Dr. Medhurst now says it is Te, but this is an idea taken up within the last five months, and is in opposition to all his own dictionaries, and translations, and to all the experience of all who have ever written in or on the language. I make my remarks in this sweeping style, because convinced of their truth. Even the Chinese say, "We don't use the word Te in that sense." Oh for the Spirit of wisdom and grace to direct us! It is a matter of much thankfulness that Dr. Boone's health permits him to take an active part in the discussion; as the character of his mind and acquirements, and his readiness as a debater, are of the utmost importance in discussing with Dr. Medhurst. Having no fondness for such contests, I say but little; but spend a good deal of time with Dr. B. in examining the subject in the native Chinese authors.

I hope in the next overland to be able to give an account of the close of the discussion. In the meantime, I suppose it will be better not to publish anything about it, beyond the general fact of the Convention being in session.

I am anxious to study the *Manchu Tartar*, a language not studied as yet by any one of the missionaries, but of great importance in explaining Chinese, as the French scholars have shown in their books published in France; and which, as this country becomes open to us, and allows us to go further north, will be found to be of great utility. See an article on this subject in the Chinese Repository of 1844, by Mr. Cushing. For this, I would like the following books:—Gerbillon, Elementa Lingua Tartarica; Amyot, Grammaire Tartare Mantchou; Langles, Dictionnaire Tartare Mantchou Francais, 3 vols. 4to; Klaproth, Chrestomathie Mandchou: Paris, 1828.

So far the summer is very pleasant, and my health better than in any previous summer. . . .

Your very affectionate son, W. M. Lowrie.

Shanghai, August 8th, 1847.

Rev. Joseph Owen—

Dear Brother:—I wrote to you some time ago a letter which I hope you have received. I now write on a special occasion, and

shall be very glad if you can give me a pretty full answer by return mail. I am here attending a Convention for revising the Translation of the New Testament into Chinese. We are divided on one point of great importance. Some of us in translating אלוהים and Θεος, wish to use the word 神 *Shin*, which is the Chinese term for God, or Divinity in general. It is applied to all their gods, from the highest to the lowest, and to the spirits of ancestors, which are always deified and worshipped by their descendants; and the being who is supposed to be in all their idols is also called 神 *Shin*. Hence it is the *generic* term for God, just as Θεος, ("Gods many and Lords many, but to us one God," &c.) Others of us prefer the term 上帝 *Shang-te*, which means *Supreme Ruler*, and is the name or title of the chief divinity worshipped by the Chinese. This is not a generic term, nor capable of being applied alike to true and false gods, nor of being used in the plural. Such is the state of the case.

What I want to ask is, what is the custom in India? Do you find any term applied by the natives to all their gods? And do you use this term, and say, "You worship many *gods*, but they are false, and we preach to you the *true God!*" Or do you use a distinct term, in speaking of the true God, from that used to designate false gods?

Some say that in Arabic there is one term for the true God, which is used for him alone, and others for false gods; and that in such sentences as "Chemosh thy god, and Jehovah our God," (Judges xi. 24,) different words are used to express the word אלוהים. Is this so? Any light you can give us will be very valuable. Please direct to me at this place, care of Rt. Rev. W. J. Boone, D. D., Shanghai, as I shall probably be here when your answer comes.

The question is a very important one here, and has been a good deal discussed. Medhurst, and Gutzlaff, and John Stronach, are the chief advocates of 上帝 *Shang-te;* Legge, Bridgman, Boone, and myself, are among the supporters of 神 *Shin*, as were Morrison and Milne before, and a majority of the present missionaries in China.

My health is very good, as is that of most of the members of our mission, saving the languor produced by the heat of summer. Poor Brother Speer has lost both his wife and daughter. Dr. Medhurst preaches three times every Sabbath, and twice during the week, to audiences varying from one hundred to four hundred persons. Two or three persons have been baptized here, and as many in Ningpo, and, on the whole, we are encouraged.

With kind regards to Mrs. Owen, and a kiss to your son, believe me, in haste, ever

Affectionately yours, W. M. Lowrie.

P. S. Do not delay to answer my inquiries. If you have any pamphlets on this subject which you can spare, I would like to see them.

Ningpo, November 3d, 1847.

Walter Lowrie, Esq.—

My Dear Sir:—I send to you, by this opportunity, a long article, which I found among the papers of your much lamented son, which were sent down from Shanghai. I have been deeply interested in reading it, and if published, it will now speak with more powerful effect to those to whom it is addressed, because the beloved author has gone to receive his reward where these trials will be known no more forever. I have often conversed with him on the subject of which the paper treats, and many of the sentiments it contains, I have heard him repeat frequently in conversation—sentiments to which I can subscribe with all my heart, though to many of them not so *feelingly* as he could. . . .

Affectionately yours in Christ,

M. S. Culbertson.

It is high time that the romance of missions were done away. It is high time that not merely the missionaries themselves, but the churches who send them out and pray for them, and wait to hear of their successes, should form sober and just views of the various parts of the missionary work. Yet I know of few harder things to be done than this. Owing to improper and highly colored statements early laid before the Christian public, and to the even yet too common practice of presenting only one side of the picture, in platform speeches, the idea has become engrained in the minds of multitudes of Christians, that the missionary work is something radically different from that of the minister at home. Moreover, there are comparatively few of the members of our churches who appreciate aright the state of the heathen. Vague general impressions of great wickedness, are nearly all that most people have of the condition of idolaters. One of the worst consequences of this vagueness of impression is, that Christians form no definite or accurate conception of the nature of the work to be performed. They are perpetually applying to the heathen their knowledge of what exists among Christian communities; or perhaps more properly it is this: Many Christians think of missionaries as beings almost above the ordinary vicissitudes and weaknesses of humanity; as having already "begun to enjoy heaven;" and they think of the heathen as certainly possessing much of the general knowledge which is so commonly possessed at home, that no one thinks of recollecting where he learned it.

Now the influence of these two mistakes is most injurious. It is easy for the missionary to see the injury they produce; but it is not so easy to remedy them. I know of hardly any way in which

they can be remedied, except by the missionary opening up and spreading out his own heart and his own feelings before the Christian public. Could our brethren at home but see the heathen as we see them, and share our feelings as we look upon them, a more sober and practical view of things would soon possess the minds of the churches. It may be said, "Well, this is a very simple affair. Why do you not thus tell us what you think and feel?" Because, brethren, simple though it seems, it is one of the hardest and most perilous things a man can attempt to do. When a man talks of himself and of his own feelings, he is almost sure to be betrayed into egotism, and egotism will rarely fail to give disgust. It is a very hard thing for a man to talk of his own sayings and doings, without mingling a little more of himself in what he says than he ought; and the consciousness of this keeps many a man on mere generalities or descriptions, which excite little interest, while his own feelings, which would thrill through your very hearts, are carefully and purposely, and in many cases wisely kept in the recesses of his own bosom.

It is a blessing to any Missionary Society when it possesses among its missionaries one or more of those humble, simple-minded, sincere laborers, who can talk of themselves, and reveal their own feelings without offence, or giving rise to the thought that they are seeking to make themselves conspicuous. Such a man was the late Rev. R. W. Sawyer. Few communications more deeply interesting than his have appeared in our Missionary Chronicle; and the reason mainly was, that the feelings of the man were simply and truthfully depicted in his journals. There was in them no effort at display; those who knew the man would never suspect him of such a motive. Had it pleased God to spare his life, we might have hoped in a few years to have had a series of communications from him, which, stating simply the true condition of the heathen, and giving his own earnest feelings along therewith, would have rectified the views of many respecting the character of missionary labors in heathen lands. But he has gone to an early grave, and to his crown in the heavens.

The writer of this is not competent to do what Brother Sawyer might have done. He feels that he does not possess that meek, unambitious spirit, and that for him to attempt to write thus fully and frankly, would be to expose himself to the charge of ostentatiously parading his own emotions, a thing that would defeat the very object of such communications. Yet being deeply anxious to correct some of the misconceptions that prevail, I shall endeavor in this essay to give, in a somewhat general form, some of the facts and feelings with which myself and other missionaries have been conversant. If in doing this, I should after all fall into the error above referred to, it will only be an additional proof of the truth of the remark; and may I not hope that those who may detect the error, or the sin, will at least be convinced by it, that missionaries are men of like passions with others, and must be

sustained by God's grace, and the prayers of God's people, that they may rightly prosecute their work among the heathen.

Much misapprehension exists at home as to the nature of the trials of missionaries in heathen lands. Even yet there are those who fancy that they consist almost wholly in temporal or bodily privations. Now the truth is, that though there are outward trials experienced by missionaries, and some which would call forth many complaints from some who dwell in their "ceiled houses" at home, yet in most missions these are the trials that give least uneasiness. In fact, in most mission stations, the missionary lives in a state of bodily comfort, such as your backwoods' ministers and domestic missionaries might envy. The new missionary, with his romantic feelings fresh in him, and his ignorance of the wants of a strange climate, is sometimes surprised at the state of comfort in which he finds his predecessors living; and cases have occurred, where, on the details of their mode of life being communicated at home, no small ill-feeling and dissatisfaction has been produced among warm friends of missions. I will not deny that, in some cases, more time and more expense have been bestowed by the missionary, in making his nest comfortable, than ought to have been given; but I am persuaded that, were the churches fully aware of the state of things produced by the climate, character of the people, and nature of the work to be performed, they would feel that too little attention has been given by the missionaries to their bodily condition. The remark is *frequently* made in the East, by those who have longest lived here, that American missionaries are too economical; and I certainly know of cases, where the spending of a few more dollars in procuring attendance of servants and bodily comforts would have, humanly speaking, averted many an hour of suffering and sickness, and perhaps would have prevented some of those "returns of missionaries" of which so many complaints have been made.

In hot climates, good houses and a sufficient number of servants, are not mere matters of luxury. I have brought on myself an atttack of sickness, by going on foot only a short distance in the middle of the day, when prudence would have ordered me to spend a quarter or a half dollar, and go in a chair carried on men's shoulders. It would have been economy too, for the time lost by the sickness was of far more value than the few cents saved by the course adopted. Some of the complaints made at home respecting the extravagance of missionaries strike us here, as inconsistent with the expectations entertained by those who make them. We are sent here, having among our secondary objects, to teach civilization; and some complain that we live in a civilized style. We are sent here to introduce among the people some of those refinements that adorn civilized life; and yet, there are actually some who complain of a missionary's wife for cultivating flowers in her garden, or hanging pictures round her room! Possibly too, some of these austere censors would object to the

practice that some of us have, of spending an evening occasionally in visiting at a friend's, where lively conversation occupies the time, and little or no direct allusion is made to the great work in which we are engaged. I do not refer to these things in a captious or fault-finding spirit. Probably there are few who make such complaints, and those more from thoughtlessness than from settled distrust of the self-denying and laborious spirit of those who are the objects of their censures.

The object of the remainder of this essay will be, to give some of the real trials of a missionary. I do not do this as complaining of them, but partly for the sake of setting those right, who may entertain romantic and consequently erroneous views; and chiefly to beg an interest in the prayers of those who read. Knowing our trials, you will know what we need. Knowing what we need, you will not fail to beseech God to supply our necessities.

The missionary's first trial is commonly in the language he has to learn, and that in several respects. He comes to his station and feels himself on missionary ground. He is astonished and almost sickened by sights of idolatry which he had heard of, indeed, at home, but which he now sees with his own eyes. His heart is overflowing with the desire to testify against the sins he sees, and burning with zeal to urge upon the people repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh for the tongue of an angel to speak unto them the words of life! Alas! my brother, your mouth is closed, your tongue is tied. You cannot speak with even "stammering lips" in this "other tongue." What would you not give now for the gift of tongues! But there is no help for it, and restraining your zeal as you may, or employing it in prayer to God, since you cannot speak to men, you sit down to your books, with your heathen teacher at your side, and work away, in a hot climate, sustained by hope. You are all anxiety to learn the language, and you toil away, day and night, forgetting or neglecting the advice and warning of your more experienced predecessors. The stock of health and the vigor you have brought from your native land, and your sea voyage, sustain you, and you feel no particular need of extra care to preserve your health. Months pass away. If you are in India, you begin to talk some in less than a year; if in China, during your second year. But about this time the impression steals over you, that you have not quite so much bodily vigor as you once had; and if you are thoughtful, the fact that you catch yourself reclining on a couch at times, when in your own country you would never have thought of such an indulgence, leaves the unpleasant conviction on your mind, that though all things in the way of hard study may be possible or lawful, yet certainly "all things are not expedient;" and that if you wish for length of years and prolonged usefulness in your heathen abode, it must be at the sacrifice of some of the diligent and close application that your own climate would allow, and your own country would require.

Sooner or later you begin to talk with your teacher and servants, and by degrees you get them to understand that you really have not come out to make money, or seek pleasure, or gain honor. Perhaps they will think that you are some sort of a religious devotee, who expects to merit heaven by the performance of good works, and that you have chosen the profession of a missionary as that in which your energies are to be spent. How often have I heard it said of me, that I was the son of a very rich man, who came out here to see the world, and amuse myself! Others, again, could not be persuaded that I was not the agent of our government, with some confidential errand. Others, again, that at the longest I should remain but four or five years, and then go back home. If, surmounting all these misapprehensions, you at last get those around you to understand your motive, you will scarcely avoid being cut to the heart by finding that they do not appreciate it in the slightest degree. Although you have come out to do them good, and your heart's desire and prayer is, that they may be saved, yet you will be highly favored indeed if you do not find yourself cheated by your servants, and ridiculed by your teacher behind your back, and regarded as an "outside foreigner," and fair game by the community in general.

You will find, too, that the study of a hard, dry language has a disheartening effect on your zeal and ardor as a missionary. It is not easy to study out declensions, and cases, and tenses, and conjugations, and particles, and to wade through dull tomes of heathen learning, nonsensical speculations, and unintelligible metaphysics, and at the same time to keep up the freshness and simplicity of spirit and the earnestness, that are necessary in speaking face to face with an unconverted man. The two things are certainly not incompatible; but it will not be surprising, if, when engaged in such studies, under the influence of an exhausting climate, you find yourself losing some of that ardor you felt when your foot first rested on a heathen soil, and your eye first saw men bowing down to idols. And as by this time you will have had the sad proof which experience gives, that the hearts of the heathen are not naturally open to receive the gospel, and that they are more ready to laugh at your blunders in pronunciation than to practise your exhortations to piety, it will not be strange if you find some disinclination to open your mouth at all. As this is an unexpected difficulty, it may cost you many a painful reflection ere you find it removed.

Here is another difficulty which meets you in the language, and one which you never dreamed of when you were preaching or talking on religion at home. You are learning a heathen language, and it has few terms to express Christian ideas. What word will you use to speak of God? There is no word in the language which is not polluted by associations with idolatry. If you use the name of the highest divinity known to the people, they will think you favor their own system of religion. If you

use the abstract term for God, they will ask, "What God do you mean?" and perhaps will run over the names of half a dozen of their principal gods, to see if it be not some one of these you intend. You say, no; you mean "the true God." Why, they never thought of such a thing as a false god! They will very willingly allow that your God is a true God, but they expect equal toleration for their own; and you will find it no easy matter to convince them that when you speak of God, you mean only one. How will you tell them of Jesus, that dear name on which all your hopes are centered? It is a stranger to them, and, I speak with reverence and with sorrow, the mention of it excites no more emotion in their minds, than of Cæsar, or Pompey, or William, or James. How will you tell them of the Spirit? They have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost. Nay, so materialized has become their language, that it is very doubtful whether you can find a word that means Spirit in it. What will you do for "justification," "adoption," "sanctification," "effectual calling," "election," "salvation," "faith," and fifty other terms, without which no sermon is ever composed, and no prayer ever offered at home? You will not find them. You will be surprised to find that even the most experienced missionaries are not perfectly agreed as to what are the best terms to be used; and you will at last find yourself obliged to settle down on the conviction that the language of the people must be converted and Christianized, as well as the people themselves.

You have not the gift of tongues, but must learn the language by a slow and laborious process; for the dictionaries, grammars, and other helps for learning it, are not quite so good as those for learning Latin and Greek. When it is learned, you find it is not an instrument all ready for use; but that you must mould and polish it, to make it express ideas that it never expressed before.

But we will suppose that these first difficulties are overcome; and though you are still far from being a ready speaker, yet you can delay no longer, but must deliver your message, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. You have your first sermon prepared. You have studied it carefully. You have prayed over it. You have wept over it. You prepare your house, or chapel, or whatever it may be. You open your doors, and with a heart not wholly calm and at ease, you wait for your hearers. Do they come, "like clouds, and like doves to their windows?" Not at all. If your house is on a frequented thoroughfare, they come tumbling in, as if to a theatre, or a puppet-show. If in a more retired situation, they drop in by twos and threes, to see the stranger, or to hear and tell of some new thing. After getting something like order established, you commence to talk to them; and if you get on better than you expected, you are much gratified. Some few give a fixed attention; and yet if your own eyes are about you, you must see that even they are occasionally puzzled

to know what you mean. The most of your audience, however, stare vacantly; or listen as they would to the chattering of a monkey, or the voice of a strange animal. Perhaps some one may audibly say he does not understand you; or perhaps others may praise your correct pronunciation, and declare that you must be a very talented man to be able to speak their language so well. But probably in the midst of your discourse, it may be, whilst you are delivering some of your most earnest exhortations, two or three get up and walk out; or one man commences an audible conversation with his neighbor; another smokes his pipe; and another takes nuts out of his pocket, and very deliberately employs himself in munching them.

Nevertheless, you are encouraged. Your mouth is at last opened; and you pour out to God the fulness of a grateful heart, that to one who is less than the least of all saints is this grace given, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. On the next Sabbath you go to your place with rather more confidence and hope. But perhaps it is a rainy day, and no one comes, and you are dreadfully cast down.

After a few days' experience you begin to be accustomed to the fluctuations and turbulence of a heathen audience, and to feel less anxiety as to your own ability to speak to them. You can now observe some things better than at first. One thing that you soon notice, is, that few come a second time. Once is enough, when they find you are talking of subjects that will neither fill their bellies, nor clothe their backs, nor put money in their purses. Probably enough, a few will come more than once; but rarely will any come regularly. You might care less for this, if those that did come, would stay to hear all you have to say at one time; but unless you use some art, or assume some authority, or lock your door, you will probably find that half of those who heard the beginning, will not hear the end of your discourse; while all that some will get, might not inappropriately be compared to the "two legs, or a piece of an ear," that the shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the lion.

You find too, that your hearers are utterly ignorant of most of the first principles of the oracles of God. It will take you some time to appreciate the thick darkness that covers them. There is "a covering over them, a veil spread over the nations," of which those educated in a Christian land can form little conception. No child in your Sabbath-schools at home is so ignorant, as is every man and woman to whom you preach here. Nor is this strange. No mother ever taught them a Catechism; no church-going bell ever sounded in their ears; no Sabbath ever disturbed their ceaseless round of business, amusement, and sin. They have bowed down to idols, until they think their gods are like themselves; and when you attempt to speak to them of Him who made the heavens, you bring strange things to their ears. Talk of Jehovah, and they at once suppose he is your national god, or perhaps some god of

the hills, but not of the valleys. Talk of Jesus and the Resurrection, and they will say you are "a setter forth of strange gods."

They never heard of Jesus. Tell them he is the Son of God, and they begin to ask about God's wife, and how many children he has. Tell them of Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Elijah, and Paul, and John, and the names are totally new. They never heard them before, and they awaken no associations in their minds. Tell them of the wonders of the creation and the deluge, of the plagues of Egypt and the flames of Sinai, the desert and the Jordan, and the Promised Land, and if they find no difficulty in believing you, it is because their own books tell them tales as wonderful as these, and believed with as implicit a faith as the Bible is by us. Tell them of the miraculous conception of our Lord, and they are rather pleased to hear it; for in their histories there are several instances of the same nature recorded. Miracles make little impression on their minds, for they have read of many equally wonderful, and their minds, untrained to weigh evidence and balance testimonies, place the same confidence in lying legends as in the Scriptures of truth. What hold have you on such minds as these? And when, leaving the sphere of miracles and external evidences, you come to the holy law and the *internal* evidences of religion, which after all are the only ones you have to depend on here, you are met by new difficulties. It is said of the Indians of America, that when discovered by Columbus, they were so ignorant of the character and power of their new visitors, that they played with the most dangerous tools, and caught the naked sword blades with their hands, not knowing that they would cut. It is so here. Wield the "sword of the Spirit," as you will, if it is you alone that wields it, it will make no impression. Their seared consciences will suffer its sharpest edge and turn it aside, and they will smile under your most solemn appeals, apparently unconscious that the message can be for them. You find few among your hearers in the United States, who cannot understand the allusions to Scripture which you make, and not unfrequently it happens that a bow drawn at a venture, sends a shaft to the obdurate heart. In the life of the devoted McCheyne, it is said that he once took shelter during a shower in a forge, where a man was attending a furnace. Pointing to the blazing flame, he said to one of the workmen, "What does that remind you of?" That one simple sentence, for he said no more, was under God the means of his conversion. But the conversion of a heathen from hearing such a remark, would be a miracle. He would not understand the allusion. It would excite no fears in his breast. Hence you must be a teacher of babes—but no, for that would be a luxury compared with this. You must be a teacher of those who are as ignorant of God's truth as babes are, and as full of sin as years and heathenism can make them, and with hearts as firm as a stone, yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. If you are a Christian, if you desire the glory of God, if you desire the salva-

tion of men, you cannot labor among such a people as this, without some feelings of sorrow, which a table scantily supplied, or a patched coat, or even a bed of sickness. has never told you of.

Our fluctuating audiences and constant new-comers keep us always on the very simplest truths; for few of those who heard the sermon on the last Sabbath, come to hear the one of to-day. Hence the same tale must be repeated every day, and without much care to present the oft-told tale in a new light, the few who may have come more than once or twice, become dissatisfied at the repetition of the same truths, and come no more. In the midst of all these discouragements, it will be very strange, if after a few months or even less, you do not feel the thought rising up, "Well, there is no use in talking to a people like this."

Depend upon it, my brother, you will not find yourself in heaven, with the garments of your sinful mortality or liability to Satan's temptations left behind you, merely because you are a missionary to the heathen. While you are thus discouraged by seeing no fruit to your labors, and apparently no effect produced, you will not fail to find Satan busy with you, and your own heart seconding his assaults. You must not think that he will suffer you to batter the walls where he has so long entrenched himself, without an answering charge. The captives of the mighty and the prey of the terrible one, will not be so easily let go. He will come to you, and tell you that you are doing no good, and never will do any; that you had better cease at once, or go where you can do more. He will fix your mind so strongly on the difficulties, as to keep you from seeing the promises. He will fix your attention on the weakness of the earthen vessel, and keep you from looking to Him whose is the power and the glory; and at times you will feel such a repugnance to open your lips before a heathen audience, such a shrinking from the work, that like Jonah when he fainted and wished in himself to die, you will say, "It is better for me to die than to live."

How long you may have to labor in thus gathering out the stones, and clearing away the jungle, is of course not for man to say. One might indeed conjecture, that it will be until you are brought fully to feel, not only your own utter helplessness, but also to long for the blessing and presence of the Spirit, "with groanings that cannot be uttered." As long as there remains in you any part of that spirit which will not give all the glory of success to God, you can hardly expect a blessing on your labors; and perhaps God may see fit to humble you, by long failure of apparent success, until your only wish be, "Let what may become of the poor worm, but oh God, glorify thy name." But in the mean time, if your heart is at all right, it will be no small trial to labor thus. I speak not of the mere feeling of anxiety lest the expectations of friends at home, anxious to hear of your success, should be disappointed. There may be some with whom this is a main motive to exertion; but it is one of such inferior moment, com-

pared with that of commending one's self to God as a faithful steward, that I should be sorry to see much prominence given to it. But there are other considerations connected with such labors. There is that of "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," and there is that of *loneliness.*

Bear with me a moment. You look over your congregations, and there are some whose faces beam back to you the emotions you feel in your own hearts. There are some who love Jesus; some who are awakened; some who are serious; some who are inquiring. You go out among your people, and you find at least here and there a family altar erected. You may grieve as you pass by the dram-shop; but you never have to avert your face as you pass an idol's temple. You go into the burying-grounds, and can say, "This one sleeps in Jesus, and that loved friend I shall meet in heaven." You look over a wide-spreading valley, as you climb some hill in your pastoral visitations, and as you look over the scattered houses, you can say, "In this and that house there is one who can say, 'Christ is mine.'" How sweet are some of the reflections excited by such objects, in the "Dairyman's Daughter!" And there are few neighborhoods in your highly favored land, where the faithful pastor is not privileged to make some such reflections. You are not alone. The Spirit of God moves among you; and the very air you breathe wafts sighs, and prayers, and praise to heaven.

It is not so here. Our congregations are dead. We have no Christian families to visit. It is not pleasant to go through the crowded burial grounds here, or to look out over the plains. Death reigns. An idol temple deforms every scene. The air is loaded with the smoke of incense offered to devils. The breezes waft sounds of idolatrous worship to our ears. We look over a region where there are thousands and myriads of people, and we feel that we are alone here. Oh, the loneliness, the utter desolation of soul, I have sometimes felt in walking through these crowded streets, the very dogs barking at me for a foreigner, and not one among all these thousands to whom I could utter the name of Jesus with any hope of a response. Dry bones! Very many in the open valley! Very dry! We are walking among decaying skeletons, and grinning skulls, and death reigns. *This is loneliness.* Brethren, I have read many accounts of the destitutions and sorrows of domestic missionaries in the West, and the times have not been few in which the unbidden thought has filled my heart, and almost found utterance from my mouth, "Give me *your* privileges and I will share your sorrows." What are food and drink compared to trials such as these?

How long! Oh Lord, how long! these "long desolations?" Satan mocks! As with a sword in my bones he reproacheth me. He saith daily unto me, "Where is your God?"

It may be that some, on reading these lines, will feel an emotion of surprise, not unmixed with censure. "Is it a missionary who

writes thus? Are these the joys that missionaries feel? Are these the complaints they utter? We thought they had been men of stronger faith, of firmer nerve than this!" It may be you have thought so. Many do, forgetting that we are men of like passions with yourselves, and that we have not a healthful, vigorous public sentiment to support us as you have. We have temptations like yours, perhaps worse, without your abundant external means of guarding against them. Our souls are polluted by the abominations with which we are surrounded. We have to look on idolatry and vice as common things, and to accustom ourselves to see with comparatively little concern things that would deprive you of your rest. We must do this, for human nature could not always bear up under the fresh horror, with which the new missionary looks on these dark places so filled with the habitations of cruelty. We must also more or less feel the influence of the public sentiment of these heathen lands; which, so unlike yours, like the hot blasts of summer that weaken our bodies, blows over our souls with its sickening influences, like the poisonous breath of Ill-pause in the Holy War.

Say that we have converts. They do not speedily rise to the stature of full-grown men, as so many of yours do. Far more than ourselves, they are under the influence of the evil public spirit that prevails here. It is hard for them to rise, as you see men rising. We have no such richly stored libraries of books of devotion to spread before them as you have. No Baxter, or Flavel, or Doddridge; nay, as yet, hardly even the blessed Bible to put in their hands. We have not the Sabbath school, and the bible class, the monthly tract visitor, the faithful elder, the mother in Israel, and the goodly company of the church, to assist the pastor in his work, as you have; for almost the only Christian example they can see is our own.

These discouragements and trials are inseparable from the nature of our work. Some of them will wear away after a few years, and others will give place to those of a different character; but in the commencement of a new mission there must be such as these. Some missionaries will feel them more than others; but as yet I have met with none who would not more or less sympathize in the most of what is written above.

Fathers and brethren, mothers in Israel, and sisters in Christ, make your own comments and reflections on what has been written; but forget not to pray for those who are often troubled on every side, though not distressed; perplexed, though not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

W. M. Lowrie.

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES, AND OTHERS, ON THE DEATH AND CHARACTER OF THE REV. W. M. LOWRIE.

From the Rev. A. W. Loomis, of the Ningpo Mission.

Ningpo, August 25th, 1847.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

HONORED AND VERY DEAR SIR:—It has become my painful duty to act on this occasion as the bearer of mournful tidings, and may you, my dear sir, and your family be enabled to say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good." I need not attempt to hide anything from you: for your God, who has enabled you cheerfully to consecrate one after another of your dear children to his service here below, will enable you submissively to resign them when they are called to his service above. I trust you will be able to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

Our brother, Walter M. Lowrie, whom we loved, is no more, for God has taken him. We have confidence that our loss is his unspeakable gain. The stroke has fallen heavily upon us, yet He who loved him infinitely more than we could, saw fit to take him to himself.

The news of this melancholy event reached here yesterday, brought by Mr. Lowrie's long tried and faithful servant, and by another Chinaman in the employment of the mission. [Mr. Loomis then mentions that this man had been sent from Ningpo to Shanghai, where Mr. Lowrie was attending the Convention for the revised translation of the New Testament, requesting his return to the station at Ningpo, with reference to certain occurrences at that station.] Mr. Lowrie, with these two attendants, set out from Shanghai on Monday, August 16th, by the canal to Chapoo. They arrived, all well, at Chapoo, on the morning of the 18th. A boat was engaged, one of the regular passenger boats, and on the evening of the 18th all went on board with their baggage, to be in readiness for an early departure next morning. During the day of the 18th inst., he had been about through the city without anything unpleasant having occurred in his treatment by the Chinese. On the morning of the 19th, the boat in which they

had taken passage set sail very early. The wind was unfavorable, being strong from the south. Accordingly it was necessary to beat, and the boat sailed, as is supposed, about twelve miles in a south-easterly direction; when suddenly a vessel was seen bearing down upon them very rapidly. It was a craft like those which belong to Chapoo, with three masts and eight oars. At the sight of this vessel the boatmen and other Chinamen (passengers) in the boat, were greatly terrified, and were for turning back, but Mr. Lowrie endeavored to allay their fears. As they drew nearer, he showed a small American flag which he had with him, but still they came on, and soon discharged their firearms. Upon this, he went to the inner part of the boat, having been previously standing in the open part of the boat in the bow. When the pirates came, they boarded the boat with swords and spears, and began to thrust and beat all who stood in their way; especially they seemed to seek out and maim the sailors, or the strong and able-bodied, to put an end to their interference. All agree in stating that they did not see a *single* blow inflicted upon Mr. Lowrie. He is said to have seated himself on a chair or box, and remained quietly; and when they were breaking open a trunk with their heavy spears, he took out the key and gave it to them, saying, "There is no need to break it open, here is the key." The pirates continued their work of plunder, breaking open everything and taking out such things as they wished, and stripping even the clothes from the Chinamen. Yet they did not touch anything that was on him; even his watch, and perhaps seven or eight dollars that were in his pocket, they did not take. They stripped and beat his servant, which he requested them to stop, as the poor man was sick. Being probably unable to stay and witness such cruelty, he then went out and sat on the bow of the boat.

Before they had finished plundering, something seemed to have awakened a fear in the minds of the pirates, lest when he reached Shanghai they would be reported to the authorities, whereupon they debated for a moment whether they would kill him or throw him alive into the sea. They hastily determined upon the latter, and two men seized him; and they being unable to effect their purpose, another came up, and he was thrown overboard. One of the boatmen, who was near to him during his last moments, states that while the pirates were ransacking the boat, he was engaged in reading his pocket Bible, and when they seized him on deck, he had it still in his hand. As they were in the act of casting him into the sea, he turned himself partially around, and threw his Bible upon the deck.* He had also the presence of mind, as he was going overboard, to throw off his shoes, and he swam about for some time in the water. He was seen to turn

* This Bible was afterwards found and taken to Ningpo. It is a copy of Bagster's 12mo. edition in Hebrew, Greek, and English. It is the same copy he preserved with so much difficulty and care in his shipwreck in the Harmony.

several times, as if he would struggle towards the boat; but as one of the pirates stood with a long pole, having an iron hook at the end, in his hands, ready to strike him when he approached, he desisted, and soon sank. Such has been the sad end of our dear brother. . . .

I will not add to your distress by alluding to the deep gloom caused by this most melancholy news. May our Lord remember us in this bereavement. May his parents and relatives be able to say, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him."

With much respect,

I am yours in the Lord,

A. W. Loomis.

From the Right Rev. W. J. Boone, D. D., of the Protestant Episcopal Mission at Shanghai.

Shanghai, August 31st, 1847.

Walter Lowrie, Esq.:—

My Dear Sir:—I cannot resist the strong impulse of my heart to commune with you, and to mingle my sorrows and tears with yours at this time. Our merciful and loving heavenly Father has seen good, in his infinite wisdom, to afflict us all in a very tender point. To you especially, my dear sir, he has sent a very heavy trial. May his grace be abundantly bestowed to enable you to bear it with entire submission to his will. Indeed, my dear sir, he is too wise to err: too good to do what is unkind.

In his infinite wisdom it has seemed good to him to take to himself your beloved Walter; and that, too, under circumstances which have wrung our hearts with anguish. My heart's prayer for you is, that when you hear the sad story, you may be enabled to say with the aged Eli, "It is the Lord; let *him do* whatsoever seemeth to him good."

He has done so, and, in this case, not in wrath, but in mercy and in loving kindness. He has removed your dear son from his vineyard on earth to a nobler service in his sanctuary above.

His work was done. The time of his removal arrived, and the circumstances thereof I am persuaded were ordered for the benefit of us who survive, rather than for anything to be effected thereby on our dear brother himself.

You will no doubt receive full particulars from your brethren at Ningpo, but lest their letters may not reach you by this overland mail, I will mention them. You are aware that he was at Shanghai as a member of the translating committee. On Saturday, the 14th August, he received a letter from his brethren at Ningpo, requesting him to join them immediately. [Dr. Boone here relates the particulars of this melancholy event, as given in the letter of Mr. Loomis.] . . . His servant escaped to Ningpo, and communicated these particulars, which we devoutly thank God

he has permitted to reach us, so that we hear of him to the last moment, and that these violent men did not mangle his body.

Oh, my dear brother, I feel that these are sad tidings to write to an affectionate father of a son, and of such a son; but for our consolation we can surely say that the finger of God was never more manifest in the removal of any of his servants than in this case. To my mind, the very *slightness* of the *secondary causes* upon which his life and death seemed to turn, manifest the *clearness* of the *Divine Decree* to take him to his Heavenly Home.

This event has thrown my family, who had the privilege to enjoy his company for the last two months and a half of his earthly existence, into the deepest affliction. Dearly as I know he was beloved by the mission with which he was connected, yet I believe no one in China mourns his loss as I do. We were together daily for two months and a half, laboring together in what we both believed to be the most important matter connected with our Master's cause in China, with which we had ever been connected.

Circumstances occurred when he was under my roof which drew our hearts very closely together, and which now, as I look back upon them after what has just transpired, I cannot but regard as a merciful preparation to him for his sudden death. Whilst he was with me I was twice threatened with attacks of the brain, which I thought would prove fatal in a few days. On these occasions we had much conversation on the subject of a sudden summons, and how a Christian should live and feel in view of such an event. The person whose call was supposed to be near at hand was myself. We never dreamt that he was so near the confines of eternity; but he entered into the subject with me with all his heart. Never have I heard any one converse, who had a more delightful state of child-like simplicity of heart in relying upon the Saviour. I remember particularly our conversation, when we were sitting alone one moonlight night, upon my terrace. We were speaking of the case of a man removed from his field of labor in the prime of early manhood, when he gave promise of daily increasing usefulness. His train of thought was striking, and much impressed my mind; it was intended for consolation to me. God grant it may prove so to you, my dear sir, when you read it. He said he could not view this matter as most Christians seemed to do. He could not call it mysterious, *peculiarly* distressing, as was commonly done. On the contrary, to his mind, there was something peculiarly cheering to survivors in such a death. In the case of an old man, he was removed in the common course of events. Even to our eyes his work was done. But not so with the case of which he was speaking. The peculiarity of it was, that there was promise of much more to be done here for the glory of Christ. This world, however, we may be well assured, is but the first stage of our existence: God's children are employed in services infinitely more glorious, and that con-

duce much more to the glory of his Holy name, in the sanctuary above, than any employments entrusted to them on earth. Should we not then, said he, use their early manhood, their manifest capacity, for usefulness in the vineyard here below,—indeed, every argument which can be pleaded, derived from their prospective usefulness to the Church on earth, to assure ourselves that God has called them to a more than common post of usefulness in the Church triumphant. His modesty and deep humility would have prevented his applying this to his own death, but from my heart I adopt it as the *true interpretation* of our Heavenly Father's dealing with him and with his cause in China in this instance.

If this be the true view of the case, most cheering indeed is the assurance it affords us of his present happy state and glorious position.

No one in China promised to do more for the cause of our Divine master than he. Just brought out by his brethren's choice to a participation in the work of revising the translation of the Scriptures, this call upon him was having the happiest effect in overcoming his disposition to modest retirement, and making him feel the necessity that was laid upon him, to take a more prominent stand among those whose attainments in the language qualified them to participate in all of a general character that was doing to advance the Saviour's cause. In the unhappy division of opinion which exists with respect to the proper word by which to render *Theos* [God] he took a prominent part in the discussion, and wrote on this subject one of the ablest articles that appeared in the Chinese Repository.

He was daily growing in power, and the field of usefulness was continually opening wider and wider before him; but God had work for him above this vale of tears, and now leaves us mourning and sorrowing, to do the great work without his aid. O, that by the Spirit's gracious influences he may more than supply this loss to us, and that the work, for which our beloved brother was laboring with all his powers when he was taken away, may be so accomplished that his own most Holy name may be glorified thereby.

We had promised each other, that if *my life* was spared, we would labor much together to set the plain doctrines of the cross, by means of tracts, before this people; but, alas! he is not, for God has taken him.

May we not suppose that the object of our gracious Saviour, in giving us, in addition to the general promise of the resurrection of all at the last day, the special assurance that "the sea shall give up its dead," is to assuage the grief of those who have been bereaved as you are, and whose precious ones lie buried in the deep.

Believe me, my dear sir, very sincerely yours, in the hope of a common resurrection with our beloved brother,

Wm. J. Boone.

From the Rev. W. Speer, of the Canton Mission.

Canton, September 25th, 1847.

My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lowrie—

By this mail you will receive intelligence of an event which has bowed the hearts of the little company of brethren here with the deepest sorrow. How may we expect it to affect the parents of one so worthy of their love, and doubly endeared by his sacrifices of home and the advantages of a Christian country for his duty to Christ.

To the Lord, my dear friends, you gave your son, to be disposed of entirely for His glory. It was a contract in which there was no proviso for long life or any other particular favor; but a whole consecration of your most precious gift, your own child, to live, to toil, to die, in such way and time as God should decree in the exercise of infinite wisdom and benevolence to our race. I have been made myself deeply to feel that, in the great moral government of the Almighty, sacrifices of life or happiness or property of individuals are small matters, compared to the divine schemes for the everlasting salvation of multitudes, and finally of our whole race. Kings, even, and the interests of empires are as "small dust." The dreamy hopes, joys, and sorrows of this preparatory existence will sink into the utmost littleness, when beheld from the midst of the glorious and vast mansions whose doors are yet unopened to us.

Your departed son was, you will allow me to say, one of the ornaments of our branch of the Church, one of the missionaries most dear to its heart, and whose labors and writings had attracted most attention and interest. To our mission in China his loss is at present irreparable. His mind was cultivated; his aims truly noble. He gave promise of the largest usefulness. My former personal friend and College-mate, residing in the same house, and members of the same Literary Society, I had become much attached to him and honored his character. I feel in my heart the greatness of the loss. He had written to me twice, within the short time I have been here, letters full of affection and piety. I can realize in some measure how severe will be the blow to you, his parents. I can only point you, my loved, respected friends, to the same source of consolation that I have found under afflictions that almost crush the heart. My *all* is gone; a wife whose tender and patient love for me, and whose many virtues, my pen cannot express; my lovely infant daughter, just putting on the sweet smiles of intelligence and affection; and I am left alone. But I feel that they are taken by God. They are in heaven, really, now, *in heaven;* and very happy. They were removed also to make me more holy: and above all in the accomplishment of His unsearchable plans for the redemption of the heathen, which are beyond my comprehension,

but which I "shall know hereafter." The sources of consolation to you are the same. It is my fervent prayer that God would mercifully sanctify them to your comfort.

I desire to present my most affectionate regards to Mrs. Lowrie, the memory of whose kindness to Mrs. Speer and myself is grateful, and to whom I ought before this to have written particularly. . . .

I remain, with sincere affection and respect,

Yours in the work of the Lord Jesus,

WILLIAM SPEER.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CANTON MISSION.

Whereas, We have heard with the deepest sorrow of the death of our beloved brother, the Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, of the Ningpo Mission; and whereas, it has pleased an infinitely wise and gracious Providence to remove one who was so much beloved and esteemed, and who was so well qualified by his eminent talents, his ripe scholarship, sound judgment, and devoted piety, to be eminently useful, and an efficient laborer in this great field: therefore,

Resolved as follows, viz.,

1. That while with deep humiliation and resignation we acknowledge the hand of God, and say, O Lord, "thy will be done," yet we do deeply deplore the death of our dear brother as a great loss to our missions in China; as a great loss to the cause of God here where the harvest is so great, and the laborers so few; and as a great loss to the Church, of which he was an able and faithful minister.

2. That we will affectionately cherish the memory of our departed brother, his services, his worth, his devotedness and zeal; and that we thank God for the precious memorial of faith and patience he has left us.

3. That whilst our hearts are deeply pained that he should have perished by the hands of violent men, yet we rejoice in the assurance, "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

4. That we present to the respected and esteemed father and family of our beloved brother our tenderest sympathy in this heavy affliction; and assure them of our constant and fervent prayers that abundant grace may be given to support and comfort them under this trying bereavement.

5. That to our beloved brethren of the Ningpo Mission we express our deep sympathy and condolence in the severe afflictions through which they have been called to pass; and assure them of our constant and earnest prayers in their behalf; that God would mercifully and graciously guide and support them.

and cause all these things to work together for their own good and the furtherance of the gospel.

*From the Rev. John Lloyd, of the Amoy Mission.**

Amoy, September 17th, 1847.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR MR. LOWRIE:—Yesterday I received the sad, the very sad intelligence of Walter's death. I need not tell you how much I was affected by this afflictive event. Walter was very dear to me. I loved him with a brother's love. He was my dearest earthly friend. We were born into God's glorious family about the same time. We entered the church on the same day. We formed the resolution of devoting ourselves to the work of foreign missions about the same time. We often took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God. We often talked together of God's kind dealings with us. We often spoke of our hopes. I recollect one instance of this kind which occurred at Jefferson College. We went out into the groves to commune with each other, and as we talked by the way, our hearts did burn within us. Walter often alluded to this walk and talk in the groves of Canonsburgh in his letters, and spoke of it as an antepast of the joys of heaven. All this intimacy with him while we were in college gave me opportunities of learning his worth. I knew his inward mind on those subjects which were nearest and dearest to his heart, and I can most freely say that the more I knew him the more I loved him.

After Walter left college, I saw no more of him till I met him in Macao, in October, 1844. In the providence of God our meeting was of short duration. I soon left that place for Amoy. What I saw of him there, gave me higher notions of his piety, of his sound judgment, and of his intellectual character, than ever I entertained before. My love and admiration could not but be increased. I heard him preach and address religious meetings only two or three times. He was very solemn, and his solemnity was contagious, if I may use the expression. It possessed the rare quality of radiating from its centre, and entering the hearts of all around. Hence his discourses, which were plain and practical, always took hold of the feelings as well as the intellect. One never wearied listening to them, and one always left the meeting feeling that he had received both instruction and spiritual benefit from what he had heard.

My dear Mr. Lowrie, it is not my intention to write an eulogy upon Walter; but I cannot but feel that you, and I, and the Church of God have sustained a very great loss. This loss more nearly

* This able and beloved Missionary has also finished the work which his Master had for him to do in China. He died at Amoy, of typhus fever, on the 6th day of December, 1848. Thus after a short interval, these two friends met, as we trust, in the presence of the Saviour, to be separated no more forever.

concerns you, and though I cannot fully appreciate a parent's tender feelings and yearnings in behalf of his beloved offspring, yet I can realize in some degree the depth of that grief which the news of this severe affliction will produce in your mind. I most deeply sympathize with you. My heart bleeds for you. I feel totally unfitted to administer consolation. The blow is too heavy to admit of alleviation by anything that I can say. I can but weep with you over the loss sustained. But, though I cannot afford relief to your mind in this season of sorrowful bereavement, yet there is one who sympathizes with you, and who is fully able to console you in this hour of heavy affliction. That Jesus, whom Walter loved, knows the depth of your grief. He knew it before the sad event occurred. He has consolation for all the sons and daughters of affliction. He is a tender comforter. The bruised reed will he not break, the smoking flax will he not quench. To him you can go with all confidence. He is waiting to hear your cries. What a privilege God's dear children possess!

When God afflicts them, he does it as a tender, loving parent—he does it for their good. This affliction is for our good. I feel it to be intended for my good. I had wrong views in relation to God's work in China; I almost felt that it could not go forward without Walter. I felt that we must have him to control and counsel us, to manage our operations, to rebuke us when wrong, to encourage us when right. I felt that we needed him to oversee the press, to prepare tracts, to assist in revising the Scriptures. I knew that God had endowed him with a noble intellect, had given a sound judgment, had bestowed upon him much grace, and had eminently fitted him for a high station in this great harvest field. I knew all this, and felt that we could not spare him. But God's thoughts and ways are not as ours. He has taught me that he can do without us, even the best of us. He has no need of our poor assistance. When he sees fit, he calls us to himself. He has called Walter thus. We idolized him. God has rebuked us. But he has taken Walter to himself. This is my consolation. I have no doubts on this point. I feel as sure as I can on any subject based on moral evidence, of the safety of Walter. He is happy beyond conception. We mourn his loss and feel our spirits depressed, but he is beyond the influence of sorrow's pains. Walter wrote me not long ago a letter, in which he spoke freely of his feelings. He was mourning over inbred corruption, and found all his hope in Christ. I thought for a moment of sending this letter to you, but what need is there for this? You have many letters from him, the spirit and sentiment of which leave your own mind free from all doubt as to Walter's personal interest in the blood of the precious Saviour.

I love to think of Walter. Many of the sweetest spots of my existence teem with delightful recollections of him. It may seem strange but it is true, that the thought of being saved with Walter and dwelling with him forever in heaven, has often filled my

soul with peculiar emotions of joyful satisfaction, and has aroused into life a sweeter affection for the blessed Saviour, who was pleased to give me a title to the same inheritance which he has conferred on him. Walter has already entered upon the enjoyment of that inheritance, and is now employed with the patriarchs and prophets, with the apostles and martyrs, and with the General Assembly of the first born in heaven, sounding the high praises of him who loved him and washed him in his own blood, and made him a king and a priest unto God and his father. He was ripe for the kingdom and his work was done, and so God took him to himself, and now employs him in the upper sanctuary in a higher and holier service.

Would that I could fill up the void which this sad bereavement will make in your parental heart! But I have hopes that God will sustain you. He enabled you to give up Walter with cheerfulness to the work of Missions. He enabled you to bear up under the distress of a long separation. Surely he will not now forsake you in this the extremity of your grief! I trust you will feel that the cause of missions still needs your aid; that the Church has work for you still to do; and especially that God, by this dark and mysterious dispensation of his providence, is preparing you for more self-denying labors in the station which he has called you to occupy. God may intend by this event to accomplish more for that cause which Walter so dearly loved, than (speaking humanly,) could have been accomplished by him if he had been spared many years. Of one thing we are sure, God does nothing wrong. He brings good out of evil; all his ways and all his dealings with the children of men are right and holy. May we therefore be submissive; may we bow and kiss the rod and him that hath appointed it; may the blessed Spirit save us from all murmuring on account of his dispensations; may he give us meek and lowly minds; may he sanctify to us all his heavy afflictions, and may he make them work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! May the God of grace sustain you.

Yours with all sympathy, JOHN LLOYD.

From the Rev. Thomas L. McBryde, of the Amoy Mission.

Lowndesville, S. C., February 1st, 1848.

REV. JOHN C. LOWRIE—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I wish to commingle my sorrows with yours and those of your father and the family, on account of the deep affliction that has been sent upon you, and not only upon you, but upon the whole Church. As one who loves the cause of missions, I feel it deeply; for this cause has received a heavy stroke indeed. I have ever looked upon our departed brother as one of the pillars of the China mission, and my hopes were that he would be long spared, with his eminent qualifications for such a work.

But our trust is in God. If we can only, as ministers and as Christians, improve this event, as our venerable father, Dr. Alexander, exhorts us to do in the last number of the Chronicle, it will redound to the greatest good of missions, and the glory of our blessed Lord. The faith and zeal of the Church has not been what they ought to have been, else God would not thus chastise her. She needs such trials to bring her up to that standard which is required of her in God's word. But I need not comment on this subject.

This event has not only afflicted me as a lover of that cause from which our brother has been taken away, but I am afflicted as a friend, I might say as a relative, for he was very nearly related to me, much nearer than the common ties of birth and blood. He had a place in my heart, and in the heart of my dear companion too, which few others have. We loved him like a brother and a sister. And well might we love him; for he was with us in our sorrows, and helped to dry up those tears which were wont to flow so freely in yonder distant land, when sunk by disease, and pressed down by the still heavier weight of being compelled to leave the field of our early and ardent choice. The sympathy and the counsel of our dear Walter under such circumstances, can never be forgotten. But we shall meet again, and

> "There, on a green and flowery mount,
> Our weary souls shall sit;
> And with transporting joys recount
> The labors of our feet."

Yes, dear brother, I expect to meet him there, and you too; let us, then, be up and doing. Excuse me for breaking up the fountain of grief once more: it is by no means dried up in my bosom. Ever since the reception of this mournful intelligence, the boat and the scene have been almost perpetually before my mind. And since this intelligence came, I have received a letter from our brother, dated Shanghai, July 20—I suppose one of the last letters he ever wrote. It contains nothing more than his usual friendly, cheerful letters do, else I would send it to you.

Yours most sincerely,

THOS. L. McBRYDE.

From the Rev. Thomas McClatchie, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society.

Shanghai, November 20th, 1847.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR SIR:—The accompanying volume has been forwarded to me to be given to your son, as a token of esteem and friendship. Mr. Smith and I arrived in China about three years ago, from the Church Missionary Society. Shortly after our arrival, we formed an acquaintance with your son, whose amiable

qualities and Christian character commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Mr. S. has been obliged to return home in consequence of ill health, and having published a work on China, he sent me some copies to be distributed here as presents to his friends, and amongst others one for our dear deceased brother. A brother truly he was in every respect to those who knew him, and who cultivated so desirable a friendship as his. His consistent Christian walk while amongst us, when called to remembrance, assures us beyond the possibility of doubt, that he has gone to that glorious abode where his Saviour Christ hath gone before him. May we who survive him, be enabled to follow in his footsteps as he followed Jesus!

But not only had our dear brother gained the esteem and love of the members of the foreign community, who had the privilege of being acquainted with him, but he also established for himself a high character amongst those poor heathen who were the especial objects of his ministrations. I accidentally met with a lad the other day, who had but a short time ago arrived here from Ningpo. In alluding to our dear friend, he said, "Ah! he was an *excellent* man." We have also suffered a severe loss indeed, in a literary point of view, in his removal from amongst us. He was a good Chinese scholar, and, in a late essay which appeared in the Chinese Repository, he threw much light upon a most momentous question, now under discussion amongst the missionaries.

As he is now taken to that rest which is his, as one of the people of God, I beg leave to present you with the accompanying volume, which will perhaps sometimes call to mind the esteem and love which we all felt for him who is not *lost* to us, but only "*gone before.*"

Believe me, my dear sir, truly sympathizing with you in your irreparable loss,

Yours most sincerely, THOMAS McCLATCHIE.

From the Rev. E. W. Syle, Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Shanghai, China, September 20th, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR—

Knowing that Bishop Boone had written to you immediately after we were made acquainted with the bereavement which falls so heavily upon us all, but heaviest on you, I have delayed the offering of my small mite of consolation, until I should have an opportunity of sending you what, I suppose, will be to his family an interesting memento of your early, but not prematurely summoned son, Walter. It is a copy of the inscription on a large stone tablet, which stands close by the wall of an old Romish Chapel in our immediate neighborhood; and also, of the epitaphs on the tombstones of six priests, who lie buried at the rear of the house.

During his sojourn at Bishop Boone's, I was his conductor in a number of short excursions, made for the purpose of seeing whatever objects of interest lay in our immediate neighborhood. One of these excursions was to the old, half-ruined chapel above mentioned; and at the time, our lamented brother requested me to send a copyist to the place, and direct him to transcribe the inscriptions for him.

I send the first, rather than the later copy, thinking that under the circumstances I have mentioned, it would have an especial value in your eyes.

Many were the brief morning visits which I paid to your son's little study while he was with us, and many are the remarks made by him on those occasions, which now come back upon my mind with a weight which they seemed to lack at the time I heard them, because of the gentleness of manner and modulation of language with which they were expressed. . . .

Knowing that he had given the subject of the Millennium much attention, I asked him to come over one evening and make me acquainted with the views he had adopted. He came accordingly, bringing with him the well-worn Bible, with the pages of which he was so familiar, and we spent two or three hours of, to me, most interesting intercourse, and comparison of Scripture with Scripture, bearing on the question of the speedy coming of the Millennial period and reign of Christ. I cannot say that I was led to adopt his views; but I was much impressed with the illustration afforded by his own case, of the elevating effects of the study of this subject. His entire freedom from asperity, the marked moderation of his views, his sobermindedness, and the greater readiness with which he took the spiritual, rather than the intellectual or ecclesiastical view of any subject—all these excellencies (and they were peculiarly his) were, I am sure, greatly fostered by his dwelling, as it were, among the "goodly fellowship of the Prophets," and by his daily habit of looking for those great things which, as he expected, were soon coming on the earth. From the earthly realization of these expectations he has been taken away; but doubtless he now understands better than any of us the things that shall be hereafter.

I often found him writing, and have heard him remark that he supposed he had averaged four pages of writing a day since he had been in China. He advised me to pay a good deal of attention to the children of Sunday Schools at home, and to send them letters as often as I could. He seemed to feel little hope of interesting those in the Church, who had grown up in the *habit of not caring* for the work of making the Gospel known to all the inhabitants of the earth.

I must now close my letter. In doing so I hope I need not apologize for not having said more in the way of consolation than I have done. Be assured that it is with the sincerest sympathy Mrs. Syle and myself offer our condolences to yourself and your family. Other, and far better comfort than we can offer will, we

know, be vouchsafed to you. We have little fear that this dispensation of Providence will have the effect of dampening your zeal or discouraging your hopes in the work of missions; and our prayer is that others may not read amiss the meaning of this bereavement.

Believe me to be, my dear sir,
With much respect and affection,
Yours in the Lord, E. W. Syle.

From the Rev. Joseph Owen, of the Allahabad Mission.

Allahabad, November 19th, 1847.

My Dear Mr. Lowrie—

We have just received from China the distressing news of your beloved son's death, and there is in the Mission a deep and universal feeling of sorrow and sympathy, which I have been requested on their behalf, to express to you. Some of us knew your dear son personally, and are thus in some measure prepared to appreciate the loss to you and all your family and friends, caused by his death. We all knew him, through the Missionary Chronicle, as a faithful ambassador for Christ, in perils often, perils of water, perils of robbers, suffering shipwreck, and spending nights and days on the deep. I had the privilege of knowing him as a beloved fellow-student, and, since we have been in the eastern world, as a dear friend and correspondent. Four days ago, on the 15th inst., I received from him a letter, dated Shanghai, Aug. 8th, where he was attending a Convention for the revision of the New Testament in Chinese. He wished an answer by return mail, to some inquiries respecting the terms we use in the India dialects to represent the Supreme Being, and wrote in good health, and encouraged with his prospects of usefulness. On the envelope I found with sad surprise, the following lines from Brother Happer, dated Canton, Sept. 21st. "You will excuse my opening this envelope to inform you of the lamented death of the beloved writer of this note. He was murdered by pirates, when returning from Shanghai to Ningpo, Aug. 19th, near Chapoo. They threw him into the sea, and he was drowned. All our Missions are in deep grief. Our ablest and best man has fallen." These sad tidings were confirmed the next day by the Friend of India, in which we found an extract from the China Mail of September, which I have had copied, and will send to you with this. You will no doubt have heard directly from China before this reaches you, yet every scrap of intelligence on the subject will be valued by you, and therefore I send you all that we have

This is indeed a mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence. Truly God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. Dear Walter was qualified in no ordinary degree for the great work in which he was engaged. His excellent scholarship,

ripe judgment, extensive and matured knowledge of China, the deep foundation which he had laid in its difficult language, and above all his unwavering and ardent love to the Redeemer and his Church, prepared him to be very extensively useful in that immense field. But God has again shown us, that the excellency of the power in the great work of the world's conversion, is to be, not of us, but of Him, and given another illustration of that great truth, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit." I feel that another tie to earth is broken. I loved Walter most sincerely, and have known and loved him ever since he was nineteen years old. Many of our pleasant interviews I shall never forget, and I trust we shall with delight converse about them hereafter. In particular, I remember the kind visit he paid me, at my father's, a short time before I left America. We took a long ramble together in the fields, enjoying the sweet fresh air of spring, part of the time on the winding, beautiful banks of the Croton, and conversing of our future prospects. His heart was then towards Africa, but subsequently God directed him to that glorious field in which he has now fallen. His usefulness, however, has not terminated with his sojourn on earth. His name is precious, not only to those who intimately knew him, but it must be to thousands. His career was short, but very eventful. He was called not only to do, but to suffer much for the Lord Jesus, and he did it as a good soldier, falling eventually as a leader in one of the foremost ranks. A breach has been made by his fall, not easily filled. God grant that his example of labor and patience, of zeal and wisdom, of faith and love, may call forth many dear youth from our American Zion, to count not their lives dear to themselves in publishing the glorious gospel to the land of Sinim. He has been removed from a lower to a higher sphere of service. Though he rests from his labors, yet he is not inactive. But we see through a glass darkly. We know little, and in our present state are capable of knowing but little, of the glorious service in which he has joined the redeemed around the throne. The dark, fearful billows that closed above him as he sank into the sea could not contain his spirit. In a few minutes his ransomed soul was with the blessed Redeemer, forever beyond the violence of earth and of hell. And if the kind, considerate authorities at Ningpo should not succeed in recovering his remains, it will matter little after a while; the day will soon come when the sea shall give up its dead, when the members of Christ's body scattered throughout its immense, dismal caverns shall all be recovered, brought and joined to their Head, and forever made like to his glorious body. We may be sure that the Omniscient and Omnipotent Saviour will not allow one particle of his purchased possession to be lost. We hope soon to be with him in the midst of the glorified throng. We are repeatedly and emphatically reminded that the fashion of this world passeth away.

The tidings that you conveyed to me a little more than two months ago, were some of the most painful that I ever received.

I was looking forward with very great happiness to having my own dear brother with me here. But the disappointment, with the almost certain prospect of his speedy death, is a deep affliction. I bless God who has not allowed a murmuring thought to arise in my heart. He knows what is best for his Church, infinitely better than we do, and the multitude of his ransomed ones in India and China, shall surely be brought home, though we and all others now on the field should fall. God is trying his Church by terrible things in righteousness. He has taken to himself some of our most useful fellow-missionaries of late. On the 19th of Aug. your son; on the 1st of Sept. the Rev. J. Macdonald of the Free Church Mission, Calcutta, a very holy, useful man; on the 7th of Sept. Mrs. Hill, who had been for twenty years a faithful missionary at Berhampore; and not long ago Mr. Whittlesey, a very useful missionary of the American Board, died in Ceylon. Other useful laborers are obliged to leave the field, as dear Brother Rankin, and Mrs. Scott. And others God is keeping from coming. Ought not the Church to think of these things? These are loud calls to us here, to the Committee at home, to the ministers and elders, to the sons of the prophets, to every individual in the Church, to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, that in due time he may lift us up. Trusting, my dear friend, that God will sustain you and all your family under the afflictive stroke of his holy providence of which you are soon to hear, and assuring you that this is the united prayer of us all, I remain as ever

Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH OWEN.

From the Rev. John Wray, of the Allahabad Mission.

Allahabad, November 18th, 1847.

MY DEAR MR. LOWRIE—

It is with the most sincere and heartfelt sorrow, that I take up my pen on the present occasion. The recent melancholy news from China is calculated to call forth our sympathy on your behalf, and that of the different members of your family.

Although you will receive a letter from our mission through brother J. Owen, expressing our united sympathy, I cannot deny myself the privilege of expressing my feelings, when one who stands in so near a relation to us is suffering under an unusually severe and trying bereavement. It was my privilege to be a fellow-student with your son in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. I often met with him at our missionary conferences; well do I remember the spirit with which he entered into every subject connected with foreign mission operations. We all then felt, that our dear brother possessed those qualifications which would make him an eminently useful missionary, in any part of the mission field; but more especially in China, where natural talents, energy,

and perseverance were essentially necessary. We were not disappointed in the estimate we had then formed of his qualifications. From time to time, I have read his valuable contributions in the Missionary Chronicle, with no ordinary degree of pleasure and profit, for his pieces seemed to possess the rare quality of imparting at the same time edification and pleasure.

It has pleased the Master whom we serve to bring to a speedy termination the labors of our dear brother. Painful and distressing as has been the way in which he has been taken from his family, the Church, and the heathen, among whom he labored so successfully, there is this consolation, that he has been removed from the toils and labors of the Church below to the enjoyment of the unspeakable bliss of the Church above, forever to stand in the presence of that Saviour, whom he so ardently loved and so faithfully served on earth, the advancement of whose kingdom and glory appeared to him as the only object worth living for.

No doubt the Lord will overrule this sad event to the advancement of his own glory; his purposes are often to us dark and mysterious, but as nothing happens by chance in his government, we may conclude, that either the Church in America, or the missionaries in the foreign fields, needed to be urged to a proper discharge of their duty by some striking dispensation of his providence; and surely the one under consideration speaks to the Church, and to us missionaries, in a language not to be misunderstood or disregarded.

My dear and esteemed friend, may the Lord who has sent this more than usually severe affliction on you and your family, with the affliction bestow all needed grace, comfort, and consolation! May the sympathizing Saviour pour abundantly into your wounded hearts the consolations of his Gospel, which have ever been found so refreshing to his tried and afflicted people. I may add, that all the Lord's dear people at this station have expressed, in the kindest manner, the deep interest they feel in your severe affliction, and I am sure you will not be forgotten at a throne of grace, by those who love the Saviour and his cause.

My dear wife unites with me in expressing our most sincere regards to yourself, Mrs. Lowrie, the Rev. J. C. Lowrie, and the other members of your deeply afflicted family.

Yours in much Christian affection,

JOHN WRAY.

From the Rev. Levi Janvier of the Lodiana Mission.

Lodiana, January 17th, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. LOWRIE—

. . . . When I wrote last, I made no allusion to the agonizing bereavement with which the Lord has seen fit to visit you; for I wrote in much haste, and I felt that it was not a subject to be thus

lightly touched; but indeed I still feel that nothing which I can say is adequate to the case. What can I say, except "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." I referred to the matter in writing to Mr. J. C. Lowrie, still hoping that the whole might prove a rumor; but there has been nothing to countenance such a hope. I feel it a personal loss; but what is my loss compared with yours, and with that of the Church! Dear sir, my mind shrinks from the contemplation of the lamentable tragedy; but still you know as well as I, that the beloved departed must be viewed, not as the prey of ferocious men or buffeting elements, but *as he is*, the blessed tenant of a heavenly mansion, to which he has been called before you, and where he awaits your arrival. By what route he arrived there, is now to him a most unimportant and secondary consideration; nay, a matter of complacency, and a theme for praise. He was engaged in his "*Father's* business," and his Father permitted, yea, appointed the method of calling him into his presence. And as for ourselves, faith must say, "It is well," "It is the Lord," while to the flesh it is a dreadful blow. Dear sir, you have my deepest sympathy, though I know full well what a poor alleviation that is. But the consolations of God are substantial; they are "neither few nor small." May *He* sustain you: He is able to do it.

Now, dear sir, with Mrs. Janvier's and my own affectionate regards, I remain in Christian bonds,

Most sincerely yours,

L. Janvier.

From the Rev. James Wilson, of the Furrukhabad Mission.

Agra, February 20th, 1848.

My Dear Mr. Lowrie—

. . . . I have refrained for two months past from any allusion to the afflicting intelligence from China, which you must have heard before this time, from the feeling that I could not touch upon it, without opening up afresh a wound which was but too deep before. I trust before this reaches you, you will have accustomed yourself to look at the subject in that calm and mellowed light, which Christianity throws over those parts of Divine Providence, which appear dark and heavy in their bearing. The loss of a *son* who is amiable, intelligent, and pious, is under any circumstances a heavy affliction. But when in addition to all this, he was just becoming thoroughly prepared for the performance of a work, which the Bible has taught us to believe of vast and immeasurable importance, the affliction is rendered more deep and poignant, by the dark, unfathomable character of the providence which accompanies it. I trust you will be enabled to keep your mind in a position to say, with the mother in Israel whose only son was cut down in his youth, "It is well." "The Judge of all the earth" will do what is

well. How hard it is to learn, and how often it has to be re-learned, that the Lord does not depend on, or choose his instrumentalities for the accomplishment of his purposes, as we would choose them. How often he, in his perfect knowledge of the subject, lays aside or removes the very instrumentality, which we think the best suited to accomplish an object of great importance. This, I doubt not, is the light in which nearly all of those most familiar with the character of the work to be accomplished in China, will look upon the removal of your son from that important field of benevolent enterprise. Yet the Lord will show in the end, that this was the best means which he had of preparing others to perform the work for which we thought him so well prepared. The Lord does not undervalue talents and acquirements and fitness for the discharge of important duties, but he often uses these in a way which we thought not of, and for which we were not prepared. I suppose the churches at home, and the Board, and the missionaries abroad, were looking and trusting too much to the fitness of the instrumentality. The Lord selected that portion of the instrumentality which they thought the fittest, and removed it. May he himself enable the churches, the Board, and the missionaries, to make such improvement of the subject, as shall make them to be a prepared instrumentality for the accomplishment of the purposes of grace, which we have no liberty to doubt that he has towards the people of China. If this sad stroke be only the means of leading the churches, the Board, and the missionaries, to a deeper tone of piety, and a more humble dependence on Divine wisdom for help and guidance and success, and to more earnest prayer for these, then it will be seen in the end that your son is not dead in vain. You have had many things connected with the missionary enterprise to try your spirit. This last is of a deeper tone than they all. Yet I have no doubt that you will in the end, find that it has been the means of greater blessing to you than any of them.

Eternity will throw a brightness around the subject, which our dim-sightedness prevents us from seeing amid the clouds and darkness of this world. Glimpses of that you will be permitted to see even in this world. But the full brightness which will beam upon it when the curtain is removed, will be such as to remove from your mind all regrets as to the premature and painful removal of your son. The Lord will bring out the problem, both to your surprise and *satisfaction*. Leave it then with him, till he brings out the result.

I am yours with affectionate regard,

JAMES WILSON.

From the Rev. James B. Ramsey, of the Choctaw Mission.

Spencer Academy, February 5th, 1848.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

DEAREST SIR:—Permit us to mingle our tears with yours on account of the mournful intelligence from China. The paper containing the intelligence had been lying for nearly a week on the table unread, when, feeling unwell, I picked it up, and almost the first thing that met my eye was the notice of your son's death. It came indeed like a thunderstroke; and it was not till I had retired to another room, and returned, that I could speak of it to Mrs. Ramsey. I knew him, and loved him, and cannot now think of him but with tears. How, then, must his sudden death pierce a father's heart! "When one of the members suffer, all the members suffer with it." This we now deeply feel, and it is to assure you of our sympathy and our prayers that I now write; not to comfort, for consolation must come from another source; and how to draw it thence, your long experience in the Christian life, and of the Spirit's consolations, has doubtless fully taught you. While your heart bleeds, as it must to a degree the stranger knows not of, may the Spirit's consolations abound, and the blessed Saviour's voice of love sweetly soothe and abundantly sustain you!

We feel his loss to be a common one, and one which the Church must deeply feel, more deeply in proportion as his worth was known. But still, why should we speak of a loss? The work in which he was, and we are engaged, is carried on under the auspices of a Leader who loves his cause and his people far better than we, and who can make these things all instrumental in hastening on the accomplishment of the great and glorious result. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." Surely, then, his people may at all times rejoice in his dispensations, even when clouds and darkness are round about them.

His work was quickly done, and the Master has taken him to himself. We would feel it to be a loud call upon ourselves to give all diligence to do our Master's work, as we may have but a short time to honor our Saviour in.

Yours affectionately,

JAS. B. RAMSEY.

From the Rev. R. M. Loughridge, of the Creek Mission.

Creek Mission, January 24th, 1848.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just heard of your great bereavement, and the great loss of the Church, in the death of your son Walter. Is it true? The account came here in the New York Observer.

Can it be that he is laid aside from that great work in which he was engaged, and for which he was so eminently qualified! Truly the Lord's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts. I have read the accounts of the deaths of many missionaries, but I have never felt the death of any brother so much as that of Brother Lowrie, in China. I was for a short time a classmate of his, so that I had an opportunity of knowing something of his talents and acquirements. It always seemed to me that he was the very man for the important station which he filled, suited in every way to be a missionary to the Chinese. But he is gone. How soon is his work ended! The Lord had need of him. How dark and mysterious is this providence! Why is he so soon called away? What are we to learn from this dispensation? Although a violent act by a band of pirates, yet it is all ordered of God for some wise purpose. It is our duty to bow in humble submission to his will. I know, my dear brother, that it is a trial, a severe trial, to you. But you know where to go for consolation. You have the best of evidence that your son was ready, and it is now well with him. "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." Soon we will meet our dear friends in heaven. Your brother, R. M. Loughridge.

From the Rev. J. L. Wilson, of the Gaboon Mission, Africa.

Mount Clio, January 13th, 1848.

Rev. John C. Lowrie—

My Dear Brother:—The papers brought us yesterday the astounding intelligence of the death of your dear brother. If it is the slightest alleviation of the grief that you must all feel, be assured of our most cordial sympathies, and I have no doubt but thousands of other Christian hearts feel equally as much.

Your honored father must have been almost overwhelmed by this event. And yet, why should he? It was under the sovereign eye of a most merciful God that this deed of violence was perpetrated; and as inexplicable as it may be to us, I have no conviction more firmly made on my mind, than that this very event will be overruled, so as to subserve the cause of missions and the salvation of the heathen more effectually even than the life of your brother.

My own aged father, who could more easily enter into the feelings of your father than most persons, could scarcely compose himself to sleep last night after hearing the painful intelligence read; and if such were his feelings, what must have been those of your own family? God grant you all grace to recognize his hand in this event, and to exercise the most cheerful resignation to his holy will!

Accept of my sincere sympathies, and believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

J. L. Wilson.

From the Rev. James Read Eckard, of the Ceylon Mission.

Philadelphia, December 30th, 1847.

Rev. John C. Lowrie—

My Dear Brother:—It was not until this morning that I ascertained the truth of the report in the newspapers of your brother's death in the service of his Heavenly Master. I went twice to the Mission Rooms, but they were vacant each time. This morning I went again, and was told that no doubt was entertained of the painful tidings. I did not wish to write on the subject while there was, or might possibly be, any room for doubt.

I had no personal acquaintance with your brother, but have repeatedly thought of him with interest, not only from his relationship to you, but from what I had learned of his character for piety and talents from others. Although, when he perished by the hand of violence, it was not directly on account of his being a missionary, yet indirectly and really it was. Had he not been led by the love of Christ and of the souls of men to that distant field of half-civilized heathen, the peril would have been avoided. It was doubtless with a full view of all the dangers to be encountered—whether from disease, or the sea, or the evil passions of lawless men, that he went. When, in the last century, the Moravian missionaries were massacred by the Indians of North America, when, in modern times, Lyman, Munson, and Williams, died by violence, the sentiments and voice of the churches added their names to the long list of the martyrs of Jesus Christ. In spirit they were such, and also in their mode of death. They were in a very real sense witnesses for Christ, not only in their death, but in its peculiar circumstances. The name of your brother is now written on that glorious list. That it was long since written in the Lamb's book of life, and that he now is in the enjoyment of his Saviour's presence in Paradise, must be your chief consolation. And it is a sufficient one. The other thought, however, of the honor put on your brother by the Saviour, in permitting him thus to glorify him, may tend to abate the pain arising from the fact that he was removed by violent hands. I trust that through the grace of God your consolations may abound in this trial.

Please express to your father my deep sympathy with him in this bereavement, and my hope that God will make clear to his soul the manifold sources of consolation which are secured by covenant through Jesus Christ.

Yours, very truly,

James Read Eckard.

From the Rev. John O. Procter.

Williamsport, Md., February 8th, 1849.

Walter Lowrie, Esq.—

Dear Sir:— .... Very frequently have I thought of your dear son, as a dear brother in the Lord. The first Sabbath that I spent in Princeton, he invited me to teach a class in his Sabbath school in Queenston, which I did, and every Sabbath after that, that I spent at the Seminary, I spent the after part of the day in his Sabbath school. He was a most excellent superintendent. We generally went to the school together, and returned together, and oftentimes was our religious conversation most entertaining and comforting. I very frequently have thought of one remark made by him when we were walking thus together. We were speaking of the prospect before us in this life; of the deceitfulness of the heart, of the wickedness of men, of the trials of the Christian, &c., when he remarked, "Sometimes when I think of these things, I feel inclined to wish, if it were the will of my Master, just to lie down and die. The thought of having to spend, probably, eight or ten years in this wicked world, is not very pleasing. But, if it be my Master's will, I will cheerfully obey." Was he not ripening rapidly for heaven? Even though he was then laboriously preparing for his Master's service in His vineyard here below, and was so far as we could judge from his conduct *anxious* to go to the heathen as a missionary; still, if God had willed it so, he would cheerfully have left this troublesome world and have gone to his rest.

I never was so faithful a Sabbath school teacher as I was when engaged as a co-worker with him; and I do believe it was greatly owing to his faithful remarks made in my hearing when I accepted the invitation to become a teacher. Among other things, he gave me a most earnest, anxious look, and said, "Well, brother Proctor, remember, I shall want you to do your duty." That look, and those words, I never expect to forget. They had a most happy effect upon me; and, with the blessing of God, I may say, indirectly, they had a most happy effect on my class. Perhaps some remarks as to the way of his conducting his school will not be out of place. We had a teachers' meeting every Saturday evening in some private house, when, after singing and prayer, he called upon the male teachers to answer questions on the lesson for the next day. By this means all were brought to prepare their lessons by Saturday evening; and the ladies, hearing our views, would be still better prepared to instruct their scholars. After the lesson was thus gone over, we again sung; when the teachers were called upon individually to report respecting their classes. If any of the scholars were concerned about their souls, we would make such the special subjects of our pray-

ers before we closed. By that means also all the teachers became acquainted and interested in each other. . . .

Yours in the bonds of Christ,

JOHN O. PROCTER.

From the Rev. John M. Lowrie.

Wellsville, Ohio, January 26th, 1849.

DEAR UNCLE—

I enclose several letters to me from cousin Walter. As we were so much together while he was in the College and in the Seminary, our communications were chiefly personal and not written. I will therefore give you some of his religious experience and views during these periods.

If I were drawing off a sketch of his character as a student at College and in the Theological Seminary I would notice some such points as these.

His first care was attention to his own spiritual wants. I never knew a man more scrupulously careful to maintain punctual and deliberate habits of private devotion. We were for a short time occupants of the same room ; and it was arranged that our hours of exercise should leave the room private to each of us in turn. Many times when this arrangement was interrupted, I have known him enter a literal closet in one corner of the room, that no eye might see him while he sought his Father's face.

It was chiefly his desire to secure uninterrupted hours and seasons, unknown to any, for devotional duties, which led him to secure a room by himself during the greater part of his course, after his profession of piety. His seasons of fasting I sometimes knew, because we ate at the same table ; but at other times, I think, he so arranged them in connection with visits to friends in the country, that we supposed him not yet returned from a visit, when, in truth, he had exchanged his social intercourse for a season of solitary communion with his God. And I have often knocked at his door for admittance, when I knew he was within, but he would not reply, for he wished uninterrupted his seasons of devotion and of study. It seemed also remarkable to me that he so well maintained his devotional habits when absent from home. I have no knowledge of any friend whose habit of meditation upon the Bible after reading it was so fixed. At the foundation of his Christian character, was an ardent love for his closet.

Next to his attention to private duties, I would rank his affectionate concern for the piety of his fellow-professors of religion. There was at Jefferson College a small religious society, still in existence, bearing the name of the missionary Brainerd Of this he was an active member, and he ever regarded it as a means both of profit and influence. But outside of this little band, he exerted no ordinary influence upon Christian students. He was

especially beloved by those who were associated with him in the support of Sabbath Schools and prayer-meetings, for he was naturally more with them. And as from the very first his was a missionary spirit, so those brethren both at Canonsburg and Princeton, whose minds turned towards the great field whitening to the harvest, were his peculiar companions. There was one room at Canonsburg that was the place of many a conference for the land of Sinim, and many a prayer that it might be opened to the heralds of salvation. And there are brethren in China and India, and I believe in heaven too, who will long remember room No. 29, in Princeton Seminary, hallowed as it has been by conference, by tears and prayers. I scarcely know one whose influence upon the piety of the institutions, both at the College and the Seminary, was more consistent and healthful than his was.

His influence was also exerted over those who made no profession of religion. He was deeply impressed with the truth, that to every young man the period of College life was the golden opportunity to secure salvation, or to strengthen pious habits and a pious character. He was well aware, also, of the many insidious and dangerous snares which beset those who are so early in life set free from the restraints and the wholesome discipline of a parent's control. Many a time has he expressed deep anxiety on learning that some interesting and inexperienced youth had taken his boarding in dangerous company. . . . .

Worthy of notice, also, are his zeal and devotion to improve opportunities for usefulness. The Sabbath School at Miller's Run, where he attended church, and of which he was superintendent, was about six miles from Canonsburg. Under his control it was a thriving and most interesting school. Accompanied by a band of affectionate teachers, his fellow-students, he went to the school, sustained meetings for exhortation and prayer, visited the sick, and was ever welcome to the firesides and the tables of an attached people. Beyond doubt, there are precious souls in that congregation, who retain the sweet savor of his memory. They will remember the crowded prayer-meeting, the solemn Bible-class, the simple address, and the fact that many young persons, almost all from the Sabbath School, united with the Church during his sojourn with them, as evidence of his influence and usefulness among that people. These labors were a delight to him, though they were toilsome. Often he would walk as many as eight miles on Saturday evening to hold a prayer-meeting, and return to the church on Sabbath morning to the school.

There remains one other matter which I have in lively, and I may add, grateful remembrance,—this is his faithfulness in discharging the important but unpleasant duty of admonition. I have lying before me a letter, which cannot be made public, but which is an excellent instance and evidence of his watchfulness over his brethren. and of his kindness and prudence to warn and

correct. Nor was he less ready to receive than to administer reproof. . . . .

Yours affectionately,
J. M. Lowrie.

From the Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D.

Princeton, December 29th, 1847.

Walter Lowrie, Esq.—

My Dear Sir:—Dr. Alexander mentioned to me yesterday, his seeing the most distressing account, in the paper, concerning your precious son. I could hardly credit it; and yet it was so circumstantial, I fear there is little room to hope it is unfounded.

I feel impelled to express to you my sympathy in your profound affliction, though I know such expressions are of no avail. There is no other comforter in such cases than the Holy Ghost. It is his office to give consolation, to fill the soul with such views of God, and Christ, and eternity, as to enable it to feel that our afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out an exceeding weight of glory. As he filled the martyrs with peace and joy in the midst of death, he can fill even a father's heart with gratitude and calm resignation, in yielding a son to death for Christ's sake. Alas, my dear sir, suppose your son had fallen in battle, or been cut down unprepared in the midst of his sins, how different would be your feelings! Now you can think of him, not only as having lived for the Lord, but as dying for him, and rejoice in the assurance that living or dying he is the Lord's.

It must also be a comfort to you to have had such a son, and to know that the whole of our Church held him in such honor, looked upon him as one of their most valued and useful missionaries, as pre-eminently qualified for his work, and promising to accomplish more than almost any other man for the cause of Christ in China. This consideration must indeed enhance the sense of the greatness of your loss, but at the same time it must be a consolation to know that his value was appreciated.

You do not weep alone; the whole Church mourns with you; thousands of prayers will ascend for you, for your children, for China, for the remaining missionaries, which otherwise had not been offered, or offered with far less fervor and sincerity. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; may he comfort you in all your tribulation, that you may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, with the comfort wherewith you yourself are comforted of God. Those whom God exercises with great afflictions, are those whom he designs greatly to bless. If we suffer, we shall also reign with him. When we see him, and receive the assurance of his love, we shall forget all we ever suffered for his sake.

To Mrs. Lowrie, and to Mr. John C. Lowrie, I would beg to

present my sincere condolence—were, at such a time, any expression of fellowship of any account.

Praying God to fill your heart with his own fulness, I am, dear sir, very truly,

Your sympathizing friend and fellow-servant,

CHARLES HODGE.

From the Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D.

Princeton, December 31st, 1847.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY VERY DEAR SIR:—I trust I need not say, that the last melancholy news from China filled me with heartfelt sorrow; and that the tenderest sympathy for you, and for the brothers of the beloved man, whom a sovereign God has taken to himself, has occupied my mind ever since I received the mournful intelligence.

Truly clouds and darkness are round about the doings of our Master in heaven; but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. What He does we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. Had I been left to name a foreign missionary, whose talents, and zeal, and peculiar adaptedness to the work in which he was engaged, promised the largest amount of permanent usefulness, I should, without hesitation, have mentioned your lamented son as that man. But an infinitely wise God, who loves the missionary cause unspeakably more than you or I, and who understands the best means of promoting that cause unspeakably better than either of us, has seen fit to call him away, before he had reached the meridian of life, and translate him to a different and higher field of service.

This is indeed, to the eye of man, a dark and mysterious dispensation. But we know that He who is infinite in wisdom, and unlimited in power, has seen proper to order it so. This is enough. If we could see the whole matter just as it lies before the mind of the King of Zion, to whom you and I have, without reserve, I trust, dedicated ourselves, we should be ready to say, with unmingled joy, "He hath done all things well."

The sources of consolation, my dear friend, which present themselves to you on this occasion, are so multiplied and rich, that I cannot attempt to enumerate them. Truly you have reason to be thankful that you had such a son,—that he was spared to you so long,—that he was enabled to give so many testimonies of his zeal and fidelity,—and that you have so much reason confidently to believe, that the unfeeling violence of barbarians was made the means of more speedily introducing him to eternal and unmingled blessedness.

That the consolations of the Gospel may abound in your heart,

and in your family on this mournful occasion, is the sincere wish and prayer of, my dear sir,

Your sympathizing friend and brother in Christian bonds,

SAMUEL MILLER.

From the Rev. John A. Savage.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., January 3d, 1848.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR SIR:—To my inexpressible sorrow I this morning saw announced in a New York paper the shocking death of your son Walter. From the circumstances narrated, I cannot doubt but its truth will be confirmed by the papers which we shall get by to-night's mail. I will not undertake the office of condolence with you under this sad, sad affliction, any further than simply to say, that in *this* your affliction I am afflicted. The first paroxysms of your grief, before this reaches you, will have been succeeded, I doubt not, by a calm, submissive resignation, leaning on the arm of that Comforter, to whose fellowship you have long had familiar access, of whom it is written, "In *all* their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them."

On his visit to western and northern New York, just prior to his departure for the East, he was domesticated with us long enough to endear him to every member of my family, and many in my congregation; even my children that were just beginning to prattle, retain a vivid recollection of him, and up to the present time have been in the habit of inspecting the Chronicle to find some notice of, or communication from him. His memory will be cherished by them, I doubt not. As I spoke to them to-day of the scene of his death, the big tears gathered in their eyes, and one of them with an expression of deep emotion said, "I thought we should see him again, but now we shall not till the sea gives up its dead."

He had taught them to sing that beautiful hymn commencing with "I would not live alway,"; and as a singular coincidence, last evening when the family were together, it was sung by them, unconscious of the sad tidings that would reach them on the morrow. . . . .

Your very affectionate friend and brother,

JOHN A. SAVAGE.

From the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, D. D.

Philadelphia, December 29th, 1847.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—The papers of this morning confirm the news of yesterday, and I cannot doubt its

truth. It fills us all with the deepest sorrow, when we take any view of this dark Providence, *but of the gain that it brings to him.* What a trial of the faith of the Church! Why, oh, why, was this permitted? Truly the footsteps of God are in the deep, and he giveth no account of his matters to any of us. You are assured, dear brother, of the hearty condolence of all who know you, and know how great your personal loss. But what a privilege and honor to have had such a son, and to have had him offered to God on the altar of such a glorious cause! Indeed, much as our hearts ache *with* you and *for* you, we rejoice more. *We* think that God has called him out of the vineyard *prematurely;* but we are not to be judges of the dispensations of Omniscience. May this removal of an instrument on which we were tempted to lean so much, prove a wholesome admonition to the Church, and bring us nearer to Christ. We are prone to forget that He can fulfil his purposes by "few" as well as by "many," and that He looks more at the state of our hearts than to the number of our agencies. Perhaps I ought to apologize for this intrusion at a time when the proffered sympathy of friends can do little more than interrupt your communion with God; but I know that you will suffer this liberty for *our* sake, if not your own. May He "who comforteth us in all our tribulation" be your comforter in this; and "as the sufferings of Christ abound in" you, "so may your consolation abound by Christ." What a precious sentiment, that "it is given us in behalf of Christ not only to *believe* on Him but also to suffer for his sake."

Affectionately and fraternally yours,

JOSEPH H. JONES.

From the Rev. William S. Plumer, D. D.

Baltimore, Md., January 1st, 1848.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—My heart has been filled with sorrow for you and for the cause of Christ, at the sad intelligence which has just reached us. I feel confounded, and called to more than usual humiliation and sorrow. Why should one so young, so devoted, and so promising, be taken, and I who am so unprofitable, and whose days must end in the course of nature so much sooner than his would have done, be spared? I cannot tell. He doeth all things well. Some years ago I wrote a letter to a bereaved friend. It was afterwards printed as a tract. I enclose a copy, hoping it may comfort or soothe one who has my highest respect and tenderest sympathy.* The Lord sustain you and cheer you and bless you! Do not feel under any obligation to answer this. I wish not to intrude upon your privacy and the sacredness of your sor-

* American Tract Society, No. 372.

row. My family, especially Mrs. Plumer, seem to be as much afflicted as if we had lost a relative. The Lord bless you and your wife and all yours!

Very truly and affectionately yours,

WM. S. PLUMER.

From Joseph P. Engles, Esq.

Philadelphia, January 2d, 1848.

REV. JOHN C. LOWRIE—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—If I had obeyed the impulse of my feelings, I would have addressed you immediately after reading in the daily paper, the astounding intelligence of the loss which your family have suffered in the death of a beloved son and brother, and the Church and the heathen world, in the departure of a zealous and devoted missionary. But circumstances hindered, and now that I have devoted the closing hour of the Sabbath to this office of fraternal affection, I am at a loss in what terms to speak of this solemn event. Shall I condole with you on having lost a brother so dearly and justly beloved? Or shall I congratulate you on having another of your loved ones safely housed from the storms of time in a mansion of eternal rest? I have no doubt, however opposite the states of feeling which would call for one or the other of these expressions, you have experienced them both. May the latter prevail, and moderate the intensity of the former.

My object is not to suggest grounds of consolation. You are as fully aware of them as I can be, and have already experienced them. I only want to give expression to my own feelings of sorrow under this dark and mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, and to assure you that you do not mourn alone. I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with your brother, but I loved him for your sake and his work's sake. I beg you to assure your father of the deep sympathy which I, in common with the whole Christian world so far as the event is known, feel for his bereavement. At his time of life it comes with fearful weight, but God, who has enabled him to make so many sacrifices for the missionary cause, will not leave him to bear this burden alone. I trust it will stimulate him and us all, to take a still deeper interest in the cause. Dr. J. A. Alexander alluded beautifully to the event in his sermon this afternoon. I wish I could repeat the passage. Perhaps you may get it from him. His text was Rom. x. 16. Mr. Macklin also alluded to it to-night, and got me to read to the congregation the impressive address of a missionary in China to the churches; I hope not without effect.

Mrs. Engles joins me in these expressions of affectionate sympathy. We have drunk deep of the cup of affliction, but the circumstances of our bereavements do not furnish the same strong grounds of consolation which yours do. Still it is the same wise,

holy, gracious God who has afflicted us both, and his will be done.

O that we may be enabled so to improve the joys and sorrows of this life, that they may result in eternal joy.

Believe me to be truly

Your friend and brother,

Jos. P. Engles.

From the Rev. W. M. Atkinson, D. D.

Winchester, Va., January 3d, 1848.

Walter Lowrie, Esq.—

Dear Sir:—In common with myriads of your brethren, I mourn with you. In common with them, I strive to pray for you. And *we* pray, as I trust *you* "sorrow," "not as they who have no hope!" We hope that the Lord will bless this dispensation to your own soul, and to the cause to which, in subordination to Him whose cause it is, your soul is devoted. The blood of the martyrs has ever been the seed of the Church, and we trust that the death of *our* first martyr, may prove to be life to our beloved Zion. Nothing, you know, tended so much to the first great spread of the Apostolic church, as the death of Stephen and the accompanying persecution. So *may* it be, so we hope it *will* be, in the present instance. We trust that your expiring Walter may prove to have been, in his holy warfare, a dying Samson. And we are assured that He who bade Peter come to him on the boisterous sea, caused his young servant to meet him *there;* and if He selected for him that way as the best way to heaven, and that hour as the best time, what are *we* that we should gainsay it? The sea cannot hold his body always, for the sea shall give up its dead; and even now his spirit is with God who gave it. If God has been pleased early to give him the victory, and to crown him with the glory of the conqueror, why should we desire him to have been kept longer in the strife and the turmoil of the battle-field?

Think of him as faith now tells you he is,—with Christ, which is far better than even to labor successfully for the Church: think of him in glory, and far more wisely than old Ormond said them, may *you* repeat *his* words over his accomplished son. "So much," I have sometimes thought, when I have mourned over a dear child snatched from me, "so much I have *realized;* one most precious portion of my wealth is safe—forever!"

I never met your son personally, but John, my brother, who was his fellow-student, loved and honored him, and had taught me to do the same; and all that I have heard from others, seemed but to deepen the impression his statements made. To death, the universal token of God's hatred of sin, he must at some time have bowed, and God knew the best time.

The narrative given by Mr. Loomis of the calm and fearless

dignity with which he met it, under circumstances so appalling to flesh and blood, is most impressively sublime. It was an end befitting such a life. And when my mind dwells upon it, I feel that congratulation is almost as much called for as condolence. And yet, the more admirable he was, the greater is the bereavement. But there is a comforter, whose presence would compensate for the removal of the human body and soul of Christ himself. To that comforter I commend you and your afflicted family, especially those of them I have the privilege to know, Mrs. Lowrie and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lowrie.

I am, my dear sir,

Your friend and brother in Christ,

W. M. Atkinson.

N. B. Can we be truly said to be bereaved or desolate, while Christ lives and is ours?

W. M. A.

From the Rev. W. H. Foote, D. D.

Romney, Va., January 6th, 1848.

Brother Lowrie—

On Monday I read the letter from China. My wife and myself have sympathized with you and your family in this sacrifice for the cause of God. I can but hope that your faith has already gotten the victory over nature. It seems to me that there would be a bitterness in the manner of his death, that would be unalloyed but for the blessed fact, that the Lord God Omnipotent reigns, and has given all things into the hands of Christ, who has permitted this event to take place as one of the preparatory ones in the conversion of China. Looking at it thus, the grace of God can make you feel, *the will of God be done.* I do not say, my brother, that I could say so in any such trial: I know myself too well to say I could bear any cross. But I know God can help you to bear yours; and our prayer is, that God will enable you to rejoice in his government and grace.

You have long desired the conversion of China, and God has set it at a terrible price. I do not say that I could pay it, but I pray that you may. And when was a nation bought without blood,—the blood of Christ first, and of Christians afterwards? What did Paul mean by filling up in his flesh a measure of suffering? Not that he added anything to Christ's, but that the sufferings of his Lord flowed through that channel. O who can tell but the channel is opened from your veins to let the peace-speaking blood of Christ flow to that poor, perishing nation?

My wife joins her sympathies with mine, and has been asking herself, if she could give up her little child a sacrifice for God.

What a blessed text is that which promises strength according to our day. May God help you in this day of your trouble!

Yours sincerely, in the best of bonds,

W. HENRY FOOTE.

From the Rev. William C. Anderson, D. D.

Dayton, Ohio, January 7th, 1848.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—God's "ways are not as ours, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts." To our poor, finite minds, these ways of his are often in the deep waters; yet are they right ways. Although the journey of Israel was to them inexplicable, yet it was the right way: "He led them forth by the right way." And so, my dear brother, is it now. He has ever led you by the right way; and even this last painful path along which he has carried you, is a right one. I cannot see how; but *I know* it is a right way.

My object in this note, however, is not to offer consolation, or in any way intrude upon your domestic griefs: the source of consolation you know, without advice, and your griefs a stranger may not meddle with. I write simply to assure you of my profound sympathy with you in this strange visitation of your Master. I try to pray that God may bestow upon you all the consolation you need. Please accept the assurance of the sympathies of Mrs. Anderson and myself with yourself and family in this hour of your affliction.

In addition to the great consolation which the certainty of your dear son's everlasting safety furnishes, let me name the fact, that *he fell at his post.* My dear brother, is there not much comfort in this fact? When the Master came, he found your son with the armor on—*he fell in the trenches;* and, like his blessed Master, fell by the hands of those he went to save. We can ill spare him, but thy will, O God, be done!

My brother, you long since gave up yourself, *and family*, and all, to the great work of missions;—well, the Master, you see, is taking you at your offer. Be strong in the Lord, and toil on. Mrs. A. joins in much love to you and your family. We would be pleased always to hear from you, if your many and heavy labors would allow it.

In the bonds of the Gospel of Christ, your brother,

W. C. ANDERSON.

From Rev. Loyal Young.

Butler, Pa. January 26th, 1848.

REV. JOHN C. LOWRIE—

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER:—I trust that it is not altogether too late to express to you what I have felt and still feel, in view of

the violent death of your—of *our*—brother, endeared to the church of Christ, and to none more than to myself. Never has a death occurred since my residence here, that produced such a sensation in Butler. The people of God have many of them often spoken to me about his last visit to us as peculiarly interesting. Some of them when leading in prayer at the Monthly Concert, always remembered *him* in their petitions. They all hoped that since he outrode the storms in safety, and escaped the dangers of the ocean, he was destined to be preserved still further for great usefulness to the Church. But God's method of accomplishing his purposes is altogether different from our expectations. I need not say to *you*, dear brother, that it is *all right*,—all *for the best*, —*all in mercy*. I know that you have already gone, and often gone, to the fountain of consolation; and heard the Saviour say, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." I know that you long since committed that dear brother to the care of the Lord, and felt perfectly satisfied that he would do with him what was right. And now that He has taken him to his own arms, to the abode of your beloved Louisa, of your precious mother, of your babes, of your dear sister Eliza, and of your noble brother Mathew, you have it not in your heart to repine. Dear brother, the attractions of heaven are gathering strength continually. How joyous will be the meeting at last!

But we could have wished that Walter had met with a different death. The first account must have been painful to you in the extreme. Well did our Saviour exhort his disciples, "Beware of *men*." The elements might combine to destroy; the sea might threaten to devour, during that terrific storm which lasted for days and nights, when your brother was in the long-boat, tossed about as a feather; but there was no evil to be apprehended from *them*. It belonged to men, cruel *men*, to do the deed. "*Beware of men*." But the last struggle was soon over, no doubt; and his spirit received to rest. All that is painful *now*, in the case, is the loss of *such* a missionary. We thought he could not be spared. God thought otherwise. "His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways." . . . .

Yours in Christ,

LOYAL YOUNG.

From the Rev. John N. Campbell, D. D.

Albany, N. Y., January 31st, 1848.

WALTER LOWRIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR SIR:—I have been quite sick for several weeks past with influenza, or I would not have delayed so long to express to you how sincerely I sympathize with you in the very sore afflic-

tion with which it has seemed good to our Heavenly Father to try you. I have a vivid recollection of your son, whom I saw during the examinations of the Seminary in two successive years. He made a strong impression on me, and I remember well the surprise and pleasure with which I learned that one so well qualified by natural endowments and accomplishments, and apparently so well fitted by grace for the missionary work, had devoted himself to the Master in that self-denying and laborious department of the ministry. How mysterious his removal and manner of it —so early—at a moment of such promise—by violence! But what we know not now about the Master's doings we shall know hereafter. We shall see then, and say with unutterable gratitude and joy, what we can utter now often only with a trembling voice and a broken heart, "He hath done all things well."

I have read Bishop Boone's letter with great interest. He has there a favorite thought of my own, that the work of the Church triumphant is the work of missions. I confidently believe that your son has changed, not his occupation, but only the sphere of his labors.

I beg you to accept for yourself and family, particularly for my friend, your elder son, the assurance of my deep sympathy in your affliction, and to believe me,

Very truly, JOHN N. CAMPBELL.

From Mrs. A. H. Richardson, England.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1st month, 13th, 1848.

MY DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND—

My heart ached as I read thy kind letter of the 11th ult., for its calm and cheerful tone showed but too plainly that the afflicting intelligence that had reached us some weeks previous, had not arrived at New York when that letter was penned. I suppose the news must have come by the overland mail. It met my eye incidentally in one of our local newspapers, but every circumstance connected with the afflictive event seemed too surely marked to admit of a doubt as to its correctness.

We have grieved for, and with you all, my dear and beloved friend, but more especially for the fond and affectionate father, whose heart will have been wrung to the very uttermost. And yet, perhaps, I should hardly use that word, for thy son has fallen as one of "the noble army of martyrs,"—true to his God—true to the last, to the cause of his Saviour, and when the first shock is over, this will be a cause of thankful rejoicing.

I must not say much. The wound is too recent, and your hearts will still be bleeding most sorely, and yet I think I cannot let another post go out, without assuring you, one and all, of our deep, and tender, and affectionate sympathy, and of our fervent desires that this intense trial may be overruled for your own good, and for the

good of the Christian Church. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of that Church," and who is to say how unseen good may be permitted to arise out of this most severe and bitter trial? . . .

As the account came to us, however afflicting, it bore a beautiful and voluntary testimony to the noble bearing of the departed—that there had not been the smallest aggravation or provocation against these cruel men on his part, or on the part of those around him. How increasingly impressive does this render the event! No bad man's soul was sent into eternity on this sad occasion, but the sufferer calmly bowed his head, and presently was welcomed by ministering angels from a world of wickedness to one of everlasting blessedness. O my friend, through all the sorrow there must be joy in this. His God and thy God will not forsake, nor hide his face from any one of you in this hour of nature's severest agony, but will smile graciously upon you, and Jesus will again utter the words—"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world."

I know quite well that I ought not to look for a letter for a good while to come, but whenever thou canst kindly favor me with a few lines to say how you all are, they would be very gratefully received.

With cordial, affectionate, and sympathizing regards, thine, my dear friend, with the sincerest esteem,

ANNA H. RICHARDSON.

REMARKS ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WALTER M. LOWRIE.

By the Rt. Rev. George Smith, D.D.

The following article is taken from an English Magazine, of August, 1848, the Church Missionary Gleaner, where it appeared as a tribute to the memory of the departed missionary. It will be read with interest, as coming from the pen of an English Episcopal missionary in China, and a personal friend of the deceased, the Right Rev. George Smith, Bishop of the Church of England at Hong Kong:

The dispensations of Providence are often enveloped in a depth of mystery, which the poor fallible comprehension of man is unable to fathom. This is in an especial manner the case in reference to missionary labors. Human instruments, of whose adaptation to missionary usefulness great hopes were entertained, are one by one removed from the scene of their labors, by the failure of health, or by the hand of premature death. An important lesson is conveyed to our minds—that God is independent of the instrument in the carrying forward His purposes of love to our fallen world; and, by snapping asunder the cord of human expectations, He sounds in mortal ears the often-needed admonition, *Cease ye from man!*

These remarks have been drawn forth by a piece of intelligence

of a most affecting and heart-rending nature. The subject of this brief notice is the late Rev. W. M. Lowrie, a missionary of the American General Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions. Highly gifted with mental endowments of the first order, and eminent for his simple and unaffected piety, Mr. Lowrie seemed, to human eye, likely to become a laborer of no ordinary value in the missionary vineyard.

His father was for many years a member of the Senate of the United States. His eldest son went to India as a missionary, where, his wife having been removed from this life in Calcutta, the insalubrity of the climate soon removed himself from the missionary field. His third son, the subject of this memoir, went to China in 1842, as one of the first missionaries from the American Presbyterian Church to that vast field of missionary enterprise. Here many dangers awaited him, from which a gracious Providence interposed to deliver him until his appointed work was done. The first occurred in his voyage to Singapore; but the vessel struck on a shoal, and in a few hours went to pieces. Mr. Lowrie and his fellow-passengers with difficulty escaped from the wreck in two small open boats. With only the clothes they had on their bodies, and a small stock of provisions, they found themselves alone on the broad ocean, at a distance of five hundred miles from the nearest land. While in this unprotected state they were exposed to the violence of a severe typhoon; and their preservation from a watery grave was almost miraculous. They at length reached the shore of one of the Phillipine islands, where they were kindly treated by the Indians; but they lost four men in approaching the surf, by which one of the boats was capsized. The moment after they reached the land, by an almost involuntary act of thankfulness, every man in that mingled company fell on his knees on the unknown soil, and offered up his praise to the great Author of their deliverance. Mr. Lowrie subsequently arrived at the Spanish Colony of Manila, from which he found an opportunity of returning to Macao. At another period he embarked for the north of China, when he was overtaken by a violent gale, and compelled to return to Macao. Here he pursued his ministerial labors among the European and American residents, to some of whom his ministrations were greatly blessed. After a course of Chinese studies, he proceeded, in 1845, to the newly-formed station of Ningpo, where the writer of this short account renewed his acquaintance with a friend whose catholicity of spirit, self-denying zeal, unwearied industry, and cordial co-operation in every good work, will ever endear his name to the whole body of his fellow-laborers, and will, it is hoped, embalm his memory in the grateful recollections of many Chinese listeners to the message of redeeming love.

In the month of June last, Mr. Lowrie proceeded from Ningpo to Shanghai, as the delegate from his station to the General Committee of Protestant missionaries assembled at the latter station,

to complete the revised translation of the New Testament into Chinese. For this important work his superior education and diligent studies had peculiarly fitted him. This last duty he had been enabled to aid in accomplishing; and a part of the New Testament was now given to the Chinese in their own tongue, as the result of the united labors of the various Protestant missionary societies in China. He then sailed from Shanghai on his return, as he thought, to Ningpo; but he was about to take a more important voyage, which was to conduct him to those peaceful shores where there would be no tempests nor storms, "where there would be no more sorrow, and no more sin." He had passed through the Bay of Chapoo, when the vessel in which he was sailing was attacked by a Chinese pirate-boat. The pirates succeeded in boarding the vessel, and our dear departed brother was thrown into the deep, and found a watery grave in the ocean's billows.

His loss will be deeply deplored, and not least by his aged and beloved parents; who, however, can reflect, for their comfort, that their son has fallen in the noblest of causes. But a few years will have passed away when the most successful votaries of this world, and the most distinguished heroes of martial fame, would gladly exchange all the laurels entwined by mortal hands around their brow for one ray of that heavenly peace, and one gleam of that unfading joy, which silently irradiates a missionary's grave.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS OF A LAYMAN.

Rev. Walter M. Lowrie.

The death of this eminent man, and devoted Missionary of the Cross, is an event which has more deeply moved the sensibilities of the Church than any other of recent occurrence. The death of any man under such revolting circumstances, would excite the sympathies, and deeply pain the hearts of all who knew him. Here is one whose piety, talents and position made him known to the whole Christian world, suddenly taken from time to eternity, by murder. The horrors of such a death, to any but the real Christian, must be inconceivably great. To him, even such a death was peaceful. It came without warning, amid the solitude of a dreary sea, far, far away from kindred—from sympathy—from the rites of Christian society—from the means of Christian sepulture—from all the charities and endearments of that sweet and sacred place, *home*. Yet he quailed not before the destroyer. He fell with his armor on. He died in sacred harness. His lamp was trimmed and burning. God was with him. The moan of the deep sea was his requiem, and the winds which swept wildly over its wastes, pealed his song of triumph. He now stands before the Almighty throne. He sees as he is seen—he knows as

he is known, and realizes the bliss and the glory of Heaven. As Christians, we may not lament on his account. For ourselves, our children, and the bereaved heathen, we ought to weep.

In many particulars Mr. Lowrie was a remarkable man. His natural gifts, which were eminent in their variety and richness, were elaborately cultivated. He was a thoroughly educated man. Genius and culture, like his, could have commanded the wealth, the honors, and the admiration of the world. He preferred the riches of grace, the honor of God's favor, the admiration of angels. He was lovely and attractive in his temper and manners. This is manifest in the affectionate regrets, which have already poured spontaneously forth, from every sect, realm and region, where he was known.

His taste in letters was accurate and refined. Those who have perused his letters, essays, sermons, and the admirable narrative of the wreck of the Harmony, as well as those who were favored with his personal acquaintance, attest that he was not only a scholar, but an eminent rhetorician.

He is said to have been a profound scholar, thoroughly furnished with the learning of the age, and particularly well informed in theology and sacred literature. The venerable school of the Prophets at Princeton, sent him forth with the spirit and the intellectual furniture of such men as Doctor Alexander, and Doctor Miller.

He was remarkable in his early and absolute consecration to the service of God as a missionary. His own wish seems to have been to labor in Africa, the darkest of all the continents; choosing that field, as it would seem, because of the greater sacrifice which it would require. Yielding to the wishes of the Church, he gave himself to China, and there he became remarkable for his Christian enterprise, discretion, courage, patience, and laborious studies.

His death is remarkable for the manner of it, by piracy and murder, and at the time when it occurred. When he was beginning to be fitted for his work,—when the eyes of all Christendom were bent upon him,—when that hitherto closed empire was opening wide her arms to receive him and to embrace the Gospel,—in the prime of early manhood; then it was that the summons came, and he departed, leaving the world amazed and awe-stricken with the mystery of the Providence. God seems to have raised him high, very high, that the attention of all men might be drawn to him, in order to make his death impressive, and as I think, instructive. It is not my purpose to sketch, even in outline, the life of our beloved brother, or to attempt an analysis of his character. These remarks are intended to introduce the following brief reflections:—

Mysterious as is the providence of God in taking from his own work such a man, and at such a time, there are reasons for it which lie open to Christian observation. We are to reflect that he had already accomplished much, and that his name and character, his life and labors, do not die. Though dead he yet speaketh.

He is still a great teacher upon earth ; his example will be a stimulant and an encouragement to all missionaries for ages to come. He is one of the martyrs whose blood is the seed of the Church. His ocean grave will be the point around which will rally the faith, the energies, and the triumphs of the missionary spirit. His name belongs to that scroll where are inscribed the names of Martyn, Morrison, and Mills. *The memory of such men is the unction of the missionary cause.*

We are to remember that he is not dead, but *changed* and *removed*. Who shall say, that the great Parent, in the sublime benevolence of his nature, looked not upon his toiling and suffering child, and saw him ripe for glory, and in inappreciable tenderness, called him home to his own bosom ! Who shall say, that in the eternal ordinations, the time for his *reward* had not arrived ! And why should we repine that he, a star in our moral firmament, is removed to burn more gloriously in the firmament of Heaven ? Let us beware lest our sorrows assume the character of selfishness.

He is removed to some higher, holier, and happier sphere of service. This life is but the starting point of being—this theatre of action, but a place of pupilage. The training of time is preparatory discipline, to fit us for the duties which await us in eternity. We do not realize this, yet it is true. What that service is, we know not. But this we believe, that it is adapted to the energies and capabilities of a ransomed and disembodied spirit ; it is consistent with the will of God, and compatible with supreme happiness and perfect holiness. Had the Missionary Board removed Mr. Lowrie from China to some other station of higher responsibility and more happy adaptation to his capabilities for serving, however his co-laborers there might have regretted his absence from them, they could not condemn the act ; they could not, therefore, believe him dead, or lost to the Church, or insensible to their affection. And why should they now ? God has removed him. Shall not the Lord of all the earth do right ? He required him at some point in the boundless range of his dominion, to do something for which his intellectual development, and his maturity in grace, when adapted to his new state of being, precisely fitted him. So that he lives yet, and still works, but suffers not. A little bold and decided thought, a little more than our accustomed abstraction from things sensual, a little more determined exercise of faith, will enable us to unite things temporal with things eternal—to blend times past, present, and to come, and to reconcile us to the ways of God.

The reason why so little comparatively is done by our churches for foreign missions, why our prayers are so powerless—our attendance upon the Monthly Concert so constrained and laggard, is the want of a clear, strong, and abiding conviction that God intends to convert the heathen world. Upon this subject we are prone to be skeptical. We are staggered by the greatness of the work, by the smallness of the visible results, and the disproportion

of the means to the end. We forget that the work is *his* as well as *ours*, that the resources of all the earth belong to him, that commerce is his agent, and nations are his ministers; that his omnipotence is pledged to its accomplishment, and that with him one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The consequence is a temporizing, lame performance of missionary duties. Another consequence is, dependence upon the means, a looking to them and not to God. The missionary spirit is as much a grace in the heart as it is a virtue in the life. We ought to do our duty, and leave results with God. Whether they follow in one or a thousand years, is absolutely, unconditionally, with *Him*. Now the sudden and signal death of Mr. Lowrie *was, no doubt, designed to withdraw our confidence from men and means, and fix it upon God.*

Again, the lukewarmness of the Church—be the cause what it may—in the cause of missions, must be conceded. May we not, are we not constrained to believe, that Providence intends this event *to arouse the Church to effort!* It is a rebuke uttered by the voice of the Almighty, the blast of a trumpet, which shall wax louder and louder, until its peals shall awake the dead energies of Protestantism. It is the sign of the Divine anger, hung so high that all may see it. Under the chastisements of Heaven, let the spirit of the good man bow down in deep contrition; but let his faith revive with elastic power, and display its energies in every good word and work.—*Southern Presbyterian*, Feb. 23, 1849.

REMARKS ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WALTER M. LOWRIE,

By the Rev. A. Alexander, D. D.

The mournful tidings of this disastrous event has sent a pang of grief to the hearts of thousands in our Church and in our country. The loss of such a man, and in such a way, is, indeed, a deplorable thing. Christianity was never intended to destroy the natural feelings of humanity, but to regulate and refine them. In Holy Scripture we find that the pious gave free indulgence to their feelings of sorrow, on account of the death of good and great men. When Abner was treacherously murdered by Joab, king David "lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner; and all the people wept. And the king lamented over Abner." So, also, when the pious king Josiah was slain in the flower of his age, "All Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah: and Jeremiah lamented for Josiah. And all the singing men and singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations." We have, moreover, in the New Testament an example of the same kind in the primitive church at Jerusalem, when Stephen, "a man full of wisdom and of the Holy Ghost," was stoned to death by the Jews. This man stood conspicuous among the disciples of Christ

on account of the miraculous gifts with which he was endowed, and the holy boldness and eloquence with which he defended the truth, for "being full of faith and power, he did great wonders and miracles among the people. And his enemies were unable to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." But when confounded in argument, they had recourse to violence, and cast him out of the city and stoned Stephen, calling on God, and saying, "LORD JESUS, RECEIVE MY SPIRIT." And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, "LORD, LAY NOT THIS SIN TO THEIR CHARGE;" and when he had said this, he fell asleep. "And devout men carried Stephen to *his burial*, AND MADE GREAT LAMENTATION OVER HIM."

Here we find, that in the early infancy of the Church, good and useful men were suffered by divine providence to be cut off, when their services were more needed than they could be at any future time. God would teach us that he is not dependent on any instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. The death of Stephen, probably, had a mighty effect on the minds of many who were present; and from among his bitterest enemies, there was one whom God had determined to make "a chosen vessel" to carry the Gospel not only to the Jews, but to a multitude of the Gentile nations.

And we learn from this part of Sacred Scripture, that God does not forsake his devoted servants, when surrounded by enemies, and while suffering the agonies of death. Stephen saw heaven opened and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God. And he was enabled to die in the full assurance of hope; and, with his last breath, to imitate his divine Master, by invoking mercy for his murderers. And although we are not permitted to know in what state of mind our dear young brother met death, we have good reason to conclude that his covenant God did not forsake him in that trying hour. Very likely his last breath was spent in prayers for the salvation of his murderers.

That the death of Mr. Lowrie is a great loss to the Church, and particularly to the cause of missions, none will doubt. Religiously educated from his youth, and in a family imbued with the missionary spirit, he early turned his thoughts to the condition of the blinded, perishing heathen. With this object in view, he commenced his theological education. During his whole course, it is believed, his purpose remained unshaken; and all his plans and studies were prosecuted with a direct view to this object. Possessed of a vigorous and well-balanced mind, and of cheerful, equable temper, his progress in learning was rapid, and what he acquired, he retained. With him no time was wasted, for even his hours of relaxation from severe study were spent in some useful employment.

He was willing to encounter all the dangers of the deleterious climate of Africa, and would have made that dark region the field of his labors, had it not appeared to all his friends that he

was eminently qualified for the China mission, that great country having unexpectedly been opened for the preaching of the Gospel. Our young brother accordingly embarked for that important field; but before his station was finally chosen, he met with extraordinary difficulties and dangers. In one of his voyages he was shipwrecked; the vessel was abandoned at sea, and the crew and himself were exposed to a rough sea, in an open boat, for many days; and when they approached the shore, were, by a manifest interposition of providence, enabled to land, when at almost any other time their boat must have been swamped.

Since his arrival in China, he devoted himself assiduously to the acquisition of the very difficult language of the country; and there is reason to believe with uncommon success. But not contented merely to acquire the language, he deemed it very important to make himself acquainted with the literature, and especially with what may be termed the classical literature of the Chinese. From communications received in this country, there is reason to think that he was making rapid progress in this species of knowledge.

Besides the acquisition of the provincial dialect of Ningpo, where he had his station, he had formed the purpose of learning the Manchu Tartar language, which differs from that of China in that an alphabetical character is used; and it is understood that this is becoming more and more popular, and from its superior convenience, will probably prevail. From these and other considerations it is evident that our Church and the cause of missions has experienced a great loss in the death of Mr. Lowrie. It ought to be mentioned, also, that with other missionaries, he was, when called away, earnestly engaged in revising and correcting the version of the New Testament into the Chinese tongue. For this work he was eminently qualified by his learning, and by his nice discrimination and turn for accuracy in matters of this kind. When sent for to Ningpo, he had been for between two and three months at Shanghai, engaged with Bishop Boone, Dr. Bridgeman and others in this work.

It is, then, neither unreasonable nor unscriptural that great lamentation should be made on account of his death. Though none can be expected to experience the same kind and degree of grief as his venerable father and near kindred, yet many others deeply sympathize with them in their lamentations; and it may be presumed none have felt this stroke more pungently than his brethren of the mission. To them the bereavement is indeed great and lamentable. But this feeling is not confined to the missionaries of the Presbyterian church; others will feel sorely that a heavy judgment has fallen upon them. This is manifest from the affectionate and excellent letter of Bishop Boone to Mr. Lowrie's father. He says: "This event has thrown my family, who had the privilege to enjoy his company for the last two months and a half, into the deepest affliction. Dearly as I know he was beloved by the mission with which he was connected, yet, I believe,

no one in China mourns his loss as I do." And no doubt the same feeling pervades the whole of the missionaries who have had any opportunity of acquaintance with our departed brother.

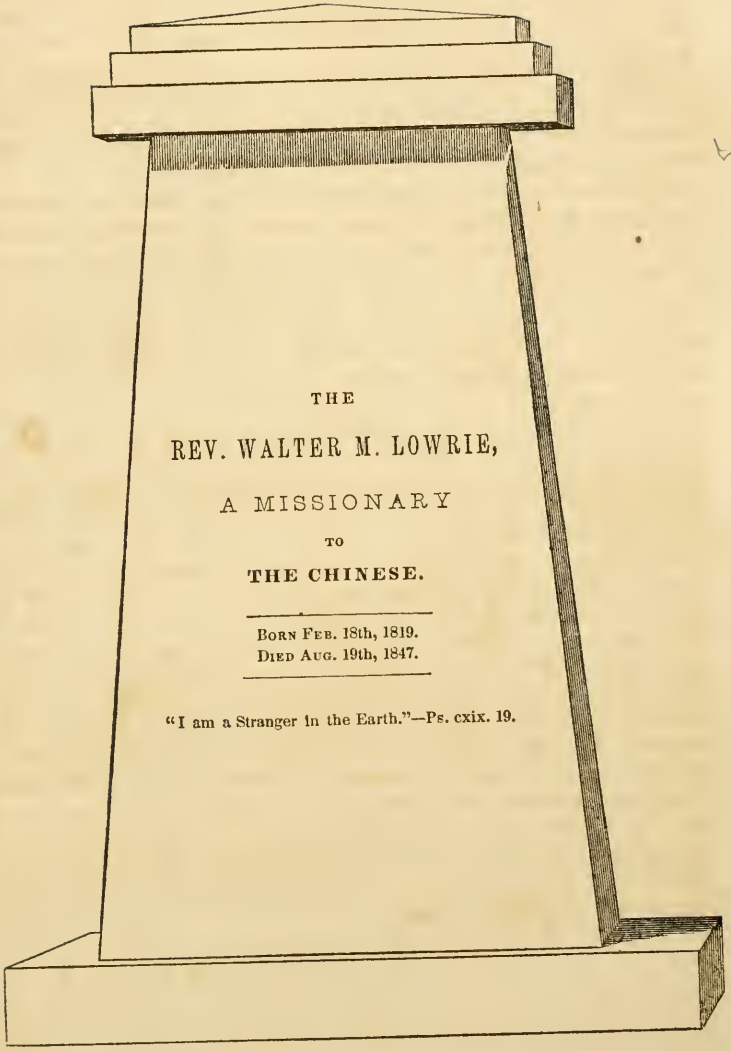
We may, therefore, lament the death of such a man, so beloved, and so well qualified to be useful in the most important work which is going on in this world. But though we are permitted to sorrow, yet not to repine. When Aaron's impious sons were struck dead in the sanctuary, "he held his peace;" he uttered no complaint. And when Eli heard the prophet's prediction respecting the judgment about to be inflicted on his wicked sons, he said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." Perfect submission is consistent with the most heart-felt sorrow. Indeed, the deeper the grief, the more virtuous the submission.

This event, I think, is a solemn call of Providence to our whole Church. It is evidently a token of the displeasure of our heavenly Father. God, by thus taking away one of the most eminent of our missionary corps, evidently calls the Presbyterian church to a solemn consideration of their ways; to an earnest inquiry whether, as a body, we have done our duty; and especially in relation to China. Some twenty years ago, the writer heard a speaker at a missionary meeting in Philadelphia, say, "If a hundred missionaries should now enter China, at different points, and every one of them should immediately be put to death, this would be a cheap sacrifice, if thereby that populous country should be opened for the preaching of the Gospel." At that time, the most sanguine did not dare to hope for such an event in their day. But God, by a wonderful Providence, has set the door wide open. Not merely one, but five great cities are made accessible, and the right of residence and Christian worship secured by treaty. In consequence, a number of the most promising and best educated men offered their services, and were sent. But did the Church appreciate the importance of this extraordinary dispensation of Providence? Did she arouse herself from her long sleep, and come to the help of the Lord against the mighty; did she enlarge her spirit of liberality, and begin to wrestle with God in fervent, incessant prayer for this empire, which contains one third of the population of the globe? She did not. Had it not been for the generous donation of a few individuals, the Board would not have been able to send out the promising men who offered. And even now, there exists a general apathy. A few churches and a few individuals seem to be sensible of the solemn, responsible circumstances in which we who live in this age are placed. Professors of religion are too generally occupied with their own concerns; every one is attending to his farm or his merchandise; few have any deep feeling for the ark of God. Each one will build and decorate his own house, while the house of God is desolate.

Let the churches, then, consider this awful dispensation, as one in which they have a deep concern. Let the solemn inquiry be made in all our churches, and through all our borders, whether

they have not been delinquent in their duty to the missionaries in China. Yea, let every individual ask himself, Have I done my duty? Have I remembered daily, as I ought, those devoted men? Have I borne them feelingly on my heart to the throne of grace? Have I given as liberally of my substance to promote this object as I ought? Such inquiries, honestly made, would, I believe, bring conviction home to almost every bosom. What, then, shall be the result? Having done amiss, is it our solemn purpose, by the help of the Lord, to do so no more? Let us, then, take words and return unto the Lord who hath smitten us. "Let the priests weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, spare thy people, O Lord."

If it should please our heavenly Father to make this distressing bereavement the means of awakening all our churches to the solemn consideration of their duty, as it relates to missions in general, and to China in particular, then will this sore judgment be turned into mercy. Let all the friends of Zion wrestle with God until he grant this result. Let them say, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not be silent, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Such importunity is never offensive. Jacob said to the Angel of the Covenant, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." And God commands us "to give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Let every true Presbyterian resolve that, during the year, now commenced, he will bear on his heart before the throne of grace, the perishing condition of the heathen, and the wants of our foreign missionaries, with far greater frequency and fervency than during the year which is past. And, as our missionaries may be recalled unless funds are provided by the Church for their support, let every man, and woman, and child consider whether God does not require of them to do much more in the way of contribution than they have heretofore done; and see whether, from the very day from which you commence a new course, God will not bless you in a special manner. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. iii. 10.—*Missionary Chronicle:* February, 1848.


THE
REV. WALTER M. LOWRIE,
A MISSIONARY
TO
THE CHINESE.
Born Feb. 18th, 1819.
Died Aug. 19th, 1847.
"I am a Stranger in the Earth."—Ps. cxix. 19.

SECOND SIDE.

IN CHINESE.

The American teacher of the religion of Jesus, Low-le-wha, Seen Sang, [i. e. Mr. Lowrie.] Born in [the reign of] Kea-King, 24th year, 1st month, 26th day. Died in [the reign of] Taou-Kwang, 27th year, 7th month, 9th day. Reckoning back in [the reign of] Taou-Kwang, the 22d year, 4th month, 18th day, he arrived at Macao, China. The 25th year, 3d month, 5th day, he reached Ningpo; in order to propagate the holy religion. How can we know whether a long or a short life is appointed for us? He had but attained the age of twenty-nine years, when, travelling by sea, he was drowned by pirates. Of all his associates there is none who does not cherish his memory, and they have accordingly erected this stone as a testimony of their affection.

THIRD SIDE.

He was attacked by pirates near Chapoo, and being thrown overboard, perished in the sea.

FOURTH SIDE.

IN CHINESE.

The Holy Book says—It is appointed unto man once to die, and after this the judgment, for the hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.

The shaft is 4 feet 6 inches high; 2 feet 7 inches wide at the bottom, and 1 foot 9 inches at the top. The stone is a hard and smooth kind of granite, capable of a tolerable polish.

SECOND SIDE.

耶穌教師亞美理駕花旗國人
婁禮華先生生于
嘉慶二十四年正月廿六日、卒于
道光二十七年七月初九日、溯自
道光二十二年四月十八日始來中國之澳門
二十五年三月初五日至寧波、宣揚聖教、詎
知修短所限、僅享年二十九歲、泛海被盜汨
沒、凡屬仝人、莫不懷感、爰爲之立石、以識景
慕之忱焉。
耶穌一千八百四十七年

FOURTH SIDE.

聖書云、人之命一次死亡、後有審判、蓋將來之時、墓內之衆、將聽神子之聲而出、其善者復起以得生、其惡者復起以定罪矣。

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